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THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD

AN HISTORICAL SERIES

IN

THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME FOURTEEN

UNITED STATES

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1776

UNITED STATES

FROM THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS TO THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE PROTOCOL WITH SPAIN

BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IN THREE VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. II

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HAWTHORNE'S
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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who was pale with alarm, had to announce that the regiments were coming, and would be quartered, one in Castle William, the other on the town. The council replied that there was room enough in the Castle for both, and that, according to the law, any officer attempting to use private houses would be cashiered. In the midst of the dispute, the regiments arrived. The convention had, from the first, law on their side; and in order to preserve this advantage were determined to offer only a passive resistance to the revenue law, and to abstain from violence until it was offered to them. No charge of high treason would stand against any one. The anchoring of the squadron off Castle William, with guns trained on the State House, had no effect. On the first of October, in compliance with an order from Gage, and in the absence of Bernard, who had fled to the country in a panic, the regiments were landed at Long Wharf. With military music playing, fixed bayonets and loaded guns, they marched to the Common, which was whitened by their tents. An artillery train was also brought ashore. An attempt to browbeat the people into providing quarters failed, and the officers dared not seize them. At length they were obliged to rent rooms, and some of the men were lodged in the State House, as the weather became too cold for outdoor encampment; not a few of them deserted, and escaped into the country. But Boston was under military rule, though there was nothing for the soldiers to do. Sentinels were posted about the town, and citizens were challenged as they walked their streets. On the Sabbath Day, drums and bugles disturbed the worshipers in the churches. Officers of the custom house and army officers met at the British coffee house in King Street. On the south side of the State House was a court of guard, defended by two brass cannon, and a large number of soldiers were kept there; in front of the custom house, further down the street, a sentinel paced his beat. Boston was indignant, but restricted itself to ceasing all purchases of importations, trust-

ing thus to wear out their oppressors. Some of the younger men, however, were becoming restive under the implied or overt insults of the officers and soldiery, and there were occasional quarrels which might develop into something more serious. It was at this time that the French inhabitants of New Orleans rose and drove out the Spanish governor, Ulloa; and Du Chatelet remarked that it was "a good example for the English colonies." But Boston needed no example; she afforded one in herself. All the other colonies had indorsed her attitude; but the animosity of England was concentrated against her. The whole kingdom was embattled against the one small town; two more regiments had been sent there, but no rebellion could be found. Was it the purpose to provoke one? Soldiers, from time to time, were arrested for misdemeanors, and brought before the civil magistrates, but were pardoned, when convicted, by the higher courts. Samuel Adams and others, on the other hand, continued to be threatened with prosecution for treason, but did not recede from their position. Bernard, Hutchinson, Oliver, and the attorney-general acted as secret informers and purveyors of evidence against the patriots. All petitions from the colonies addressed to the English government were refused so much as a hearing. And yet there was a strong division of opinion in Parliament as to the course England was taking; and there were many who wished that the question of taxation had never been raised. In 1769, it was conceded that the duties on most specified articles should be abolished; nevertheless, Hillsborough, Secretary for the Colonies, said that he would "grant nothing to Americans except what they might ask with a halter round their necks"; and the great Samuel Johnson did not scruple to add that "they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging." Against such intemperate vaporings are to be set the noble resolutions of the Virginia assembly, of which Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Washington were members,

extending its sympathy and support to Massachusetts, warning King George against carrying Americans beyond seas for trial, and advocating colonial union. This was the more admirable, because England had treated Virginia with especial tenderness and consideration. Similar resolutions in other colonies followed, and a regular correspondence between the assemblies was agreed to. The folly of English oppression had already created a united America.

At length the English government, weakened by the opposition, and by the badness of their cause, agreed to abolish all duties except that on tea, which was now bought cheaper in Boston than in London; and to withdraw two at least of the regiments. But Boston was contending for a principle, not for a few hundred pounds, and refused to accept the tea as a compromise. Much more conducive to good feeling was the recall of Governor Bernard, just as he was making himself comfortable for a long tenure of office under the protection of British soldiers. This man's character is as contemptible as any in colonial history. It was not merely or chiefly that he was an abject miser and a foe to liberty. He was a convicted liar, a spy, and a double-dealer; and his cowardice made him despised even by the British. He scrupled not to swindle the British government, by conniving at smuggling, while assuring them of his zeal in putting it down. While smiling in men's faces, he was covertly laying plots for their destruction. His last thought, after receiving the crushing news of his recall, was to try to beguile the assembly into voting him his salary for the coming year. The attempt failed, and he retreated in disgrace, with joy-bells ringing in his ears. His only consolation was that he left Hutchinson in his place, as ill-disposed toward liberty and honor as himself, and his superior in intelligence. His recall had been due to the desire of London merchants, who believed that his presence was destructive of their commercial interests. The ministers for whom he had incurred so much ignominy would do nothing

for him; for the dishonorable are always ready to sacrifice their instruments.

Hutchinson immediately began the system of secret conspiracy against the lives and liberties of the chief citizens of Boston which marked his administration; flattering them in their presence, while writing letters of false accusations to the English ministry, which he begged them never to disclose. But his cowardice was equal to Bernard's; so that when the people detected an informer, and tarred and feathered him, he dared not order the English regiments to interfere, and no one else was qualified to give the word. But the hatred between the soldiers and the citizens was inflamed. A British officer told his men, if they were "touched" by a citizen, to "run him through the body." Many young men went armed with oaken cudgels.

Two sons of Hutchinson, worthy of their sire, were guilty of felony in breaking a lock to get at a consignment of tea, which had been locked up by the committee of merchants. The merchants called Hutchinson to account; he promised to deposit the price of what tea had been sold and to return the rest. Dalrymple, the commander, issued twelve rounds of ammunition, with which the soldiers ostentatiously paraded the streets. But inasmuch as no one but the governor was authorized to bid them fire, and the citizens knew Hutchinson's timidity too well to imagine that he would do such a thing, this only led to taunts and revilings; and such epithets as "lobster-backs" and "damned rebels" were freely bandied between the military and the young men. The officers made common cause with their men, and the custom house people fomented the bitterness. A vague plan seems to have been formed to provoke the citizens into attacking the military, who were then to fire, and plead self-defense.

On Friday, March 2, 1770, some soldiers came to blows with men employed on a rope-walk. The affair was talked over in the barracks, and nothing was done to restrain the

desire of the soldiers for revenge, or to keep them off the streets at night. On the 5th, squads of them were forging about, armed with bludgeons, bayonets and cutlasses, boasting of their "valor," challenging the people they met, and even striking them. Their officers openly encouraged them. Their regiments were the Fourteenth and the Twenty-ninth, notorious for their dissoluteness and disorderliness. The night was cold, and a few inches of snow fell. Other groups of soldiers came out, with their flintlocks in their hands: a boy was struck on the head; several times the guns were leveled, and the threat was made to fire. One youth was knocked down with a cutlass. Knots of angry young men began to range hither and thither with staves:—"Where are they?—Cowards!—Fire if you dare!—Lobster-scoundrels!" The soldiers, on the other hand, were giving way to fury, striking persons in the doors of their houses, calling out that they would kill everybody, and shouting "Fire—fire!" as if it were a watchword. But as yet no irrevocable act had been done.

Soon after nine o'clock, however, the alarm bell at the top of King Street was rung hurriedly. Many persons thought it was for fire; and as Boston had been nearly destroyed by a great fire ten years before, a large crowd rapidly poured out into the streets. But the frosty air carried no scent of smoke, and as the bell soon stopped its clangor, a number returned to their homes; but the younger and more hot-headed smelled mischief, if not smoke, and drew from various directions toward the barracks. A party of them came down King Street toward the custom house. They were halted by the gruff "Who goes there?" of the sentry, and his bayonet at their breasts.

There were words of defiance: a sudden scuffle: and out of the barrack gate came pouring the guard, with guns in their hands. Almost in the same moment a great multitude of citizens came surging in from all sides, and thronged in front of the custom house, where the fight seemed to be going

on. Those behind pushed against those in front, and all became wedged in a mass, trying to see what was going forward, swaying this way and that, uttering broken shouts, threatening, warning, asking, replying; and hot at heart with that fierce craving to measure strength against strength which is the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon when his blood is up. The soldiers were wholly in the wrong: they had no right to be where they were; they had no right to wantonly annoy and provoke citizens in their own town; their presence in the colony, for the purpose of constraining a peaceful population, was a crime; but consciousness of this fact did not lessen their animosity. As for the Boston people, they felt, as they faced the emissaries of their oppressors on that wintry night, the accumulated exasperation of generations of injustice, and perhaps a stern thrill of joy that now, at last, the final, unforgivable outrage was to be perpetrated.

The great majority of citizens had not even sticks in their hands; none of them carried guns or cutlasses. Some snowballs were thrown at the soldiers, who faced the crowd with savage faces, and leveled bayonets. Then there was a fresh crowding and uproar, for Captain Preston and a squad of eight men had issued from the guard house and were forcing their way to their comrades with the point of the cold steel. Their red coats and black shakos and the glint of the moonlight on their weapons made them conspicuous in the struggling mass, and the sinister intent which was manifest in their look and bearing sent a strange thrill through the multitude.

A tall man in a black cloak, who five years later was a general of artillery in the American army, laid his hand on Preston's shoulder forcibly. "For God's sake, sir, get back to your barracks; if you fire, you must die for it!" exclaimed he, in a deep voice. Preston stared at him, hardly seeming to see him, and quivering with agitation. "Stand aside—I know what I'm about," he replied huskily. As the soldiers reached the sentinel's post and faced about in a semicircle,

the crowd fell back, and there were voices calling "Home—home!" The soldiers began to load, pouring the powder and ball into the muzzles of their guns, and ramming the charge home sharply with their ramrods. At this, a dozen men, with cudgels, advanced upon the soldiers, cheering, and passed in front of them, striking the barrels of their muskets with their sticks. "Cowardly rascals!—drop your guns, and we're ready for you," said some between their gritted teeth. "Fire, lobsters!—you daren't fire!" cried others. "Down with 'em! drive the cowards to their barracks!" shouted some. "Are your men loaded?" demanded a citizen, stepping up to Preston; and when the latter nodded—"Will they fire upon the inhabitants?"—"Not without my orders," the captain seemed to say. "Come on, you rascals—fire if you dare—you daren't fire!" yelled the fiercer spirits, now beside themselves with passion; and one struck a soldier's piece. He leveled it and fired, at the same moment that Preston waved his sword and gave the word. A man fell at the shot: the people gave back; the other soldiers fired deliberately and viciously, not in a volley, but one after another, taking aim. Some of them started forward to use the bayonet. It is said that a figure was seen to come out on the balcony of the custom house, his face concealed by a veil hanging down over it, and fire into the retreating throng. The open space in front of the soldiers was overhung with smoke, which slowly dissolved away, and revealed eleven New Englanders stretched along the trodden snow of their native town. Some tried to rise; others lay still. Blood flowed from their wounds, smoking in the icy air, and tingeing the white snow red. The deed had been done.

A sullen muttering of horror, swelling by degrees into a roar of rage, burst from hundreds of throats as that spectacle was seen; and in a moment, as it seemed, the town drums had beat to arms, the bells were clanging, and all Boston was pressing tumultuously into King Street. The Twenty-ninth regiment was hurriedly marshaled under arms; it ap-

peared at first as if the populace, thousands strong, and not without weapons, would rush upon them and tear them in pieces. But by this time the saner and stronger men had reached the scene, and set themselves resolutely to withhold the people. "You shall have justice," they told them, "but let it be by due course of law." And there was Hutchinson, promising everything in his dismay, hurrying between the soldiers and the crowd, his feet making blood-stained marks in the snow as he went. To no man more than to him was due the guilt of that night's work.

Prompt and clean measures were taken: a town-meeting was held, and the immediate withdrawal of all troops from Boston was required. The wretched Hutchinson tried to temporize: he denied that he had power to move the soldiers; then he consented to send one regiment away, letting the other remain; the people would accept no compromise; Dalrymple said that he would do as the governor directed. Samuel Adams and Hutchinson finally faced each other in Faneuil Hall. "If you have power to remove one regiment, you have power to remove both," said Adams, in a low but distinct voice, pointing his finger at the other. "Here are three thousand people: they are becoming very impatient: the country is in general motion: night is approaching: an immediate answer is expected: it is at your peril if you refuse." And describing the scene afterward, Adams said, "at the appearance of the determined citizens, peremptorily demanding redress of grievances, I saw his knees tremble and his face grow pale: and I enjoyed the sight!" Truly, it was a subject for a great artist to immortalize. The troops must go: and they went, choking with humiliation.

The news of this affair in England shocked the more reasonable people, and led to criticism of the ministers; but Lord North, supported by the king, would not consent to remove the tax on tea. He made it "a test of authority," and a punishment for "American insolence." It was an expensive punishment for England; the cost of keeping an

army in the colonies, and other incidental expenses, footed up about half a million dollars, against a revenue from duties of four hundred dollars only. Americans got their tea from the Dutch by smuggling and by corrupt connivance of the English customs officers; and the loss of the English East India Company was estimated at two and a half million dollars at least. There was great uneasiness at this absurd showing; and Burke declared that "the idea of a military establishment in America is all wrong." Lord Chatham, reading the letters from Boston patriots, and resolutions of assemblies, remarked, "These worthy New Englanders ever feel as Old Englanders ought to feel." The colonists, however, zealous as they were for their liberties, were ready to meet half way any effort toward conciliation on England's part. The agreement to accept no British imports was but slackly kept, in spite of protests from South Carolina and elsewhere. The people were wearied of strife and would have welcomed any honorable means of peace. In this juncture, two things only kept alive the spirit of independence; neither would have sufficed apart from the other. The first was the pig-headedness of the English government, with the king at the head of it, and men like Thurlow, an irreconcilable foe to America, assisting; together with the conspiracy against the colonies of the royal governors and officials, who sent home false and exaggerated reports, all aiming to show that martial law was the only thing that could insure order—or, in other words, secure them their salaries and perquisites. These persons, by continually irritating the raw place, prevented the colonists from forgetting their injuries. In South Carolina, Governor Tryon, a bloody-minded Irishman, went further; he took the field against the "Regulators"—a body of citizens who had organized to counteract the lawlessness of the internal conduct of the colony—and after a skirmish took a number of them prisoners and hanged them out of hand; most of the rest, to save their lives, took to the woods,

and, journeying westward, came upon the lovely vales of Tennessee, which was thus settled. Daniel Boone had already made himself at home in Kentucky. In Virginia, where the people were disposed to loyalty, the agitation to do away with slavery, both on practical and moral grounds, was harshly opposed by England, and the other colonies, sympathizing with her action, were snubbed along with her. In short, the pompous and hide-bound Hillsborough followed everywhere the policy of alienation, under the impression that he was maintaining English dignity.

But all this would not have sufficed to keep the colonies on their course toward independence, had it not been for the ceaseless vigilance and foresight of Samuel Adams in Boston, Benjamin Franklin in London, and the small but eminent band of patriots whom they worked with. Adams, profoundly meditating on the signs of the times and the qualities of human nature, perceived that England would continue to oppress, and that the longer the colonies abstained from open resistance, the more difficult would the inevitable revolt become. He did not hesitate, therefore, to speak in ever plainer and bolder terms as the peril augmented. Reason was on his side, and his command of logic and of terse and telling language enabled him to set his cause in the most effective light. By drawing a distinction between the king and his ministers, he opened the way to arraign the latter for their "wickedness" in sending an "impudent mandate" to one assembly to rescind the lawful resolution of another. The too eager Hutchinson fell into the trap, and pointed out that it was the king, rather than the ministry, who must be charged with impudence. But this was not to disprove the impudence; it was simply to make the king instead of the ministry obnoxious to the charge, and to enlighten the people as to who their real enemy was. "The king," said Adams, "has placed us in a position where we must either pay no tax at all, or pay it in accordance with his good pleasure"—against the charter

and the constitution. "The liberties of our country," he went on, "are worth defending at all hazards. Every step has been taken but one: and the last appeal requires prudence, fortitude and unanimity. America must herself, under God, work out her own salvation." He set resolutely to work to put into execution his plan of a committee of correspondence, to elicit and stimulate the patriotic views of the various colonies. "The people must instruct their representatives to send a remonstrance to the king, and assure him, unless their liberties are immediately restored whole and entire, they will form an independent commonwealth, and offer a free trade to all nations."—"It is more than time," Adams wrote to Warren, "to be rid of both tyrants and tyranny." He prepared a statement of rights, among which was the right to change allegiance in case oppression became intolerable, and to rescue and preserve their liberties sword in hand. A detailed statement of grievances was also drawn up, to be submitted to the king; its specifications were no doubt familiar to Jefferson, when he wrote the "Declaration" four years later. This document was circulated throughout the colony, and was indorsed with unexpected enthusiasm by scores of towns; many of them, with rustic bluntness, telling their thoughts in language even stronger than that of their model. The fishermen of Marblehead (of whom history says not much, but whatever is said, is memorable) affirmed that they were "incensed at the unconstitutional, unrighteous proceedings of the ministers, detested the name of Hillsborough, and were ready to unite for the recovery of their violated rights." In Plymouth, "ninety to one were for fighting Great Britain." The village of Pembroke, inhabited by descendants of the Pilgrims, said that the oppressions which existed must and would issue in the total dissolution of the union between the mother country and the colonies. "Death is more eligible than slavery," said Marlborough; and Lenox refused to "crouch, Issachar-like, between the two burdens of pov-

erty and slavery." There was no doubt about the sentiment of the country; and the hands of Adams and his colleagues were immensely strengthened by the revelation.

In the spring of 1773 the next step was taken by Virginia. Young Dabney Carr rose in the assembly and moved a system of correspondence between all the colonies similar to that which had been established in Massachusetts. In other words, the intercommunication of councils in all the colonies was organized, and when these councils should meet, the Continental Congress would exist. The response was earnest and cordial from Georgia to Maine. Things were rapidly shaping themselves for the end. If anything more were needed to consolidate England's offspring against her, it was not wanting. Hutchinson, the veteran plotter and self-seeker, who never did a generous or magnanimous act, who stabbed men in the back, and who valued money more than country or honor, was exposed to the contempt of all men both in America and England, and was forced to resign his governorship in disgrace and to fly to England, where he died a few years later. Franklin was the immediate means of his downfall. A member of Parliament had remarked to him in conversation that the alleged grievances of which the colonists complained had not been inflicted by any English initiative, but were the result of solicitation from the most respectable of the colonists themselves, who had affirmed these measures to be essential to the welfare of the country. Franklin lifted his eyebrows; upon which his interlocutor produced a number of Hutchinson's secret letters to Hillsborough. They proved a conspiracy, on the part of Hutchinson, Oliver and others, to crush American liberty and introduce military rule: they were treasonable in the worst sense. Franklin remarked, after reading them, that his resentment against England's arbitrary conduct was much abated; since it was now evident that the oppression had been suggested and urged by Americans whom England must have supposed represented the better class of the col-

onists. He sent the letters to Boston; and "as to the writers," he wrote, "when I find them bartering away the liberties of their native country for posts, negotiating for salaries and pensions extorted from the people, and, conscious of the odium these might be attended with, calling for troops to protect and secure them in the enjoyment of them;—when I see them exciting jealousies in the crown, and provoking it to wrath against so great a part of its most faithful subjects; creating enmities between the different countries of which the empire consists; occasioning a great expense to the old country for suppressing or preventing imaginary rebellions in the new, and to the new country for the payment of needless gratifications to useless officers and enemies —I cannot but doubt their sincerity even in the political principles they profess, and deem them mere time-servers, seeking their own private emoluments through any quantity of public mischief; betrayers of the interest not of their native country only, but of the government they pretend to serve, and of the whole English empire."

The letters were read in the assembly in secret session. But in the meanwhile Hutchinson had been led into another mistake. He had denied, in his speech to the legislature, that any line could be drawn between the supreme authority of Parliament and the total independence of the colonies. Either yield, then (he said), or convince me of error. The terrible Adams asked nothing better. Accepting Hutchinson's alternative, he answered, "If there be no such line between Parliament's supreme authority and our total independence, then are we either vassals of Parliament or independent. But since the parties to the compact cannot have intended that one of them should be vassals, it follows that our independence was intended. If, as you contend, two independent legislatures cannot coexist in one and the same state, then have our charters made us distinct states from England."—Thus had the governor unwittingly pointed his opponent's spear, and, instead of driving him to

attack Parliament, been placed in the position of implicitly questioning its authority himself.

But this was nothing compared with the revelation of his treacherous letters. His first instinct, of course, was falsehood. "I never wrote any letter tending to subvert the constitution," he asseverated. Being confronted with his own sign-manual, "Their design," he cried, "is not to subvert but to protect." But he knew he was ruined, and sent word to his correspondents in England to burn the letters they held. The letters were published, and distributed all over the colonies. Not a man or woman in the country but knew Hutchinson for the dastardly traitor he was. A petition to remove him and Oliver was sent to the king, but he hastened to submit his resignation, with a whining entreaty that he be not "left destitute, to be insulted and triumphed over." And bringing false charges against Franklin, he begged to receive the latter's office of deputy postmaster-general.

Before this matter could be settled, affairs in Boston had come to a crisis. The East India Company had large consignments of tea ready for shipment to the principal towns along the American coast. The latter warned them of loss, but Lord North said "The king means to try this question with America." It was seen that the connection between England and her colonies could be continued only on a basis of equal liberties, and "Resist all shipments of tea!" was the word. New York and Philadelphia settled the matter by commanding all consignees to resign, which they did; but this was not to be the solution in Boston. When, on November 28th, the "Dartmouth," Captain Rotch, arrived with one hundred and fourteen cases of tea, the representatives of the people ordered him not to enter till Tuesday, the 30th. Four weeks before a meeting at Liberty Tree had been summoned, and the consignees directed to attend and resign. The meeting was held, but Clarke and the other consignees had refused to recognize its authority. They now temporized, and were granted a day to consider; meanwhile a guard was

kept on the ship. The next day the consignees proposed to suspend action until they could write to the exporters for advice; but this was seen to be a subterfuge and was indignantly refused. Rotch agreed to take the tea back; but the custom house refused him a clearance. For if the ship remained in port, with her cargo undischarged, twenty days, the authorities could seize and land it by law. If then the people were to prevail, they must do so within that time. It seemed as if they must be defeated; for if the consignees would not resign, and the ship could not get a clearance, nothing but a direct violation of the law could prevent the tea from being landed. To make assurance surer, two frigates kept guard at the mouth of the harbor, and the guns of the Castle were loaded. The governor and the officers were already chuckling over their anticipated victory.

Adams and the committee of correspondence met, in secret session, and what they determined never has transpired and can be surmised by inference only. On Thursday, December 16th, a great meeting was called in the Old South Church. Thousands of people from surrounding towns were in attendance; the willingness and eagerness of them all to resist at the cost of their lives and fortunes had been abundantly expressed. Had there been an armed force with which they could have fought, the way would have been easy; but there was nothing palpable here: only that intangible Law, which they had never yet broken, and their uniform loyalty to which, in their disputes with England, had given them strength and advantage. Must they defy it now, in the cause of liberty, and engage in a scuffle with the king's officers, in which the latter would be technically at least in the right? No doubt they might prevail: but would not the moral defeat counterbalance the gain?

"Throw it overboard!" Young had exclaimed, at a meeting two weeks before. The suggestion had seemed to pass unheeded; but this was a crisis when every proposition must be considered. Josiah Quincy and other speakers

set clearly before the multitude the dilemma in which they stood. Rotch had been dispatched to Milton, where the governor had taken refuge, to ask for a pass out of the harbor, this being the last resort after the refusal of clearance papers. The short winter day drew to a close; darkness fell, and the church, filled with that great throng of resolute New Englanders, was lighted only by a few wax candles, whose dim flare flickered on the stern and anxious countenances that packed the pews and crowded the aisles, and upon Adams, Young, Quincy, Hancock, and the other leaders, grouped round the pulpit. They were in the house of God: would He provide help for His people? A few hours more, and the cargo in yonder ship would lapse into the hands of the British admiral. The meeting had given its final, unanimous vote that the cargo never should be landed; but what measures were to be taken to prevent it, was known to but few.

It was near six when a commotion at the door resolved itself into the ushering-in of Rotch, panting from his ten-mile ride in the frosty air; he made his way up the aisle, and delivered his report: the governor had refused the pass. No other reply had been looked for; but at the news a silence fell upon the grim assembly, which felt that it was now face to face with the sinister power of the king. Then of a sudden, loud shouts came from the lower part of the church, near the open door; and even as Adams rose to his feet and throwing up his arm, called out, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country"—there was heard from without the shrill, reduplicating yell of the Indian war whoop; and dusky figures were seen to pass, their faces grisly with streaks of black and red, feathers tossing in their hair, and blankets gathered round their shoulders; each, as he passed through the dim light-ray, swung his hatchet, uttered his war-cry, and was swallowed up in darkness again. Out poured the multitude from the church, startled, excited, mystified, obscurely feeling that some decisive act

was about to be done: and here are Adams and Hancock among them, cheering on that strange procession which passed down toward the wharfs swiftly, two by two, and seeming to increase in numbers as they passed. After them streamed the people, murmuring and questioning, through the winter gloom of the narrow street, until the high-shouldered houses fell away, and there were the wide reaches of the harbor, with the ships lying at Griffin's Wharf amid the cakes of ice that swung up and down with the movement of the tide. As they came there, a strange silence fell upon all, amid which the Indians—were they Indians?—swung themselves lightly aboard the vessels, and went swiftly and silently to work. Up from the hold came case after case of tea, which were seized and broken open by the hatchets, the sound of their breaking being clearly audible in the tense stillness; and the black contents were showered into the waters. Minute after minute, hour after hour went by, and still the wild figures worked, and still the multitude looked on, forgetful of the cold, their hearts beating higher and fuller with exultation as they saw the hated cargo disappear. It was all but ten of the clock before the last hatchet-stroke that smote the king's fetters from Massachusetts had been delivered; and then the feathered and painted figures leaped ashore, drawing their blankets round their faces, and melted silently into the crowd, and were lost, never again to reappear. Who were they?—Never was secret better kept; after six score years we know as little as did King George's officers on that night. They seemed to have sprung into existence solely to do that one bold deed, and then to vanish like a dream. But the deed was no dream; nor its sequel. No blood was shed on the night of the 16th of December, 1773: but Massachusetts, and through her the other colonies, then and there gave notice to King George that he had passed the limits which they had appointed for his tyranny; and the next argument must be held at the musket's mouth.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH

THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

FRANKLIN was sixty-seven years of age at this time; no man was then alive more worthy than he of honor and veneration. For twenty years he had guarded the interests of America in England; and while he had been unswerving in his wise solicitude for the colonies, he had ever been heedful to avoid all needless offense to England. The best men there were the men who held Franklin in highest esteem as a politician, a philosopher, and a man; and in France he was regarded as a superior being. No other man could have filled his place as agent of the colonies; no other had his sagacity, his experience, his wisdom, his address. He was not of that class of diplomatists who surround every subject they handle with a tissue of illusion or falsehood; Franklin was always honest and undisguised in his transactions; so that what was long afterward said of a lesser man, was true of him: "Whatever record spring to light, he never will be shamed." No service rendered by him to his country was more useful than the exposure of Hutchinson; none was more incumbent on him, as protector of colonial affairs. But in the rage which possessed the English ministry upon learning how Massachusetts had parried the attack made upon her liberties, some immediate victim was indispensable; and as Franklin was there present, they fell upon him. A fluent and foul-mouthed young barrister, Alexander Wedderburn by name, had by corrupt

influence secured the post of solicitor-general; and he made use of the occasion of Franklin's submitting the petition for the removal of Hutchinson and Oliver, to make a personal attack upon him, which was half falsehood and half ribaldry. He pretended that the Hutchinson letters had been dishonorably acquired, and that their publication was an outrage on private ownership. Incidentally, he painted Hutchinson as a true patriot and savior of his country; and called Franklin an incendiary, a traitor, a hypocrite, who should find a fitting termination of his career on the gallows. This billingsgate was heaped upon him before an unusually full meeting of the lords of the privy council, the highest court of appeal; and they laughed and cheered, while the venerable envoy of the colonies stood "conspicuously erect," facing them with a steady countenance. Such, and of such temper, were the aristocratic rulers of England and of America (if she would be ruled) at this epoch.

America's friends in England were still stanch; but the ministry found no difficulty in giving events a color which irritated the English people at large against the colonies, and against Boston in particular; and they had little trouble in securing the passage of the Boston Port Bill, the effect of which was to close the largest and busiest port in the colonies against all commerce whatsoever. Fuller said that it could not be put in execution but by a military force; to which Lord North answered, "I shall not hesitate to enforce a due obedience to the laws of this country." Another added, "You will never meet with proper obedience until you have destroyed that nest of locusts." Lord George Germain, speaking of revoking the Massachusetts charter, said, "Whoever wishes to preserve such charters, I wish him no worse than to govern such subjects." The act passed both houses without a division, and Gage was appointed military governor, in place of Hutchinson, who was recalled; and four regiments were quartered in Boston. The wharfs were empty and deserted; the streets

were dull, the shops were closed; but the British Coffee House in King Street was gay once more; and King George, in London, felt that he was having his revenge, though he was paying a round price for it. But Boston, having shown that she could do without tea, and without commerce, was now about to show that she could also do without George.

Nobody but Americans could govern America. The people were too intelligent, too active, too various-minded, too full of native quality and genius to be ruled from abroad. If they were to fall under foreign subjection, they would become a dead weight in the world, instead of a source of life; as Adams said, every increase in population would be but an increase of slaves. And that they preferred death to slavery was every day becoming increasingly manifest. They felt that the future was in them, and that they must have space and freedom to bring it forth; and it is one of the paradoxes of history that England, to whom they stood in blood-relationship, from whom they derived the instinct for liberty, should have attempted to reduce them to the most absolute bondage anywhere known, except in the colonies of Spain. She was actuated partly by the pride of authority, centered in George III., and from him percolating into his creatures in the ministry and Parliament; and partly by the horde of office-seekers and holders whose aim was sheer pecuniary gain at any cost of honor and principle. The mercantile class had borne their share in oppression at first; but when it became evident that tyranny applied to America would kill her productiveness, the merchants were no longer on the side of the tyrants. It was then too late to change the policy of the country, however; George would have his way to the bitter end; the blind lust to thrash the colonies into abject submission had the upper hand in England; reason could not get a hearing; and such criticisms as the opposition could offer served only to make still more rigid and medieval the determination of the king.

It was the policy of the English government to regard

Boston as the head-center of revolt, and to concentrate all severities against her. It was thought that in this way she could be isolated from the other colonies, who would say to themselves that her troubles were none of their affair, and that so long as they were treated with decency they would not antagonize all-powerful England. Arguing from the average selfishness of human nature, this policy did not seem unwise; but the fact was that in this case human nature manifested an exceptional generosity and enlightenment. Although the colonies, being on the coast, must depend largely for their prosperity on commerce, and commerce is notoriously self-seeking, nevertheless all the American settlements without exception made the cause of Boston their own, sent her supplies to tide over her evil days, and passed resolutions looking to union and common action against oppression. South Carolina had every selfish ground for siding with England; her internal affairs were in a prosperous condition, and her traffic with England was profitable, and not likely to be interfered with; yet none of the colonies was more outspoken and thoroughgoing than she in denouncing England's action and befriending Boston. The great commonwealth of Virginia was not less altruistic in her conduct, and did more than any of her sister provinces to enforce the doctrine of union and independence. New York, a colony in which aristocracy held a dominant place, owing to the tenure of large estates by the patroons, and which necessarily was a commercial center, yet spoke with no uncertain voice, in spite of the fact that there were there two parties, representing the lower and the upper social class, whose differences were marked, and later led to the formation of two political parties throughout the colonies In Pennsylvania, the combination of non-fighting Quakers and careful traders deadened energy in the cause, and the preachings of Dickinson, the venerable "Farmer," were interpreted as favoring a policy of conciliation; but this hesitation was only temporary. The new-made city of Balti-

more was conspicuous in patriotism; and the lesser colonies, and many out-of-the-way hamlets and villages, were magnificent in their devotion and liberality. The demand for a congress was general, and Boston was made to feel that her sacrifices were understood and appreciated. She had but to pay for the tea which had been thrown overboard, and her port would have been reopened and her business restored; but she staked her existence upon a principle and did not weaken. There were, in all parts of the colonies, a strong minority of loyalists, as they called themselves, traitors, as they were termed by extremists on the other side, or tories, as they came to be known later on, who did and said what they could to induce submission to England, with all which that implied. But the practical assistance they were able to give to England was never considerable, and, on the other hand, they sharpened the senses of the patriots and kept them from slackening their efforts or modifying their views.

Gage, a weak and irresolute man, as well as a stupid one, was making a great bluster in Boston. His powers were despotic. Soldiers and frigates were his in abundance; he talked about arresting the patriots for treason, to be tried in England; and Parliament had passed an act relieving him and his men from all responsibility for killings or other outrages done upon the colonists. He transferred the legislature from Boston to Salem; and urged in season and out of season the doctrine that resistance to England was hopeless. Upon the whole, his threats were more terrible than his deeds, though these were bad enough. Meanwhile Hutchinson in England had been encouraging and at the same time misleading the king, by assurances that the colonies would not unite, and that Boston must succumb. At the same time, Washington was declaring that nothing was to be expected from petitioning, and that he was ready to raise a thousand men and subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head for the relief of Boston; Thomson Mason was saying

that he did not wish to survive the liberties of his country a single moment; Prescott of New Hampshire was affirming that "a glorious death in defense of our liberties is better than a short and infamous life"; Israel Putnam of Connecticut announced himself ready to treat the army and navy of England as enemies; and thousands of citizens in Massachusetts were compelling royal councilors to resign their places, and answering those who threatened them with the charge of treason and death with—"No consequences are so dreadful to a free people as that of being made slaves." Jay's suggestion to form a union under the auspices of the king was disapproved: "We must stand undisguised on one side or the other." Gage's orders were ignored; judges appointed by royal decree were forced to retire; and "if British troops should march to Worcester, they would be opposed by at least twenty thousand men from Hampshire County and Connecticut." Gage, finding himself confronted by a population, could think of no remedy but more troops. He wrote to England that "the people are numerous, waked up to a fury, and not a Boston rabble, but the freeholders of the county. A check would be fatal, and the first stroke will decide a great deal. We should therefore be strong before anything decisive is urged." He had, on the 1st of September, 1774, captured two hundred and fifty half-barrels of provincial powder, stored at Quarry Hill, near Medford. Forty thousand militia, from various parts of the country, took up arms and prepared to march on Boston; and though word was sent to them that the time had not yet come, their rising was an object lesson to those who had been asserting that the colonies would submit. Gage had ten regiments at his disposal, but was trying to raise a force of Canadians and Indians in addition, and was asking for still more reenforcements from England. The employment of Indians was a new thing in English policy, and was a needless barbarism which can never be excused or palliated. Gage fortified Boston Neck, thus putting all within the lines at the

mercy of his army; yet the starving carpenters of the town refused to erect barracks for the British troops. Outside of Boston, the towns threw off the English yoke. Hawley said he would resist the whole power of England with the forces of the four New England colonies alone; and every man between sixteen and seventy years of age was enrolled under the name of "minute-men," ready to march and fight at a minute's warning.

On the 5th of September, the first American Congress met in Philadelphia. Almost all the eminent men of the country were present—Gadsden of South Carolina, Washington, Dickinson, Patrick Henry, Lee, the Adamses, and many more. They agreed to vote by colonies. Their business was to consider a constitution, to protest against the regulating act in force at Boston, which left no liberty to the citizens; to frame a declaration of rights, and to make a statement to the king of their attitude and demands. The session was long, for the delegates had to make one another's acquaintance, and to discover a middle course between what was desired by separate colonies and what was agreeable to all. Great differences of opinion and policy were developed, and there were not wanting men like Galloway, the Speaker, who aimed at paralyzing all resistance to England. But the longer they debated and voted, the more clearly and unanimously did they oppose the tyrannous acts of Parliament and the extension of the royal prerogative, and the more firmly did they demand liberty and equality. Separation they did not demand, but a free union with the mother country, to the mutual enrichment and advantage of both. By a concession, they admitted the right of Parliament to lay external duties and to regulate trade; but they strongly indorsed the resistance of Massachusetts, and declared that if her oppression were persisted in, it would be the duty of all America to come to her aid. With the hope of influencing the merchants of England to reflect upon the injustice of the present trade restrictions, they voted to cease all imports into Eng-

land, and to refuse all exports therefrom, though the loss and inconvenience to themselves from this resolve must be immeasurably greater than to the older country, which had other sources of supply and markets for goods. In all that they did, they were ruled by the consideration that they possessed no power of enforcing their decrees upon their own fellow-countrymen, and must therefore so frame them that the natural instinct for right and justice should induce to obedience to them. Their moderation, their desire for conciliation, was marked throughout; and when a message was received from Boston, reciting the iniquitous proceedings of Gage, and proposing, if the Congress agreed, that the citizens of the wealthiest community in the new world should abandon their homes and possessions and retire to a life of log huts and cornfields in the wilderness—when this heroic suggestion was made, the Congress resisted the fiery counsel of Gadsden to march forthwith on Boston and drive Gage and his army into the sea; and bade the people of Boston to be patient yet a while, and await the issue of the message to England. But although they were conscientious in adopting every measure that could honorably be employed to induce England to reconsider her behavior, they had little hope of a favorable issue. "After all, we must fight," said Hawley; and Washington, when he heard it, raised his hand, and called God to witness as he cried out, "I am of that man's mind!"

Their final utterance to England was noble and full of dignity. "To your justice we appeal. You have been told that we are impatient of government and desirous of independence. These are calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness. But if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind: if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell

you that we will never submit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world."

In order to cripple America, the new province of Quebec was enlarged, so as to cut off the western extension of several of the older colonies. At the same time discrimination against the Catholics was relaxed, and the Canadians were given to understand that they would be treated with favor. The Americans, however, were not blind to the value of Canadian friendship, and sent emissaries among them to secure their good will. "If you throw in your lot with us," they were told, "you will have been conquered into liberty." In Virginia, Lord Dunmore had been appointed governor, and in order to gratify his passion for wealth, he broke the injunction of the king, and allowed the extension of the province westward; but this was the result of his personal greed, and did not prevent his hostility to all plans for colonial liberty. Nevertheless, his conduct gained him temporary popularity in Virginia; and still more did his management of the war against the Shawnees, brought on by their attacks upon the frontiersmen who had pushed their little settlements as far as the Mississippi. These backwoodsmen were always on the borders of peril, and aided in hastening the spread of population westward.

The proceedings of the American Congress produced a sensation in England; they were more moderate in tone and able in quality than had been anticipated. They could not divert the king from his purpose, but they aroused sympathy in England among the People, and from Lord Chatham the remark that the annals of Greece and Rome yielded nothing so lofty and just in sentiment as their remonstrance. The non-representative character of Parliament at this juncture is illustrated by the fact that three-fourths of the English population were estimated to be opposed to the war with America. It was also pointed out that it would be difficult to find men to fill the regiments, inasmuch as all the able-bodied men in England were needed to carry on the indus-

tries of the country; there were no general officers of reputation, and many of those holding commissions were mere boys, or incompetent for service. There were three million people in America, and they would be fighting for their own homes, and amid them, with the whole vastness of the continent to retire into. On the other hand, it was asserted that the Americans were all cowards, and incapable of discipline; that five thousand English soldiers were more than a match for fifty thousand provincials. They had no navy, no army, no forts, no organization. They would collapse at the first real threat of force. The English ministry and their followers vied with one another in heaping contempt and abuse upon the colonists. It was in reply to them that Burke made one of his greatest speeches. Burke was an artist in sentiments, and cannot be regarded as a statesman of settled and profound convictions; his voice regarding America had not been consistent or wise; but ever and anon he threw forth some worthy and noble thought. "I do not know the method," he said in this speech, "of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." Franklin, in March, after listening to one of Lord Sandwich's shallow and frothy vilifications of America, "turned on his heel" and left England. With him vanished the last hope of reconciliation. "Had I been in power," exclaimed Hutchinson, "I would not have suffered him to embark."

The colonists everywhere were collecting arms and ammunition, storing powder, and diligently drilling. Whatever the leaders might say, or refrain from saying, the mass of the people believed in the immediate probability of war with England. In every village you could see the farmers shouldering arms and marching to and fro on the green, while an old man played the fife, and a boy beat the drum. They did not concern themselves about "regimentals" or any of the pomp and glory of battle; but they knew how to cast bullets, and how to shoot them into the bull's-eye. In their homespun smallclothes, homeknit stockings, home-made

shirts and cowhide shoes, they could march to the cannon's mouth as well as in the finest scarlet broadcloth and gold epaulets. Their intelligence, their good cause, their sore extremity, made them learn to be soldiers more quickly than seemed possible to English officers who knew the sturdy stupidity of the English peasant of whom the British regiments were composed. And while the Yankees (as they began to be called) were learning how to march and countermarch, and do whatever else the system of the British regulars called for, they also knew, by inheritance, if not by actual experience, the tactics of the Indians; they could make a fortress of a rock or a tree or a rail fence, and could shoot and vanish, or fall, as it seemed, from the empty air into the midst of the unsuspecting foe. They were effective not only in bodies, but individually; and in the heart of each, as he faced the foe, would be not only the resolve to conquer, but the holy thought of wife and children, and of liberty. They were as fit to be led by Washington as was he to lead them. Professing to despise them, Gage nevertheless protested against taking the field with less than twenty thousand men; upon which David Hume scornfully observed, "If fifty thousand men and twenty millions of money were intrusted to such a lukewarm coward, they never could produce any effect." It was resolved to supersede him.

The men of Portsmouth had seized a quantity of powder and arms, which belonged to them, but had been sequestered in the fort. The British, as a set-off, marched to Salem to capture some stores there; they did not find them, and proceeded toward Danvers. A river, spanned by a drawbridge, intervened, and when they arrived, the draw was up. There stood Colonel Timothy Pickering, with forty provincials, asking what Captain Leslie with his two hundred red-coated regulars wanted. The captain blustered and threatened; but the draw remained up, and the provincials all had guns in their hands, and looked able and willing to use them, if occasion demanded. But the captain did not think it best to give

the signal for combat, and meanwhile time was passing, and no soothsayer was needed to reveal that the stores were being removed to a place of safety. After an hour or so, Colonel Pickering relented so far as to permit the captain and his regulars to cross the bridge and advance thirty yards beyond it; after which he must face about and return to Boston. This he did; and thus ended the first collision between the colonies and England. Nobody was hurt; but in less than two months blood was to be shed on both sides. "The two characteristics of this people, religion and humanity, are strongly marked in all their proceedings," John Adams had said. "Resistance by arms against usurpation and lawless violence is not rebellion by the law of God or the land. If there is no possible medium between absolute independence and subjection to the authority of Parliament, all North America are convinced of their independence, and determined to defend it at all hazards." The British answer to utterances like these was to seize a farmer from the country, who had come to town to buy a firelock, tar and feather him, stick a placard on his back, "American liberty, or a specimen of democracy," and conduct him through the streets amid a mob of soldiers and officers, to the strains of "Yankee Doodle."

As the last moments before the irrevocable outbreak passed away, there was both a strong yearning for peace, and a stern perception that peace must be impossible. "If Americans would be free, they must fight," said Patrick Henry in Virginia. One after another, with singular unanimity, the colonies fell in with this view. New York was regarded by the British as most likely to be loyal; New England, and especially Massachusetts, were expected to be the scene of the first hostilities. Sir William Howe, brother of the Howe who died bravely in the Old French War, was appointed commander-in-chief in place of Gage. The latter was directed to adopt the most rigorous and summary measures toward the Boston people, whose congress was pronounced

by Thurlow and Wedderburn to be a treasonable body, deserving of condign punishment. Orders were given to raise regiments of French Papists in Canada; and the signal that should let loose the red men for their work of tomahawking women and children was in suspense. It was now the middle of April.

The winter season had been exceptionally mild. In the country neighboring Boston the leaves were budding a month earlier than usual, and the grass was deep and green as in English meadows. The delicate and fragrant blossoms of the mayflower made the wooded hillsides sweet, and birds were singing and building their nests in the mild breezes, under the cloud-flecked sky. The farmers were sowing their fields and caring for their cattle; their wives were feeding their poultry and milking their cows; New England seemed to have put off her sternness, and to be wearing her most inviting and peaceful aspect. Innocence and love breathed in the air and murmured in the woods, and warbled in the liquid flowing of the brooks. In such a time and place, Adam and Eve might have begun the life of humanity on earth, and found in the loveliness and beauty of the world a fitting image of the tranquillity and tenderness that overflowed their guileless hearts.

But Eden was far away from New England in the spring of 1775. Committees of Safety had been formed in all the towns, whose duty it was to provide for defense against what might happen; and two eminent leaders, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, had been to Lexington and Concord to oversee the dispositions, and to consult with the fathers of the colony who had met in the latter town. A small quantity of powder and some guns and muskets had been stored in both these places; for if trouble should occur with the British, it was most likely to begin in Boston, and the minute-men of the province would rendezvous most conveniently at these outlying settlements, which lay along the high road at distances of fourteen and twenty miles from the city. No

offensive operations, of course, were contemplated, nor was it known what form British aggression would assume. Defense of their homes and liberties was all that the New England farmers and mechanics intended. They had no plan of campaign, and no military leaders who knew anything of the art of war. They could be killed by invaders, and perhaps kill some of them; they were sure of the holiness of their cause; but they were too simple and homely-minded to realize that God had intrusted to them the first irrevocable step in a movement which should change the destinies of the world.

In Boston, during the 18th of April, there had been bustle and mysterious conferences among the British officers, and movements among the troops; which might mean anything or nothing. But there were patriots on the watch, and it was surmised that some hostile act might be meditated; and plans were made to give warning inland, should this prove to be the case. At the British Coffee House, that afternoon, the group of officers was gayer than usual, and there was much laughter and many toasts. "Here's to the Yankee minute-men!" said one: "the men who'll run the minute they see the enemy!" General Gage stalked about, solemn, important and monosyllabic. Lieutenant-colonel Smith was very busy, and held himself unusually erect; and Major Pitcairn, of the marines, was often seen in his company, as if the two had some secret in common. The plain citizens who walked the streets fancied that they were shouldered aside even more arrogantly than usual by the haughty redcoats; and that the insolent stare with which they afflicted the handsome wives and pretty maidens of Boston was grosser and more significant than common. But the evening fell with matters much as ordinary, to all appearance; and as the town was under martial law, most of the population was off the streets by nine o'clock.

But soon after ten that night, a man was riding at a hand-gallop past Medford, heading west. He had been rowed

across Charles River just at the beginning of flood tide and had landed on the Charlestown shore a few minutes before the order to let none pass had reached the sentry. Turning, with one foot in the stirrup, he had seen two lights from the North Church tower, and a moment afterward had been on his way. Half a mile beyond Charlestown Neck he had almost galloped into the arms of two British officers, but had avoided them by turning suddenly to the right. Now the old Boston road was smooth before him, and he threw off his three-cornered hat, bent forward in his saddle and spoke in his horse's ear. His was a good horse, and carried an important message. A house near the roadside showed up dark and silent against the starlit sky; the horseman rode to the door and struck the panels with his whip. A window was thrown open above: "Who's there?"—"Paul Revere: the British march to-night to Lexington and Concord: Warren, of the Committee of Safety, bids you hold your men in readiness."—"Right!"—The horseman turns, and is off along the road again before the captain of the Medford minute-men has shut the window.

It is but a short fourteen miles to Lexington; but there are a dozen or twenty farmhouses along the way, and at each of them the horseman must pause and deliver his message; so that it is just midnight as he comes in sight of the outskirts of the humble village. There is a dim light burning in the window of yonder hip-roofed cottage beside the green; Adams and Hancock must be anticipating news; Adams, indeed, has the name of being a man who sleeps little and thinks much. The night-rider's summons is responded to at once; and then, at the open door, there is a brief conference, terse and to the point; the pale face of a woman looks from the window; a message has brought Dawes and Sam Prescott, ready mounted, to accompany Revere on his further journey. Young Jonas Parker, the best wrestler in Lexington, has drawn a bucket of water at the well-sweep and is holding it under the nose of Revere's

horse. "Well, my lad," says Paul, "are you ready to fight to-morrow?"—"I won't run—I promise you that," replies the youth, with a smile. He was dead five hours later, with a bullet through his vigorous young body, and a British bayonet wound in his breast, having kept his word.

Meanwhile the three horsemen are off, bearing now toward the left, for Lincoln; but there, as luck would have it, they encountered half a dozen English officers, who arrested Dawes and Revere and took them back to Lexington. Prescott, however, was too quick for them; in the flurry and darkness he had leaped his horse over the low stone wall, and was off across the meadows which he had known from a boy, to Concord. It was then between one and two o'clock; and the latter hour had hardly struck when the ride was over, and the bells of the meeting-house were pealing from the steeple. Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is the test of a man, as Napoleon said some years later; be that as it may, here are the Concord minute-men, Hosmer, Buttrick, Parson Emerson, Brown, Blanchard, and the rest; they are running toward the green, musket in hand, bullet-pouch on thigh, ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred and more; and there comes Barrett, their captain, with his sword; the men range out in a double rank, in the cool night air, and answer to their names; if the time has indeed come for action, they are ready to make good the bold words spoken at many a town meeting and private chat for weeks past. They have been comrades all their lives, and know each other; and yet now, perhaps, they gaze at one another curiously, conscious of an indefinable change that has come over them, now that death may be marching a few miles to the eastward.

And in truth, while they were discussing what might happen, death was already at work at Lexington. Eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry, the best soldiers in America, had marched into the village shortly before dawn. For an hour or more, as they marched, they had heard the

sound of bells and of muskets, now near, now far, telling that their movement had been discovered; and they hastened their steps; not as apprehending resistance from the Yankee cowards, but lest the stores they were after should be hidden before they could get at them. And now, here they were, advancing with the regular tramp of disciplined troops, muskets on their shoulders, bayonets fixed, and a slight dust rising from their serried footsteps. They looked as if they might march through a stone wall. But could it really be true that these men meant to kill American farmers in sight of their own homes? Were English soldiers really enemies of their own flesh and blood? As they approached the common—an irregular triangle of ground, with a meeting-house at the further end—the alarm-drum was beating, and muskets firing; and yonder are the minute-men sure enough, running together in the morning dusk, and marshaling themselves in scanty ranks under the orders of Captain Parker. Young men and old are there, in their well-worn shirts and breeches, cut and stitched by the faithful hands of their wives and daughters, and each with his loaded flint-lock in his hands. There are but fifty or sixty in all, against sixteen times as many of the flower of the British army. The vanguard of the latter has halted, and has received the order from Pitcairn to load; and you may hear the ring of the ramrods in unison, and then the click of the locks. And yonder comes the rest of the host, at double-quick, the hoarse commands of their officers sounding out of the gloom. What can less than threescore minute men do against them? At all events, they can die; and history will never forget them, standing there in front of the little church where they had so often prayed; and their country will always honor their names and love them. They stood there, silent and motionless, protesting with their lives against the march of tyranny. How few they were—and what countless millions they represented!

Out rides Pitcairn in front of the grenadiers. You can

see the red of his tunic now in the gathering light, the sparkle of his accouterments, and the gleam of his sword as he swings it with a commanding gesture. "Disperse, ye villains!" he calls out in a harsh, peremptory voice: "Ye rebels — why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?"

Would they obey?—No: for they were neither villains nor rebels; they had come there as a sacrifice, and they would not go thence until the crime had been committed, and their country had definitely learned, from them, whether oppression would proceed to the last extremity, or not. It was only a few harmless, heroic lives to lose; but so much must needs be done. It was not an easy thing to do; there was no one to teach them how to do it scenically and splendidly. They must simply stand there, in their own awkward way, shoulder to shoulder, motionless, gazing at the gallant major and the heavy masses of uniformed men beyond, waiting for what might come. The Lord of Hosts was on their side; but, as with our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane, He seemed remotest when most near. Their wives and children are there, looking on, straining their eyes through the obscurity, with what throbbings of agony in their hearts, with what prayers choking in their throats!

The major snatches a pistol from his holster, levels and discharges it; and "Fire!" he shouts at the same moment, at the top of his lungs. He had omitted the "Ready—present!" and the soldiers did not all fire at once; first there were a few dropping shots; but then came the volley. The regulars shot to kill. Down came Jonas Parker to his knee, to be stabbed to death before he could reload; there fell old Munroe, the veteran of Louisburg; and Harrington, killed at his doorstep, and Muzzey, Hadley, and Brown. In all, before the stars had faded in the light of dawn, sixteen New Englanders lay dead or wounded on the village green. And the British troops had reformed, and huzzaed thrice, and marched on with drum and fife, before the sun of the 19th

of April had looked upon their work. The Revolution had begun.

It was seven o'clock when, with the sun on their backs, the British invaders came along the base of the low hill, crowned with pine and birch, that lies like a sleeping serpent to the east on the way to Concord. They were a trifle jaded now from their all-night march, and their gaiters and uniforms were a little dusty; but the barrels of their guns shone as bright as ever, and their spirits were good, after their glorious exploit six miles back. Glorious, of course: yet a trifle dull, all the same; there would be more fun shooting these bumpkins, if only they could summon heart to put up a bit of a fight in return. "Maybe we'll get a better chance at 'em out here, colonel—eh?" the major of marines might have said, with his Scotch brogue, turning his horse to ride beside his superior officer for a mile or so. "I don't think it, sir," that great soldier would reply, puffing out his cheeks, and wiping his brow with his embroidered handkerchief. "The sight of his majesty's uniform, Major Pitcairn, is alone enough to put to flight every scurvy rebel in Massachusetts. If you want to get within range of 'em, sir, you must wear mufti."

During the early morning hours, the minute-men standing under the liberty pole in front of Concord meeting-house had been gradually re-enforced by parties hastening in from Lincoln, Acton, and other outlying hamlets, until they numbered about two hundred men. But as the British drew near, eight hundred strong, the Americans withdrew down a meadow road northward, until they reached a hospitable edifice with a broad roof, pierced by gables, standing at the upper end of an avenue, and with its back toward the sluggish Muskataquid, or Concord River. A few rods to the left of the site of this manse was a wooden bridge, spanning the stream, known as the North Bridge. The manse was occupied by the Reverend William Emerson, the minister of the town, and from its western windows was an excellent view

of the bridge. One of these windows was open, and the pastor himself, with his arms resting on the sill, was looking from this coign of vantage when the minute-men came up, crossed the bridge, and stationed themselves on the rising ground just beyond. He remained there, a deeply interested spectator, during the events which followed.

The British, finding Concord deserted, divided into three parts, one going to a bridge to the south of the town, one remaining in the town itself, and the third marching north, where it again divided, one party of a hundred guarding the approach to the north bridge, on the further side of which the Americans were embattled, the other proceeding along the road to the house of Captain Barrett in search of arms. A couple of hours passed by, and nothing seemed likely to happen; but it was noticed that there was the smoke of a fire in Concord, a mile to the south and east. Smith and Pitcairn were there, with the main body of the troops, and they had been making bonfires of the liberty pole and some gun carriages: the court house was also in a blaze. But to the Concord men, waiting at the bridge, it looked as if the British were setting their homes afire. The women and children had been sent into the woods out of harm's way, before the regiments arrived; but some of them might have ventured back again. Vague rumors of the bloodshed at Lexington had been passed from mouth to mouth, losing nothing, probably, on the way. The men began to ask one another whether it was not incumbent on them to march to the rescue of their town?

By accessions from Carlisle, Bedford, Woburn, Westford, Littleton and Chelmsford they had now grown to a strength of four hundred; the force immediately opposing them was less than half as numerous. They evidently did not expect an attack; they had not even removed the planks from the bridge. They despised the Yankees too much to take that easy precaution.

But though the British at this point were few, they were

regulars; they stood for the English army in America: and for more than that—they stood for all England, for Parliament, for the king, for loyalty; for that enormous moral force, so much more potent even than the physical, which tends to prevail because it always has prevailed. These farmers did not fear to risk their lives; their fathers, and some of themselves, had fought Indians and Frenchmen, and thought little of it. But to fight men whose limbs were made in England—in the old home which the colonists still regarded as theirs, and had not ceased to love and honor, for all this quarrel about duties and laws of trade—that was another matter: it was almost like turning their weapons against themselves. And yet, if there were any value in human liberty, if the words which they had listened to from the lips of Adams and Warren and Hancock meant anything—now was the time to testify to their belief in them. They were men: this was their land: yonder were burning their dwellings: they had a right to defend them, and their families. What said Captain Barrett—and Isaac Davis of Acton, and Buttrick? And here was Colonel Robinson of Westford too, a volunteer to-day: but what was his opinion?

The officers drew together, conferred a moment, and then Barrett, who was in command, and the only man on horseback, gave the word: "Advance across the bridge: don't fire unless they fire at you." The companies marched past him, led by Buttrick, Davis and Robinson, with their swords drawn. The men were in double file.

Seeing them actually advancing on the bridge, the British condescended to bestir themselves, and some of them began to raise the planks. Upon this, the Americans, who meant to cross, broke into a trot. Mr. Emerson, leaning out of his window, with the light of battle in his eyes, saw three or four puffs of smoke come from the British, and two Americans fell. Immediately after there was a volley from the regulars, and now Isaac Davis was down, and moved no more; and Abner Hosmer fell dead near him. The Ameri-

cans were advancing, but they had not fired. "Father in Heaven!" ejaculated the good parson, between his set teeth, "aren't they going to shoot?"

Even as he spoke, he saw Buttrick leap upward, and heard his shout: "Fire, fellow soldiers!—for God's sake, fire!"

The men repeated the word to one another; up came their guns to their shoulders, and the sharp detonations followed. They reached the ears of the minister, and he gave a sigh of relief. They echoed across the river, and rolled away toward the village, and into the distance. Nor did they stop there—those echoes: the Atlantic is wide, but they crossed it; they made Lord North, Thurlow, and Wedderburn start in their chairs, and mutter a curse: they penetrated to the king in his cabinet, and he flushed and bit his lip. More than a hundred years have passed; and yet the vibrations of that shot across Concord Bridge have not died away. Whenever tyranny and oppression raise their evil hands, that sound comes reverberating out of the past, and they hesitate and turn pale. Whenever a monarch meditates injustice against his subjects, the noise of the muskets of the Concord yeomen, fired that men might be free, falls upon his ear, and he pauses and counts the cost. Yes, and there have been those among ourselves, citizens of the land for which those yeomen fought and died, who also might take warning from those ominous echoes: for the battle waged by selfishness and corruption against human rights has not ceased to be waged on these shores, though the British left them a century ago. It seems, at times, as if victory inclined toward the evil rather than the good. But let us not be misled. The blood of the farmers who drove England out of America flows in our veins still; we are patient and tolerant to a fault, but not forever. The onlooker, gazing from afar, fears that we will never shoot; but presently he shall be reassured; and once our advance is begun, there will be no relenting till the last invader be driven into the sea.

There is a deeper lesson yet to be learned from Concord fight. It is that the noblest deeds may be done by the humblest instruments; and that as Christ chose His apostles from among the fishermen of Galilee, so was the immortal honor of beginning the battle for the liberation of mankind intrusted to a handful of lowly husbandmen and artisans, who knew little more than that right was right, and wrong, wrong. There were no philosophers or statesmen among them; they comprehended nothing of diplomacy; they only felt that a duty had been laid upon them, and inspired by that conviction, they went forward and did it. The judgment of the world has ratified their act, and has admitted that perhaps more subtle reasoners than they, balancing one consideration against another, taking counsel of far-reaching prudence, flinching from responsibility, might have put off action until the golden moment had forever passed. But what the hands of these men found to do, they did with their might; and therefore established the truth that the spirit of God finds its fitting home in the bosoms of the poor and simple; and that the destinies of mankind are safe in their protection.

Two English soldiers were killed or mortally wounded by the fire of the Americans and several others were hit. A panic seized upon the rest, and before the farmers had crossed the bridge, they were retreating in disorder upon the main body in Concord. Barrett's men were surprised by this sudden collapse of the enemy, and did not pursue them at that time, nor intercept the small force further up the road, all of whom might easily have been killed or captured. Perhaps they even felt sorry for what they had done; at all events, they betrayed no bloodthirstiness as yet. But when Smith and Pitcairn, after much agitation and irresolution, ordered a retreat of the whole force down the Boston road, firing as they went upon all who showed themselves, and robbing and destroying dwellings along the route: when the winners of Concord bridge, and their fellow minute-men,

who now began to be numbered by thousands rather than by hundreds, saw and comprehended this, the true spirit of war was kindled within them, and they began that running fight of twenty miles which ended in the hurling of the British into the defenses of Boston, broken, exhausted, utterly demoralized and beaten, with a loss of two hundred and seventy-three men and officers, Smith himself receiving a severe wound. Ten miles more would have witnessed their complete annihilation. No troops ever ran with better diligence than did these English regulars before the despised Yankee minute-men; they lost the day, and honor likewise. It was in vain that they threw out flanking parties, in an effort to clear the woods of the American sharpshooters; the latter knew the war of the forest better than they, and the flanking parties withered away, and staggered helpless from exhaustion. It was in vain that Lord Percy, with twelve hundred men, met the flying horde at Lexington, where their officers were trying to reform them under threats of death; his cannon could delay, but not reverse the fortunes of the day. Lord Percy soon became as frightened as the rest, and realized that speed of foot was his sole hope of safety. Gasping for breath, reeling from fatigue, with terror and despair in their hearts, foul with dust and dripping with blood, a third part of the British army in New England were hunted back to their fortifications as the sun of the 19th of April, whose first beams had fallen upon the dead at Lexington, went down in the west. Less than fifty Americans had been killed, less than forty were wounded. Some of these, however, were helpless persons, who were wantonly murdered in their houses by English soldiers, their brains dashed out, and their bodies hacked and stabbed. Women in childbirth were not exempt from the brutal fury of the flower of the British army; and an idiot boy was deliberately shot as he sat on a fence, vacantly staring at the passing rout. All, or most of the towns in the neighborhood of Boston contrib-

uted their able-bodied men to the American force during the day; but there was never more than a few hundred together at one time, fresh relays taking the place of those whose ammunition had been used up. Some of these squads performed prodigies of endurance; one of them arrived at the scene of action after a march of fifty-five miles. No man under seventy or over sixteen would stay at home; and Josiah Haynes of Sudbury was marching and fighting from earliest dawn till past noon, when he was killed by a grenadier's musket-ball. He was born five years before the Eighteenth Century began.

At West Cambridge the Americans were met by Joseph Warren and General Heath, who organized the heretofore irregular pursuit, and made it more disastrous to the enemy than ever. Warren, in the front of danger, was grazed by a bullet; but his time had not yet come. Fortunately for the British, Charlestown Neck was near, and once across that they were for the present safe. In fourteen hours they had learned more about America than they could ever forget. The Americans, for their part, had not failed to gather profit and confidence from the experiences of the day. The paralysis of respect and loyalty to England was at an end. The antagonists had met and measured their strength, and the undisciplined countrymen had proved the stronger. At any given point of the retreat, the English had always been the more numerous; but they showed neither heart nor ability for the contest. The British Coffee House in King Street that night presented a scene in marked contrast with that of the night before.

The rumors of the battle, and messages of information and appeal from the leaders, were disseminated without delay, and in a space of time wonderfully short had penetrated to the remotest of the colonies. Everywhere they met with the same reception; all were eager to join in the work so hopefully begun. Within a day or two, the force beleaguering Boston numbered several thousand; but as

many of these came and went between the camp and their homes, no precise estimate can be made. They were without artillery for bombardment, without a commissariat, and almost without organization; and no leader had yet appeared capable of bringing order out of the confusion. But not a few men afterward to be distinguished were present there: the veteran John Stark, Benedict Arnold from Connecticut, Israel Putnam, who rode a hunderd miles on one horse to join the provincial army; and Joseph Warren, were on the ground, and others were to come. Boston was effectually surrounded; Gage and his officers were afraid to order a sortie; and after a few days allowed the non-loyalist inhabitants to leave the city, on their promise not to take part in the siege. The chief deficiency of the Americans, or that at least which most obviously pressed upon them, was the want of money: Massachusetts had hitherto avoided paper; but it was no longer possible to stand on scruples, and a bill to issue a hundred thousand pounds was passed, and a quarter as much in bills of small denominations, to pay the soldiers. The other colonies adopted similar measures. In New York, eighty thousand pounds' worth of stores and supplies for Gage was seized by the people, and no ships were allowed to leave the harbor for the succor of the enemy. In Virginia, Patrick Henry and the young Madison, just out of Princeton, were prominent in opposing Governor Dunmore's efforts to establish "order." In Pennsylvania, men were raised and drilled, and patriotic resolves adopted; and Franklin arrived from England in time to be elected deputy to the second American Congress. The men of South Carolina announced themselves ready to give "the half, or the whole" of their estates for the security of their liberties, and voted to raise three regiments. Georgia, with only three thousand militia, and under threat of an Indian war on her frontier, fearlessly gave in her adhesion to the general movement. In North Carolina, the news from Lexington stampeded the governor, and left

the people free to work their will. But the next notable achievement, after the Concord fight and the running battle, was the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen.

The design was formed in Connecticut, less than ten days after Lexington. Ethan Allen was a Connecticut boy; but had early emigrated with his brothers to the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called. These grants, given by the governor of New Hampshire, were called in question by New York, and officers from that colony tried to oust the settlers; in their resistance, Allen was the leader, and attained local celebrity. Parsons of Connecticut conferred with Benedict Arnold on the scheme of capturing the old fortress; and communication was had with Allen, who, being familiar with the Lake George region, and at the same time of Connecticut stock, was esteemed the best man to associate with the enterprise. Parsons and a few others raised money on their personal security, and set out for the north, gathering companions as they went. Ethan Allen met them at Bennington, with his company of Green Mountain Boys, and was chosen leader of the adventure, Arnold, who had a commission from Massachusetts, being ignored. On the 9th of May, the party, numbering about eighty men, exclusive of the rear guard, which was left behind by the exigencies of the occasion, landed on the shore near the fortress. Ticonderoga was a strong place, even for a force provided with cannon; but Allen had nothing but muskets, and everything depended upon a surprise. It was just sunrise on the 10th when Allen addressed his men with "We must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it, contrary to your will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks!" The response was unanimous. The wicket of the stronghold was found open; the sentry snapped his gun at Allen, missed him, and was overpowered with a rush, together with the other

guards. On the parade within, a hollow square was formed, facing the four barracks; a wounded sentry volunteered to conduct Allen to the commander, Delaplace. "Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison!" thundered Allen, at the door; and poor Delaplace, half awake, started up with his breeches in his hand and wanted to know what was the matter.—"Deliver to me this fort instantly!"—"By what authority?" inquired the stupefied commander. The Vermonter was never at a loss either for a word or a blow.—"In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" and presenting the point of his sword, he cut short further parley and received the surrender. Fifty prisoners, with guns and stores, went with the fortress, for which the British had sacrificed forty million dollars and several campaigns; and not a drop of American blood was spilled. Ethan Allen is a picturesque character, and the capture of Ticonderoga is one of the picturesque episodes of the Revolutionary War, and a valuable exploit from the military point of view; but it lacks inevitably the moral weight and dignity of the Concord fight. Indeed, the significance of the entire struggle between Britain and her colonies was summed up and typified in that initial act of unsupported courage. What followed was but a corollary and expansion of it.

On the same day that Allen overcame Delaplace, the second Congress met in Philadelphia. It was a very conservative body, anxious that the war might proceed no further, and hopeful that England might recognize the justice of America's wish to be free while retaining the name of subjects of the king. But affairs had now got beyond the control of congresses; the people themselves were in command, and the legislature could do little more than ascertain and register their will. The present Congress, indeed, had no legislative powers, nor legal status of any kind; it was but the sober mind of the several colonies thinking over the situation, and offering advice here, warning there. It could not

dispose of means to execute its ideas, while yet it would be open to as much criticism as if it possessed active powers. Naturally, therefore, its tendency was to be timid and circumspect. It is memorable nevertheless for at least two resolutions of high importance; it voted an army of twenty thousand men, and it named George Washington as commander-in-chief. And when he declined to countenance the proffered petition to King George, the ultimate prospect of reconciliation with England vanished.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH

THE LESSON OF THE BREASTWORKS

AN observer floating in a balloon half a mile above Beacon Hill, Boston, on the evening of the 16th of June, 1775, would have witnessed, during the ensuing four and twenty hours, one of the most singular and interesting spectacles of the century.

Restricting his observation to an area bounded by a circle about five miles in diameter, he would see, in the space formed by the confluence of the waters of Boston Bay on the east, the mouth of the river Mystic on the northwest, and of the river Charles debouching on the southwest, three hilly peninsulas, lying close together. They lie on a line running nearly north and south. The central one of the three is of irregular shape, a polygon, attached to the mainland by a narrow strip of land extending south. The southern peninsula is wider east and west than it is north and south; it also is connected with the mainland by a neck protruding on the south. The northern

peninsula of the three has somewhat the form of an Indian arrowhead, its base being south, its point a little west of north; its point of attachment with the main being a prolongation of its apex. None of the three peninsulas is much over a mile across.

The central one contains the town of Boston, most of the buildings being collected toward the south and east, with wharfs jutting out into the harbor. On its northern limb is an elevation, called Copp's Hill. Of the southern peninsula, called Dorchester, we need remark only that its hills, known as Dorchester Heights, command the town of Boston.

Let us examine the northern peninsula more particularly. About the middle of its broad southern end, directly opposite and below Copp's Hill, is a group of about five hundred wooden houses called Charlestown. Communication with Boston is had by a ferryboat, the distance across the strait being about a quarter of a mile. Above Charlestown, north, the land rises to an elevation of seventy feet in Breed's Hill, which slopes less steeply toward the east, to rise again slightly at the southeastern corner of the arrowhead. The shore on the northeast, or Mystic side, is low, and the meadowland has been newly mown. A fence of loose stones, surmounted by a couple of rails, extends from the rise of Breed's Hill toward the Mystic, but does not reach the water by a hundred yards. Back of the fence, and parallel with it, runs a ditch, dug years ago, probably to drain the meadow. North of Breed's Hill, and overtopping it by forty feet, is Bunker Hill, with a smooth, round summit. An inlet or backwater, from four to eight hundred yards wide, forms the western boundary of the peninsula, and extends up to the neck, but is crossed by a stone causeway communicating with the main, half a mile or so south of the neck. On the main, some two or three miles inland, is the town of Cambridge, and Harvard College. This town can be reached from the peninsula either by the road over the neck, or by the causeway. The distance from the south-

east corner of the triangular peninsula, or arrowhead, to the crest of Breed's Hill, might be five hundred yards, due west. The hills and slopes are covered with tall grass, and intersected by fences here and there; only the meadow-grass has been mown; the only houses are those of Charlestown.

The American army, as we know, has its headquarters, General Ward commanding, in Cambridge, and reaches along an irregular line or arc of a circle north and south, thus shutting off Boston from the interior country. We know that Ward is an old and infirm man, vacillating in mind, and not competent to manage the anomalous and heterogeneous force of perhaps twelve or fourteen thousand husbandmen and mechanics, assembled from four colonies, destitute of discipline and co-operation, wofully lacking in powder and military supplies of all kinds, brought together by their own volition, led by officers of their own selection, who were all more or less ignorant of tactics, and prone to follow their independent fancy as to what should be done or left undone—which by courtesy is called the American army. Ward had not the ability to manage this army, and it is unlikely that they would have obeyed his orders in any case. The siege or beleaguering of Boston was a sort of summer picnic, partly serious, partly amusing. The men talked about driving the British into the sea, and of meaning to avenge the dead of Lexington and Concord; but they had no means of doing anything, except perhaps to keep the British where they were; they had no siege guns, or powder and ball to use in them; their idea, so far as they possessed one, was that in course of time the enemy might eat up their provisions and capitulate. But as there was no American navy to hinder supplies from reaching them by sea, this was likely to be a consummation long in arriving. If the British would only make a sortie, and attempt to force the American positions, then there might be some fun; but the British knew their business too well to try that. Meanwhile, the novelty of the picnic was wearing away, and the farmers

did not see why they should not slip off home and attend to their crops. No one could prevent their going, if they pleased.

What is the condition of things in Boston? There are five thousand troops cooped up in the little space, together with several hundred loyalists or tories; and the June weather has been exceedingly warm, and is getting warmer. General John Burgoyne, soldier and dramatist, has just arrived from England, and with him Sir William Howe, the new commander-in-chief; both of these gentlemen had brought their fishing-rods with them, anticipating nothing more serious in the way of war than a campaign against the trout in the Massachusetts streams; and both of them are bored to extinction by this unexpected confinement. Poor Gage, with the stain of Concord and Lexington upon him, is naturally anxious to do something to recover his vanishing reputation; and his distinguished companions-in-arms have been gazing significantly at the green trees and fields of Dorchester and Charlestown, as if they longed to get over and stretch their legs there. Besides, are not these points of strategic value?—Gage finally makes up his mind to occupy Bunker's Hill, and later, Dorchester Heights; and by way of clearing the way, he issues a proclamation that any rebels found with arms in their hands will be hanged. Howe — a dark-complexioned, bilious, indolent, high-bred, fearless man of six and forty, approves the plan, and Burgoyne begins to think he may get a little fishing after all. The date of occupation is fixed for the 18th. Will the rebels attempt any opposition? In the opinion of the British council of war, Not they!

It happened that about the time Gage formed his project, the war chiefs in Cambridge had decided that Charlestown ought to be occupied by the Americans, and Bunker Hill fortified. The plans of the English reached the ears of the Americans; though, fortunately, the former had no suspicion of the designs of the latter. The committee of safety

accepted the offer of William Prescott, of Pepperel, to do the work with a brigade of a thousand men. As it was already the evening of the 16th, there was no time to throw away. After prayer on Cambridge Common, led by Langdon, president of the college, the detachment is ready to start: they have no uniforms, and their accouterment consists of a powder-horn, a bag of bullets, and a ration of bread and meat, or cheese, slung over their shoulders. They had no canteens, and the working and fighting of the next four and twenty hours were, in fact, done with no rest, no water, and but a single scanty meal. That would not have mattered, had they had ammunition enough. Had they been able to operate artillery, there is no telling what might have happened. They did the best they could with the means they had; and history is of opinion that they did pretty well.

There is a moon on the evening of the 16th; and if we descend a little lower in our balloon, we may see the detachment crossing Charlestown Neck toward eleven o'clock. They march as silently as possible, and speak in whispers. There are three or four armed ships anchored off the shore, and as the hours pass, we may hear the cry of the guards, "All's well!" They evidently are not aware of those dark groups of figures on the crest of Breed's Hill, where—instead of on Bunker—Prescott has determined to make his redoubt. Picks and spades have been brought, and the men, being mostly farmers, are at home in their use. The lines of the fortification are marked out on the turf, about one hundred and thirty feet on a side, and labor is begun at once. These June nights are short, and unless some protection has been secured by dawn, the project will be a failure. How they work, those lean, muscular fellows! each one a Hercules, and a skillful one, too. Prescott, tall, vigilant and calm, oversees and directs all. He has sent some men down toward the shore, to keep a lookout on those ships. He has barely four hours during which he can hope to be uninter-

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL -DEATH OF GENERAL WARREN, JUNE 17, 1775

rupted; it is not too long for the construction of a wall over five hundred feet in circumference and six feet in height. But over nine hundred men are busy at it, and already the moon throws the shadow of a parapet upon the trampled grass. Before four o'clock the prime danger is averted; there is barrier enough to serve as a shield against the first projectiles. Yet the position is far from secure; there is no protection on the flank, and the men-of-war can move up the Mystic and make things very hot for them. It would be well to produce the line of fortification down the eastern slope of the hill, toward the Mystic: that fence and ditch might be utilized. But more men will be needed: and see! yonder a messenger sets off at a sharp trot across the Neck for Cambridge; he bears a message to the venerable Ward, asking for re-enforcements: also for more powder. But he is destined to get neither. General Ward has convinced himself that if the British attack anything, it will be his own headquarters; and he thinks he has no more men than are needed for his protection. As for powder, there are but about sixty half-barrels of it in New England at this moment. The men at Breed's Hill must make the most of what their powder-horns contain.

Ah! that line of lesser darkness along the eastern horizon has spread upward and brightened; and now the sentry on the "Lively," in the channel southeast of the redoubt, has caught sight of the men working on the breastwork, and he gives the alarm. Up tumble the surprised seamen; a gun is hurriedly aimed at the earthen wall, there is a heavy report, and there goes the shell. Now another, and another. By this time, the whole town is waking up, and we see the black and brown figures of citizens, and the red coats of the soldiers, hurrying along the narrow streets beneath us; many are climbing on the roofs of houses for a better view; that little squad of officers who have just appeared on the top of Copp's Hill are Burgoyne, Pitcairn (late of Concord and Lexington, who will be killed in the attack on that lit-

tle redoubt before the sun sets), Pigot, who is to lead the assault up Breed's Hill, Clinton and a few more; Howe is still in bed, not to be cheated out of his last nap by all the Yankees on the planet. In bed, too, is Lord Percy, who helped Colonel Smith run away on the 19th of April; and in bed he means to stay, on the plea of illness, while his command dies on the slopes in the hot sunshine; he does not feel well; the noise of battle impairs his health. After observing the gunnery of the "Lively" for a few minutes, one of the officers on Copp's Hill has sent for a battery of heavier guns, and now up the ascent they come, horses and men straining their best; and they are set in position, loaded, a handful of powder poured on the bung-hole and touched off with a match, and their deep boom shakes the warm June air. Those men working over opposite are finding out thus early in the morning what it is to be under fire; not all of them like it; they are rather shy of showing their heads above that breastwork. They cannot reply to the fire; their fowling pieces would not carry half or a third that distance. But the tall officer—Prescott—is if anything more indifferent than ever; he leaps up on the parapet, and begins to pace slowly up and down it, as if cannon-shot were to him no more than pepper corns. His example puts heart into his already hungry and thirsty men, and they bend to their digging with renewed energy. But who is that sturdy, athletic fellow who comes swinging up the hill from the north, with a sword at his side, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and vigorous?—That is the famous Old Put, the man who killed the wolf, rode a hundred miles in eighteen hours, rescued a comrade at the imminent risk of his own life, and has done and will do many another reckless and generous act. He is even braver than he is strong, and he will be in a dozen places in and about the American position to-day, advising, helping, ordering, striding here and there, gesticulating: he is in his element. The redoubt, and the whole hill and peninsula, have by this time become too

warm for comfort; the sun is hot enough—this will be one of the hottest days of the year—but the sun could be endured were it not for the continued fire of the ships (there are four of them at work now), the guns on Copp's Hill, and the floating batteries which have been towed up to that causeway on the left, and are sending a flanking fire across the Neck. Several squads of re-enforcements have been arriving by that route; on the other hand, two or three hundred men have deserted Prescott and returned within the American lines; they did not want to stay, and he did not care to have them against their will. They did not know that, in escaping death, they were losing immortality.

There is a young man who is to achieve immortality to-day: that graceful youth, bearing himself modestly, but paying no more attention to the missiles of death hurtling through the air and plowing up the turf about him than to the pattering of a summer shower. Yes, that is Joseph Warren; he has just received his commission as general from the Committee, but he does not come to take command here; he declines Prescott's offer; all he wants to do is to fight among the other men in the redoubt. If Prescott will kindly put him where the bullets are likely to come thickest, he will be content, for to-day. Just for to-day: and to-night he will fill a soldier's grave, having been almost the last man slain in the redoubt. None will be more truly mourned or lovingly remembered.

The morning is passing quickly. Look at that athletic figure down by the ditch and fence on the shore of the Mystic: he has brought two or three hundred men with him, and they are all at work transforming the scanty materials at their disposal into a fortification. They have gathered up the coarse, thick hay in armfuls, and woven it in and out between the rails and posts of the fence; and have brought up another fence and set it parallel with the first, filling the space between with more hay; and with no more than this for a protection, and with their flank exposed, they

will crouch and fight all day long, as only men who are men can. Their leader is John Stark, whom we have heard of before, and shall meet again: trapper, Indian fighter, scout, pioneer, soldier, hero: he looks them all. "A fresh man is worth ten tired ones," he was saying to Captain Dearborn, half an hour ago, as their detachment was crossing the Neck, under a cross fire from the boats and floating batteries. Dearborn had suggested that it might be a good idea to move at a trot along this exposed tract; but Stark disagreed with him, and would not be hurried out of his customary leisurely pace. After all, one is as likely to run into a ball as to run away from it.

This cannonading is noisy and tiresome, and has proved much less deadly than noisy; but now, it seems, the time for more interesting and decisive work is drawing near. Sir William Howe is awake and dressed, and has announced his intention—since he cannot go a-fishing—of leading the attack against the Yankees. It will be more amusing than sitting in the Coffee House, or dawdling about the Province House, with that blockhead Gage for a companion. Pigot is to be his second in command. How many men will he take?—There are about five thousand in town; he will take about half of them, including the best regiments in America. The position of the Yankees is rather strong; and though it is not to be supposed that they will offer any resistance worth noting, still one may as well take force enough to crush them at once, and be back in time for dinner.—Yes: but dinner will be late to-day, Sir William, and there will be plenty of room at table.—That narrow structure reaching into the water on the west side of Boston is Long Wharf; and thither the red-coated regiments are crowding. There is quite a little fleet of barges to convey them to their destination—more than will be needed to bring them back. The harbor is as smooth as glass; the boats push off and are rowed northward, skirting the town, toward that eastern point of Charlestown peninsula which we have already

noticed, named Morton's or Moulton's Point. The hillock there serves to protect the troops, while landing, from the fire of the Americans, though, indeed, the distance is too great for their fowling-pieces. As will presently be shown, however, the fowling-pieces are not ineffective at from twenty-five to fifty feet. While the disembarkation is going on, the "Lively," the "Falcon," the "Somerset" and Copp's Hill thunder and smoke to distract the Yankees' attention. But the latter, as we perceive, are lying quiet behind their works, with no thought of doing anything until there is something worth doing to do. It is nervous work waiting, and the sun, now just past noon, shines straight down with all his power: but that is worse for the British than for them. One cannot expect all the comforts of home in a redoubt, with a drilled, thoroughly equipped, confident enemy coming at you, with double your numbers. They are well fed, also; boat loads of provisions had been brought over, and before the soldiers were asked to do anything else, they sat down to as much as they could eat and drink. A soldier with his belly comfortably full is worth two who are empty. But the sun is more trying to them than to the lean, athletic farmers, who are not trussed up in ornamental uniforms, with useless knapsacks on their backs, and who have not got that hill to climb. Their work is done; all that remains is to shoot, and that is easy and exciting. But are those British lobster-backs never going to begin?

Not yet; Sir William will not give the word until his full force is on the ground. He means to make an attack along the whole line at once; he will lead the party against the rail fence, because, perhaps, there is less climbing to do in that direction, and though Sir William does not mind bullets, he is averse to unnecessary exertion. Pigot will take care of the redoubt; it will be warm walking, but it will be over in a few minutes, and by the time the Yankees are driven out and running for the Neck, Sir William will have carried the

rail fence, and will be able to cut them off, and capture or kill the lot. It should all be done in half an hour. Such is the plan, and the opening stages of it are carried out with machine-like precision. John Burgoyne, with his telescope to his eye on Copp's Hill, turns to his companion and remarks, "Howe's dispositions are soldier-like and perfect." As the masses of men, in their brilliant tunics, relieved against the green grass, deploy into line, with glittering arms, they make a handsome spectacle. And just at this moment, by direction of the sapient Gage, the houses of Charlestown, in the foreground, burst into flame, with the steeple of the meeting-house in the midst towering up, a roaring pillar of fire. The breeze is from the southeast, and will drive the smoke toward the redoubt, preventing its occupants from seeing what is preparing for them below. But just then the direction of the wind changes, as it sometimes will about noon, and that advantage, such as it is, is lost.

But the attack has begun: what a gallant sight! Twenty-five hundred men, in regular lines, rank behind rank, moving forward with the impulse of one; and they are firing their muskets from the moment of starting. The sun blazing in the blue sky, the explosion of cannon on all sides, the sharp, incessant rattling of the musketry, the cheering of the soldiers, moving now on diverging lines, left and right; the smoke and flame of the blazing town; and in the midst of it all, the redoubt and the rail fence, quiet as the grave which will cover many of the combatants to-night. A magnificent spectacle: and there are abundant spectators; the whole surrounding country is its amphitheater; Dorchester Heights far to the south, Chelsea on the east, Cambridge on the west, and in Boston, every housetop and steeple, and the masts of the vessels in the wharfs, are thick with people. Well may they gaze; they shall see to-day one of the famous sights of human history.

Upward clamber the redcoats, somewhat annoyed now

by the deep grass, which catches round their ankles, and by the fragments of fences which they must kick aside or scramble over, and by the steepness of the ascent, and by the really outrageous heat of this Yankee sun, which seems to shine to-day for the rebels. Moreover, they have many of them emptied their guns, and cannot well stop to load: but that matters little, for they will need only the bayonet when they reach the redoubt. The redoubt is not far off now: why don't those bumpkins fire? Perhaps they are so frightened, already, that they will not fire at all; they are only waiting to throw down their arms and beg for mercy. —But a man here and there, who was on that expedition to Concord two months ago, does not altogether fall in with this conjecture. The silence of the redoubt makes him feel a trifle uneasy.

Our position enables us to see directly into the walled inclosure. What are the Americans doing? They are sitting or lying in the straitened interior, seven or eight hundred of them: there is hardly elbow room for so many; the first line is crouching against the wall toward the enemy, peeping over it at the latter, with their musket barrels resting on the top. Bullets by the score are whistling just above their heads, and ever and anon a big cannon ball goes over them with a shrill moan, or strikes the earthwork with a thud and a jar. But they have by this time become used to such things and mind them much less than at first; and they have also accumulated a vehement desire to make a demonstration in their turn. What is Prescott saying to them, as he saunters in and out among the groups, in that quiet, unshaken voice, audible despite all the uproar and the shouting without?—"Now, keep cool, boys: don't waste your ammunition: make every shot tell; hold your fire till I give the word; don't pull a trigger till you see the whites of their eyes; and aim for their belts. Those redcoats will never reach this redoubt, if you keep cool."—Aye, but the tension is tremendous; a man must hold his breath, and think a

thousand thoughts in an instant, and yet think only one. "We'll have them, lads, never fear!" remarks Warren composedly, looking round with a smile. "Just a moment more —ah!"—"Fire!" shouts Prescott, in a voice that sends the hot blood leaping through every heart: and a sheet of fire pours from that long-silent parapet.

"Humph!" ejaculates Burgoyne, gazing intently through his telescope; "the bumpkins do seem able to fight a little after all—eh, Clinton?"

"They can shoot, sir, and no mistake," murmurs that gentleman in reply; "and Howe's men have caught it, too, as I live!"

At that first volley, the entire front line of the British advance staggered and fell, every man either dead or wounded. The New Englanders were used to waiting for game in the forest, and aiming as one does who knows that if the first shot does not tell, there will be no chance for another. Their eyes were keen and true, their nerves steady; their hearts, now that the long suspense was ended, beat full and strong. They saw that line of redcoats coming toward them; they saw the faces, fierce yet anxious, panting, crimson with heat and glistening with sweat: they saw the whites of their eyes—and then came the word! Down went the regulars of England, with hands uptossed, with sinking knees, some pitching forward on their faces, others reeling backward, some clutching at their breasts, some writhing their bodies in pain, some collapsing instantly, as death struck true to the heart or the brain; and heavy groans broke from them, and piercing shrieks and curses, quickly followed by the silence that is never broken. They lay in heaps, like the windrows down yonder in the meadow. But as the first line of the Americans discharged their guns they stepped back, and the second line took their places, and another volley was poured into the wavering mass, with barely a perceptible intermission. Again every bullet found its mark; another hundred fell. Discipline, and

the trained courage of veterans, can accomplish wonders; but there are some things they cannot do. Only fanatics, or those who battle for what they hold dearer than life, can withstand certain slaughter -- withstand it, and still go forward. The English regulars, stumbling among the bodies of their own dead, and still falling every moment, could not prevail. They gave back; they turned; they ran; many flung away their arms. That parapet, that had been so silent, that had seemed so easy to overcome, had suddenly loomed up as high as heaven, and as terrible as hell. Before it, the pride of England gave way; headlong down the hill they rushed, bearing their struggling officers, furious with shame, back with them, indifferent to their threats, prayers, oaths, and to the prick of their swords: back to the sheltering hillock, to the boats, to the very waters of the placid river. The helpless terror of annihilation was upon them. Anything, to escape!

The smoke lay heavily about the hill, till the light breeze trailed it away. The long slope was a ghastly sight; red-coated bodies were lying there by scores, and within fifty feet of the turf wall they were massed in heaps. Some of them still stirred; an arm was lifted, a head was raised, and sank again. But most of them lay quite motionless in the broad, pitiless sun. The farmers were good marksmen.

What are the farmers doing now? A good many of them are hurt; not a few are dead; but the rest are fiercely triumphant. They look in one another's smoke-blackened faces, they grasp one another's toil-hardened hands, they cheer and wave their arms. Warren smiles quietly as he reloads his piece. Prescott walks among the men, saying, "You did well: you can do it again: you gave them more than they bargained for." He has the wounded removed to the back of the redoubt, and the dead are laid close together, and their faces covered. The barrels of the muskets are wiped clean, and the powder and ball rammed home. There is none too much left; but while it lasts, all will be well.

The sun has passed the zenith, and now shines from the west upon the faces of the British advance—for they are coming again. Yes, unwillingly, as is no wonder, the veterans finally yield to the passionate exhortations of their officers, and face that slope of death once more. They must succeed this time: "Only hold on till you're over the breastwork, and you've got 'em: they have no bayonets."—"Will you let it be told in England that you were bested by a parcel of raw country bumpkins?" The soldiers swear and grit their teeth: but as they glance up toward the turf wall, and see the strewing of that slope, a sickening of the heart is mingled with their rage. Certain death!—and for what?—for the sake of getting a camping-ground! What is the good of a camping-ground if the first use you make of it is to die on it?—But they must go.

The light infantry also prepare to renew the attack on Stark's rail fence, where the first attack had been quite as disastrous as at the redoubt. Those fellows from Connecticut are hard customers, and shoot to a hair's breadth. They have two breastworks to protect them now: one, their hay-thatched fence, the other, a few rods further out, the piled-up bodies of the Britishers. But soldiers must be soldiers; and Howe has become quite animated, and is impatient to be off. This is far better sport, he thinks, than the best fishing in America.

Charge, then, poor, intrepid creatures of a selfish and blind tyranny! Men must die for the wrong as well as for the right. Off they go; and once they are in motion, their spirits revive. The grass has been trampled down now, and the fences too; there are only the corpses to break the symmetry of the line. Onward! firing as before, and cheering. Again that ominous silence from the breastworks; but you may catch here and there the gleam of the sun on the deadly musket barrels that lie along the parapet. The men in the front rank must die, and they know it: but on!

The men in the redoubt do not need to be told to hold

their fire on this occasion; they have learned how to deal with the regulars, and know that what they have done once they can do again. It is not until the red uniforms are within twenty-five or thirty feet of the muzzles of the fowling-pieces that the long, level tongue of fire licks out, and the slaughter begins. What use is courage here? A few desperate fellows here and there have plunged forward, and die almost within the shadow of the parapet; but the mass of them have halted; the frantic efforts of their officers to rally them under the streaming of that unintermittent death are more quickly futile than before; back they roll; those knapsacks are of some use now as a shield against the pelting of lead; but a better shield is a distance of five hundred yards, and it does not take them more than half as many seconds to avail themselves of that. Even worse has been the experience of the light infantry at the fence. Nine-tenths of the van of the attack withered away beneath the awful fire; Howe was at one time left a solitary figure in face of the destruction, not because his fellow officers had retreated, but because they were dead. Had the fence rails and the twisted hay been a wall of tempered steel, there would have been as little hope of carrying it. Burgoyne, on Copp's Hill, lowers his glass, and shakes his head. "Never did I witness such a complication of horror and importance," is his quaint remark. He is destined to see a good many horrors before two years are past, and to emerge from them only by the surrender of his sword.

The counsels now are those of desperation. Howe and the remaining officers are all of one mind; the American positions must be carried, if it takes the life of every soldier in the command. Beyond a doubt, every life would have been sacrificed, and the Americans would have retained their position into the bargain, but for the failure of their ammunition. While that held out they were impregnable; but it was now at its last ebb. If the British could be forced to retreat once more before they discovered this fatal

fact, all might be well; but it was hardly to be hoped. Most of the men had but one round left. Each bullet meant one British soldier the less; but there were still too many redcoats left after these were gone. The defenders of their country settle grimly to their work, and await the end.

It is now late in the midsummer afternoon, which has been proceeding through its successive stages of beauty all this while, as if there were no such things as war and slaughter in the world. The British, admonished by bitter experience, are making their preparations more heedfully than hitherto. A ship has been sent up the Mystic, until her guns sweep the extension of the fortification east of the redoubt, compelling its defenders to retire within the four walls; but Stark and his men, who have more ammunition than the others, remain at their fence. Re-enforcements have been landed on the shore in front of burning Charlestown; and Clinton, on Copp's Hill, perceiving that they seemed to lack leaders, hastens down the hill, crosses in a boat, and puts himself at their head, orders or no orders: it is not a time to stand on punctilio. Six battalions are now moving against the redoubt on three sides; to meet them are seven hundred Americans, and Stark's men. Between the latter and the redoubt is an undefended space of a hundred yards or more. The British, before starting on their final charge, are throwing off their knapsacks, and their officers are instructing them to imitate the Americans in holding their fire until they can make it effective. No chances must be taken this time. It is success or death.

To look at Prescott now, or to hear him, you would think that repulsing the best troops of England was child's play, to be kept up as long as they chose to offer themselves for the sport. If a dauntless heart alone could win a battle, this middle-aged gentleman from Pepperel—who had besieged the walls of Louisburg in his youth, and is to live to see his country free and independent among nations—could overpower the might of England without other assistance.

Warren, too, who in ten minutes will have been shot to death by an English officer who is his personal acquaintance, appears so cheerful and confident that it is impossible to look upon him and believe that there is any likelihood of defeat. And what is defeat? The cause which has such defenders as have fought to-day cannot be defeated, though powder run short and battles be lost. Bunker Hill fight is a victory already, albeit the British shall camp among the bodies of their dead to-night.

Up the hill, the red lines creep once more, and this time there is little more firing on one side than on the other, except for the intermittent reports of the cannon from the ships. The advance is less rapid than at first; most of the men have made the deadly journey once or twice before, and are weary; besides, they know the Americans will not fire until the result is certain. Silence on both sides, therefore, while the distance separating the antagonists grows narrower and narrower. Never has the fearful suspense been so keen, or lasted so long. Positively it seems as if the bayonets of the soldiers have touched the rampart before those American triggers are pulled, and the fiery devastation gushes forth. The line wavers at the shock, and pauses —hesitates: another volley like that last, and they will be done with forever. Alas! there are no more volleys to come. As the officers realize the truth, they spring forward with a cheer; they climb the parapet—but there are a few bullets left among the defenders: mark that active fellow who has just dragged himself to the top of the wall with his sword between his teeth, and is now on the point of leaping down triumphantly inside: have we not seen him before?—Yes, that is Major Pitcairn of the marines, who gave the word to fire at Lexington. He has won his last victory: is not that a Lexington farmer who levels his piece and sends his last bullet home to the sanguinary Scotchman's heart? Down he tumbles headlong. But others come after him, and for them there are no bullets. They come with bayonets; but

they are almost too exhausted to use them, and the Americans parry, and give them the butt for a few minutes more. But more come in, and more; the redoubt is half full of them: Warren has fallen; Prescott, who has been warding off thrusts with his sword, and whose clothes have been pierced in a dozen places, though he is untouched, sees that if they linger they will be cut off in the rear, and gives the word to retreat; it is four o'clock, and for an hour and a half the struggle has continued. In that time over a thousand British soldiers have fallen, including nearly ninety officers. More than four hundred Americans have been killed and wounded, or will be so, before the last man has passed across the Neck. Further than that, the enemy had no strength or heart for the pursuit. Putnam, coming too late with re-enforcements, seizes Prospect Hill on the main, and intrenches himself there. Prescott, after seeing the remnant of his detachment safe, presses on to Cambridge, and offers, with three fresh regiments, to retake the position; for thirty-six hours he has been continually active, but there is no weariness or discouragement for him. General Ward, however, thinks enough has been done; there shall be no more fighting at present. The foes have met, and tested each other's metal; and "the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be," remarks poor Gage, who, among the "too many," was the most notorious. But his imbecilities and timidities are over, so far as America is concerned; in this same year, he dwindles away to England, and we see him no more. His last act, before leaving, was to urge the employment of Indians in the war, at any cost. The sterner but more welcome figure of Howe steps into his place.

Concord fight was an act of sublime moral courage; the spiritual element in it overtops the physical, though nothing was lacking to that. Bunker Hill was a practical trial of strength and soldierly endurance, according to the forms of war. The ability of the Americans to hold their own was

abundantly manifested; and it was easy to see that if they were capable of such steadfastness while wholly unseasoned and undrilled, their chances against England must improve every year. The American army was indeed destined to suffer many disappointments, delays, reverses, and discouragements, from causes partly to be sought in the men themselves, but far more in the inadequacy of the administrative department, which, for a while, could hardly be termed a government at all, and which was till the end of the war as bad a government, in form, as any that can afflict a nation. All things seemed wanting to America, except men to fight for her, and a captain to lead them. Those, she had, and no nation ever had better. The final victory was long in coming; but when it came, it had been worth waiting for.

The second American Congress had met at Philadelphia more than a month before the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was composed of a group of committees from the several colonies, meeting rather with the design of conciliating England than of defying or threatening her; they had no revenue to dispose of, nor executive authority of any kind; they could consult and give counsel, but could not decree; in respect of practical efficiency they were not for a moment to be compared with the English Parliament. There were three million people behind them; but these people were only potentially a nation; as a matter of fact, they were thirteen distinct communities, of differing or opposed interests, whose combination was more geographical than political. What they had in common was love of liberty, and the oppression of England. These two things, acting and reacting upon each other, must be the means of their union. But a great many incompatibilities and incongruities must be done away with before the cement would hold fast. The task of the Congress was in all ways one of difficulty. Without power, how could they act? and by what means were they to obtain power? The royal governors were

gone, or going; but nothing had been devised to take their place. Indeed, in Massachusetts there was blank anarchy; the people were literally governing themselves, at great inconvenience, but with entire preservation of order. But this kind of thing could not indefinitely continue, least of all with such a war as was menacing them actually begun. In spite of the war, however, and of their perception of the necessity of independence, the final step—the definite act of separation from England—was contemplated by most of the delegates with misgiving or dislike. A few, like Adams, Franklin and Washington, saw that it must come, and even welcomed it; but they had not support enough to enforce their views. They perceived that the initiative must proceed from the people; because in no other way could assurance be had that the people would adhere to the idea of separation.

The members of the Congress, of course, were in constant communication with their constituents, and could thus have some guide as to what the various communities would favor or oppose; so that although no action could as yet be taken binding the colonies as a whole, it was nevertheless possible to arrange certain plans of action which would not be inharmonious with one another.

John Hancock had been chosen president of the Congress, partly as an answer to Gage's act in proscribing him; and at that juncture a proposition from Lord North was received which purported to offer all reasonable accommodation as to taxation, while declaring that if the colonies persisted in their obstinacy, the whole force of England would be lanched against them. Had Congress accepted this ultimatum, it would have warranted the mutilation of the charter of Massachusetts; but the English ministry hoped, by dividing the colonies on the question, to defeat all chances of their union. It was thought that Virginia would be the most likely of all to favor the proposition; and her legislature was summoned to consider it. Jefferson was delegated by them to draft their reply. The paper trav-

ersed every assumption of authority and jurisdiction which England had put forth, asserted in uncompromising language the right of Virginia and all the colonies to manage their own affairs, called attention to the fact that to remove taxes conveyed no guarantee that trade regulations would not be enforced, colonial forms of government altered, and trial by jury tampered with; and remarked that filling American towns with armies and ports with men-of-war was not the way to bring about spontaneous concessions. Virginia, it was declared, was bound in honor to share the fate of her sister colonies; she would leave the matter to the American Congress, and meanwhile would neither petition the king nor appeal to England. God should be the judge of the righteousness of their cause.—Jefferson was deputed to take a copy of these resolutions to Philadelphia. At the time of his arrival there, a request had been received from Massachusetts that the Congress should assume the direction of the American Army by appointing George Washington its generalissimo. Accessions to the British military forces in the continent lent urgency to this suggestion; John Adams indicated the expediency of adopting the New England forces as the nucleus of a general colonial army, and spoke of Washington as uniting in himself the qualifications which made him more fit than any other to undertake its command. These and other circumstances combined to force the Congress to shoulder the responsibilities of action. They began by borrowing thirty thousand dollars to buy gunpowder, and by appointing a day of general fasting and prayer. A committee, of which Washington was a member, was appointed to organize a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Johnson of Maryland nominated George Washington as Commander-in-chief, and he was unanimously elected by ballot. The next day he accepted the office in a brief speech; he promised to do his utmost for the cause, "but," he added, "I declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am

honored with." He seems to have been alone in that opinion. John Adams, a man not given to gush, spoke of the great effect the appointment must have in cementing the union of the colonies, adding, "The General is one of the most important characters of the world; upon him depend the liberties of America." Nevertheless, Washington's modesty was natural and proper. No man, of gifts however great, could presume to say that he was competent to such a task as this Virginian was called on to perform. It required powers more than human: it required a fortune, an inspiration, a spiritual quickening, such as come to no man by natural inheritance, but solely as a Divine endowment for the emergency as it arises—the "daily bread" of the soul, given "day by day" to meet the day's occasion. This is the secret of Washington's greatness, as it is of that of all men called to perform great uses in the world. The Creator first builds and tunes the instrument, making it sound, complete and symmetrical in all its parts, noble in its proportions, clean and pure in its materials; molds it beforehand, in secret ways, for the work it is to do; and then, when the great hour strikes, He breathes through it the sublime music which men hear and obey, but ascribe not to its true Source, but to the wisdom and address of the man himself. It is the weakness of most men called great that they have stooped to share the popular delusion concerning themselves, and have fallen into the pathetic and impious folly of wearing as their own the robes of glory lent by the Almighty. It was our Washington's distinction, as it was afterward Lincoln's, not to yield to this temptation, but to remember that unto Cæsar are to be rendered only those things which are Cæsar's, but unto God, those things which are God's. He was the same simple, unspoiled man when he retired from an unexampled public career that he was before he entered upon it; believing that he was the chosen instrument, but confessing that the instrument and He that uses it are twain.

With the appointment of Washington, the part of the Congress in American affairs becomes, for the time, of secondary importance. Washington was, in himself, the American union—the organized, self-conscious nation. A thousand critics have expended their best acumen to solve this man, and bring what is known of him into accord with the recognized limitations and characteristics of human nature. For many years he was pictured as a sort of transcendental prig, a copy-book hero, a waxwork model of all the virtues and none of the frailties of mankind. Then a reactionary school tried to account for him on the theory that the fond partiality of eulogy had suppressed all the shadows of the man, and heightened all the lights, until he became a monstrous glare of unrelenting and meaningless goody-goodness. He was really a terrible fellow, said these interpreters, given to frenzied paroxysms of profanity, to unbridled dissoluteness, to furious escapades; but in his saner or more fortunate intervals he performed extraordinary exploits of heroism and genius, as a sort of recoil from his tremendous improprieties and immoralities. Others, again, would paint him as the product and favorite of circumstances; he was stupid, urbane and patient, but would have been overwhelmed and crushed by the superior ability of his antagonists, had not luck befriended him at critical moments, and the wisdom and successes of his subordinates been credited uniformly to him.

None of these portraits is satisfactory. Washington had a great, wholesome, manly, out-door nature; physical health and vigor made the animal propensities strong; but his early self-dependence fortified his will, and the religious faith and reverence which were favored by his heredity, were confirmed by the thoughts and observations which visit men of good will in the vast solitudes of the wilderness, and in the perils and Providences which are felt more sensibly and perceived more lucidly, when apart from the distractions of the "world" of crowded and fickle communities. Solitude

makes a low type of man lower still; but the higher type is uplifted, hushed, and purified, because he sees God in the impersonalities of events and natural scenes and processes. Such a vision disposes to humility and modesty, and yet gives that silent power which arises from the awful recognition of man's creatureship, and consequently of his possible identification with God's purposes. Washington's shyness and modesty were no doubt emphasized by his lack of education, making him feel inferior to persons of far less original faculty; but this was compensated by his dignity, which was simple and spontaneous, being the fruit not of pride or conceit, but of the respect which he paid to manhood in himself. After all is said, we come back to selflessness as the final clew to the Washington enigma; the personal question never stood in his way or obscured his vision. And the mighty events into which he was drawn, and a great part of which he was, were like the fires of a cosmic furnace to burn out dross.

When he was called to the helm, his ship was in pieces, and the rocks were under his lee. He was obliged, at one and the same time, to build his vessel so that she would be stanch and seaworthy, and to maneuver her against wind and tide. The necessity of taking into consideration the attitudes and prejudices of so many varieties of people, in order to weld them into a firm entirety, compelled him to sympathize with all, and regard each question from the point of view of all, so that he might choose the course which should best satisfy the common reason and justice. A more searching school for character than this is unimaginable; but there was nothing in Washington that resisted its lessons or obstructed its discipline, because his eye was single to his country's welfare. In the inmost depths of his soul there was always a profound serenity and confidence; when he withdrew into those depths, he could see things unrefracted and uncolored, exactly as they were. These are the reasons why we can say that Washington, during

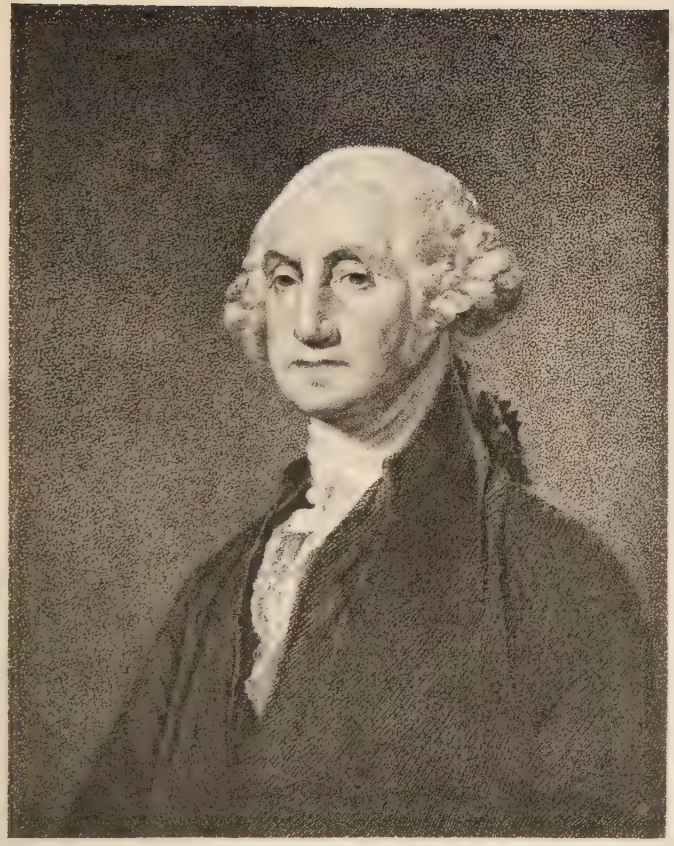
the war, was the true image of union and of the nation—though the union and the nation had not, themselves, as yet come into being. The man from Maine found in him a common meeting ground with the man from Georgia or Pennsylvania; while the firmness and consistency of Washington's personal texture, the symmetry of his qualities and faculties, showed the way to a corresponding national amalgamation and harmony. By dint of his unselfish loyalty to the cause of his countrymen, he forced upon them the realization that their country, and themselves, were one; and more and more he inspired them to work with him to clothe the soul of this perception with a body. He was the type of the true democracy, which, as a nation, we have not yet attained: for true democracy is order, mutual respect, readiness of each part to serve the whole, and, overruling and guiding all its parts, aspiration toward ends of unlimited benevolence. There were moments during the Revolution, and before, and since, when America rose to within measurable distance of this ideal. In times of common danger, virtue is in evidence; peace and prosperity are hard trials of it.—There was no single feature in Washington that was extraordinary; the sum of him seems almost unique; perhaps Alfred the Great of England might most fittingly be coupled with him.

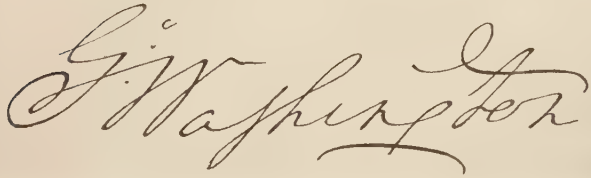
While Washington was setting out to take command of the inchoate aggregation of men with muskets who were encamped round Boston, from which it was to be his first care to create something resembling an army, Congress, by the hand of Dickinson, was inditing a final petition, remonstrance, or ultimatum, to the king, once more setting forth their grievances, specifying what they were willing to do and not to do, and announcing that while they hoped for a final reconciliation, they were resolved not to lay down their arms until they had obtained the terms they desired. We can see now that the failure of all such appeals was a foregone conclusion; but Congress was even slower than the

colonies which they attempted to represent to digest the harsh fact that they, who regarded themselves as Englishmen, must cut themselves off from their brethren and embark on an independent career. Dickinson's paper has no original value, and lacks the dignity of some previous colonial state papers. The appointment of major-generals and brigadiers was the next concern of Congress; they used what material they had with tolerable judgment; but some of their selections were curiously unfortunate. General Artemas Ward, for example, was competent to his duties neither by intelligence, health, nor age; Lee, a sinister, slovenly, unprincipled egotist, a discredited English officer on half pay, was made second in command to Washington. Several of the brigadiers were respectable citizens in their own villages, but in no way prepared to command troops or conduct a war. Among the good selections was Nathaniel Greene, a natural philosopher, self-educated, in habits a Spartan, in private life irreproachable; with a strong predisposition to military pursuits. He had served in the Rhode Island legislature, and had been elected general of the militia of that colony. He was of real use to Washington, and served his country well. Other generals were Israel Putnam and Philip Schuyler, Heath of Massachusetts and Sullivan of New Hampshire.

Washington passed through New York on his way to Cambridge, receiving there an address in which the hope was expressed that if an accommodation with England was effected, he would at once be willing to resign his appointment. "Having drawn the sword," he replied, "I postpone all thought of private life until American liberty has been established on most firm and solid foundations."

He continued his progress to Cambridge; and on the third of July, accompanied by many officers and other dignitaries, and in the presence of a great multitude of soldiery and citizens, he rode forth to Cambridge Common, near the College, and took the oath and drew his sword as general-





GEORGE WASHINGTON

in-chief of the Continental army. We can well believe that his personal presence filled the eye and satisfied the hope. There was never a more impressive and grand figure than Washington; in whatever company, he must always be the center and head. The broad-boughed elm under which he sat upon his horse upon this occasion was still standing a century later, preserved by the affectionate piety of the nation, which is the most sentimental as well as the most practical in the world.

He made his headquarters at a mansion about half a mile west of the college, on a road overlooking one of the quiet reaches of the Charles. Here, after the labors of each day were over, we may imagine him sitting in thought, or pacing up and down, or standing in reverie at the window, debating with himself how best to bring order out of confusion, and how to drive the British out of Boston. Here his mind would look back over the past, which had in so many unsuspected ways brought the present into being; and then forward into the future, which he must be so largely instrumental in creating. Grave and spacious these thoughts must have been; and sometimes his eyes would sparkle with the forecast of victory; and often a majestic sadness would throw its shadow over his face, as visions rose before him of the wreck of human life and happiness that must be made before the result could be attained. "And it has been laid upon me to do this thing!" he would sometimes say to himself, with a kind of surprise and awe, as he recalled the unconscious steps that had brought him hither.

Two or three generations later, when the United States had become a great nation, and was at peace; when its population had increased tenfold, and had spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific; when wealth and modern civilization had taken the place of poverty and the life of camps; when all that the colonies in their most imaginative anticipations had hoped for was fulfilled, and immeasurably more; when the Ship of State was built, and launched, and

was expanding her broad sails upon the infinite sea:—this same mansion was the dwelling-place of one of the gentlest and most beloved of American scholars and poets. Here he planned, not battles and campaigns, but tender allegories, sweet household rhymes, melodious epics, psalms of life. Longfellow turned life into harmony, showed the silver lining of the cloud, drew hopeful morals from the problems of existence, made the wild or stern legends of the past blossom with delicate flowers of fancy and rhetoric. His nature and character expressed themselves in forms of love and kindly wisdom; he lived secluded and sheltered, rich with the learning of ages, happy in tranquil avocations, active in the cordial offices of friendship. Washington dealt almost exclusively with naked and terrible realities; he fought one nation and made another; he led thousands of men to kill and to be killed; he dwelt on the summits of power, and handled war and statesmanship with firm and fearless hands. Could the contrast between two men be greater? And yet, but for Washington, Longfellow could not have been; the results of the soldier's actions gave the poet space and inspiration. And is not he a poet who seizes the inchoate and discordant affairs of mankind, and compels them to assume form and harmony? If the echoes of mighty deeds are the occasion of poetry, what are the deeds themselves, and the doers of them? The manifestations of the soul are diverse; but there is sometimes an unexpected kinship between the primal causes which engender the destinies of men.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH

BOSTON AND FORT MOULTRIE

THE camp round Boston was one of the curiosities of the Revolution: an unexampled sight, and one which in the nature of things could endure but a short time, and would never again be reproduced. It was a camp of home manufacture, in which the wives and daughters had as much concern as the husbandmen and mechanics. It was inhabited by a force whose numbers fluctuated, but which was supposed to average about fourteen thousand men; and it extended nine miles, from the Mystic to Roxbury Neck. At the latter point there was a strong fortification, adapted to resist egress from Boston of the besieged British; Putnam was intrenched on Prospect Hill at the other end of the line, to attack the enemy in case he should try to come forth by way of Charlestown. Cambridge, near the center of the semi-circle, was the headquarters. The intervening positions were fortified more or less efficiently. The whole was not devoid of strength, and was sufficient for its purpose, since Gage was thoroughly cowed after Bunker Hill, and thought only of escaping by sea.

But the structures which sheltered the army, the character, appearance, habits and ways of life of the men, and the manner in which they were supplied with the necessaries of existence, were unique. The lodgings were various; but the majority lived in huts or shanties of their own building, designed as individual fancy and the materials available

might dictate. Nothing approaching uniformity was attempted. One might have spent a day of excellent entertainment in wandering through this straggling, busy, martial, semi-domestic, haphazard, heterogeneous settlement of a season. The occasion of its existence was serious enough, but it was a cheerful, light-hearted, homely population that dwelt in it. Some of the habitations were made of branches of trees fashioned into a framework, and interwoven with brush, with a thatch of the same. Alongside of one of these would be an amorphous erection of old boards, the residue of some dilapidated house, patched out with breadths of weather-stained sailcloth, which had been soaked by the rains and fogs of the Newfoundland Banks, and buffeted by the gales of the winter Atlantic, for a score of years past. Some were made of these old sails alone stretched upon stakes irregularly disposed. In this town, more than in most, you could divine a man's character and temperament from his house. Here was one thrown roughly and hurriedly together, barely sufficing to keep off the glare of the July sun and the bombardment of the afternoon thunder-showers; it was probably put up on the first day of the encampment, and had been left unimproved ever since. Close beside it was the dwelling of a man who was given to detail, ingenious, deliberate, and rich in idiosyncrasies; he has made a sort of magnified basket to live in, spending all his spare time in patient and self-complacent labor upon it, with door and windows curiously devised, and touches of ornament suggested by Indian models. Another has devastated a stone wall for his materials, and enforced it with turf in a manner that suggests the cabins of the west of Ireland peasantry. Birch bark is the main material of another structure; still another is simply a hole dug in a sand-bank, propped up with stakes and floored with strewn reeds or hay. In the vicinity of towns, on the other hand, you will find numbers of the primitive militia domiciled in houses, half a dozen of them bunking on the floor of a

room, with a blanket or a deerskin for a mattress, and a bundle of promiscuous clothing for a pillow. Some enjoy the distinction of being sheltered in the abodes hitherto consecrated to learning; the buildings of Harvard College echoed with stories of Concord and Bunker Hill; the step of sentries paced their corridors, muskets were stacked in the corners of the rooms; and at night the rafters murmured with the snores of the defenders of their country, dreaming on the floors below. In a forest, where the Charles enters the back bay, was an encampment of Indians from Stockbridge, in the western part of the colony; their dingy wigwams erect their conical shapes beneath the trees, seeming as much a part of original nature as they; and in and around them squat or saunter the braves and their squaws, with streaks of paint on their copper-colored visages, feathers swaying in their long black hair, and blankets dangling from their shoulders. The pappooses toddle between the wigwams, solemn and bright-eyed, or are suspended on swaddling boards from the branches of the pines, or from hooks at the entrances of the lodges. These people are not here for war, though they have brought muskets and bows and arrows with them; they are on a friendly visit; and they serve as a connecting link between the present and the primitive past. The soldiery themselves have little of the conventional martial aspect. Each man is clad in the clothes he had on when he left home, and there is only so much uniformity as may subsist between one shirt and pair of small-clothes and another: coats are generally discarded in this hot weather. Nor is there in their movements anything of the rigidity and precision of the "regular"; they slouch about with no fear of the drill-master; they collect in loose groups; they sit on fences and whittle a stick while they talk and laugh; they ramble off here and there, with their guns carried as may be most convenient for each individual; they lie down and take a nap in a shady corner; they come and go as suits their convenience

Continually, from the back country, wagons are arriving within the lines, with farmers' wives and daughters driving them, and filled with farm produce for the army—for the brothers, husbands, cousins and uncles who would go hungry every day but for them; for Congress has not sent so much as a barrel of flour or a piece of pork up to this time. The women inquire where they may find Sam Staples, or Seth Flint, or George Hosmer, as the case may be; hours are spent wandering hither and thither in quest of them; at last they are found, and the unloading of the hams, the chickens, the cheese and butter, the grain, the potatoes, the pies and doughnuts, begins; amid questions and answers of war and of domestic concerns; and the careful housewives have brought needle and thread with them, and sit down while they chat, to sew on buttons and to sew up rents, to put on patches, and to replace breeches hopelessly worn out with a new pair, or to display half a dozen freshly made shirts. Never before was there such a commissary department, so faithful, so efficient, and so costless. And when the wagons must return, there are huggings and kisses and parting words and cautions, and a few tears. Domesticity and war are strangely mingled.

The routine of the camp—if such a camp can be said to have a routine—is enlivened with minor expeditions, and skirmishes with the enemy; from which a few return, pale, limping, with an arm in a sling, or with a bloody rag tied round the head; but whether sound or hurt, there is always a tale of success to tell; the redcoats were worsted; the cattle from the islands were brought safe off; the marauding detachment from Boston was driven back with loss. The American army is ever-victorious—for the present. The monotony of irregularity is also broken in another way. Over yonder are encamped by themselves the contingent from Rhode Island; they have real tents, like those of soldiers; they are well drilled, and their appearance is truly martial. And then there are the fourteen hundred riflemen

from the south, the first troops of the war to respond to a regular call for enlisted men. A magnificent body of men they are; all six-footers, athletic and vigorous, clad in fringed hunting shirts of deerskin with capes on the shoulders, and with moccasins on their light-stepping feet. Clear-eyed, spirited, sun-tanned faces they have, and long hair that hangs to their shoulders; and with those rifles of theirs they can hit the bull's-eye at three hundred yards. These fellows march with a swing and a stride; they camp on the bare earth, and account nothing a hardship but inaction. They are led by a superb giant near seven feet tall, Daniel Morgan, the Virginian; and by Hendricks of Pennsylvania, another Agamemnon. Though enlisted for a year only, these riflemen stayed through the war; their motto was trenchant and explicit—"Liberty or Death"; and there were no troops in the army that better served their country.—Such was the general aspect of things in the American camp when Washington took command.

Washington's adjutant-general was Gates, an English retired officer who had been living in Virginia, and whose tact and good temper were of even more value than his military knowledge in seconding his chief in the herculean labor of bringing order and organization out of this protoplasm. It was soon evident to the leaders that no means existed for an active campaign; there was no discipline, there were no proper arms, no artillery, money, or powder; and no arrangements had been made to supply these deficiencies. Congress was divided in counsel, and therefore timid and slow to act; they hung on to the hope that all the trouble might yet blow away; and they were afraid to begin to do things, lest, in the first place, their orders might be disregarded, and in the second place, because in the event of a reconciliation, all the expense would have been for nothing. It is an inevitable characteristic of Congresses to hang in the wind, though all parties may be actuated by the best possible intentions; there needs a deciding will above the

contending wills, which means a dictatorship. But a dictator was not to be thought of in America at that juncture; and even had there been one, he could not have acted without materials. Washington, all through the war, was more hampered by the necessity of making his bricks without straw than he was by the operations of the enemy; and the credit due him for the success of his tactics in the field of battle is less than that which must be accorded to him for making it possible that battles should be fought. His policy was not of the Fabian order; he wished, not to delay, but to act; that he was unable to act was the fault not of himself, but of Congress. He might have imparted this fact to the country, and thus have saved himself from a great deal of wholly undeserved criticism. But, not to mention nobler reasons for silence, he was unwilling to risk letting information as to the unpreparedness of his army fall into the hands of the enemy; and so, to the recurrent question, "Why doesn't he do something?" he replied by a calm taciturnity, which left it to be supposed either that he perceived some important advantage in waiting, or that he was incompetent to act. So powerful, however, was his personal prestige, the confidence which he inspired in all who came in contact with him, that the people never lost faith in him, and the longer the war lasted, the more assured did they become that, whatever appearances might indicate, Washington was always doing the best possible in the circumstances.

One serious danger, calling for immediate treatment, was that the army was for the most part enlisted for short terms only—a few months—and that when these terms were up, the whole force would melt away. Unless measures were at once adopted to fill their places, and keep them filled, the date of the inglorious termination of the war could be fixed beforehand. Another obvious difficulty was the strangeness to subordination and military obedience which characterized these Yankee freeholders, who had lived all their lives independent on their farms, associat-

ing with their neighbors on terms of democratic equality, and inapt to believe that anybody could know what they ought to do so well as they knew it themselves. Their officers were their own townsmen and lifelong cronies, chosen because they were good, smart fellows, but neither inclined to exercise absolute powers, nor likely to be obeyed were they to attempt it. Their quarters were with their men; no distinction was observed; they were "Sam," "Dick" and "Tom" with the rest. This must be stopped at once; and Washington immediately began a process of court-martialing insubordinate captains and colonels which inculcated more wholesome ideas of discipline; and apprised the rank and file that an officer meant something besides a name. Meanwhile he kept the men at work, from before sunrise till noon every day, strengthening their intrenchments and doing whatever other soldierly duties came to hand; habituating them to company and regimental drill, and to preserving a general martial conduct and appearance. It was not long before a great improvement was manifest; the men were intelligent, willing, and good tempered, and their courage in battle was of course now beyond question, either by their enemies or by themselves. The human material for war was as good as could be asked; the rest must be added as opportunity allowed. Both the morale and the morals of the troops were good; patriotic chaplains prayed and exhorted all through the camp, and, as Parson Emerson from Concord observed, upon the whole, God seemed to be in the midst of them. After a month's work, the army was somewhat in hand; it had been divided into three parts of two brigades and six regiments each, stationed at Roxbury, Cambridge, and Winter Hill. All the powder was carried in the men's powder-horns, and was estimated to be not more than nine rounds to the man; but Washington prepared to trade for more with foreign nations, and to capture what he could of British supplies; for which purpose a navy must be got. There were plenty of good

shipbuilders in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; they had been out of employment during the recent embargo; but they were ready to set to work again. Several boats were built at Rhode Island, and they constituted the beginning of the American Navy, which has always maintained an enviable reputation. Meantime, the mariners of Gloucester, at Cape Ann, distinguished themselves by discomfiting Captain Linzee, of the "Falcon," who had pursued two schooners into their harbor, and there lost them and his own pinnace and boats' crews. The town of Portland was wantonly and barbarously burned by Mowat with a ship of sixteen guns. Several of the colonies had cruisers out on the watch for British supply ships; and Washington urged seizing the powder magazine in the Island of Bermuda; but before his suggestion could be acted on, George Ord appeared with the powder—one hundred barrels—which he had taken by surprise with a sloop fitted out by Pennsylvania. This was a relief; and more was to come from other sources.

But the questions of enlistments and of money pressed; and Franklin came before Congress with a plan for a self-perpetuating confederacy of colonies, somewhat similar to his plan of twenty years before. Each colony was to retain the control of its domestic affairs, while the central authority of the annually-elected Congress was to decide upon wars, foreign treaties, commerce, currency, and taxes for the common treasury. But the delegates assembled in Philadelphia were waiting with still some remains of hope for the king's answer to their petition; and would wish to postpone doing anything more than was absolutely unavoidable till it arrived. Among these unavoidable things seems to have been the order to issue a third of a million of paper money; and the suggestion to the colonies that they raise quotas for the defense of the country. It is interesting to note that a "pledge of unalterable sympathy" was sent to Ireland. The ports were still closed to trade, in spite of the need

of arms and supplies; and finally Congress adjourned for a month or more, leaving Washington to make what way he could by his personal influence and genius.

The colonies responded with commendable spirit to the request for men. Besides the riflemen, there were two regiments enrolled in New Jersey, with a levy of ten thousand pounds, and of thirty thousand in bills of credit; Pennsylvania, owing to the opposition between the party of the proprietors and the people, did no more than appoint a committee of safety, with thirty thousand pounds; Maryland obliterated all disabilities arising from religion and politics, elected Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a Catholic, to the committee of correspondence, ordered the raising of forty companies of minute-men, and issued two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in paper. In Virginia, the governor abdicated, the people met in convention, created two regular and sixteen minute-men regiments, and issued paper to the amount of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and declared that while they would defend the king in so far as he was constitutional, they would go all lengths to vindicate their rights and privileges. One can never enough admire the almost invincible reluctance with which the Virginians, and many others of the colonists, turned their faces away from the semi-lunatic German who sat on the English throne. There is hardly an Englishman alive to-day in monarchical England, who is half so loyal as the American rebels were at the beginning of the Revolution in 1775.

South Carolina exported rice only in exchange for arms and ammunition, occupied a fort on the coast, captured twenty thousand pounds of gunpowder from British ships, and was abandoned by its royal governor, after he had intrigued to incite the Indians against them. North Carolinians, from the greatest to the least citizens, were ardent for resistance; drove out their governor, declared themselves obedient to the Congress, and resolved on the purchase of

arms, organization of the militia, and the raising of a regular force of a thousand men; and provided, as did many of the colonies, for a popular government to take the place of that which had ceased to have authority.

The Continental Congress reconvened in September, and appointed Franklin and two others a committee to go to Cambridge and concert measures with Washington. It was and had long been clear to Franklin that separation was the only cure for the ills of America; and he and the General, with the New England commissioners, planned a re-enlistment of the army, to number twenty-three thousand men. The friendship and confidence between Washington and Franklin was confirmed by this conference; and the country could not lose courage who had such a soldier to fight and such a statesman to advise for her.

Matters in Boston, during the summer, had been far from agreeable to any of the persons shut in there. Of these, sixty-five hundred were British soldiers—the residue after Lexington and Bunker Hill, sickness, desertions and skirmishes. Most of the troops were collected on Roxbury Neck, leaving only the light horse and some companies of infantry in the town. Faneuil Hall was made into a sort of theater by the British officers; they tried to beguile the tedium of their enforced sojourn by watching mummers speak lines learned by rote, in the hall where living truth had leaped like flames from the lips of patriots. North Church, from whose tower had hung the signal lanterns which told Paul Revere what message he must carry, was torn down by the soldiers, and its fragments used for fuel. In the Old South, where the meeting had been held previous to the throwing of the tea into the harbor, a dragoon regiment was domiciled, and the troopers were drilled in riding evolutions. Liberty Tree was cut down, by the order of Gage, who perhaps hoped as easily to cut down the aspirations for freedom with the inception of so many of which the Tree had been associated. Many of the citizens of

Boston, as we have seen, had left the town; but there remained, of loyalists and others, more than six thousand, none of whom could have been of a contented frame of mind. Business, of course, was at a standstill; a town occupied by soldiery is never an agreeable place for non-combatants; and after Bunker Hill, it became intolerable. Property was liable to confiscation on frivolous grounds, or none at all; drunken soldiers committed robberies in the public streets, while their officers passed indifferent by; loyalists, or tories, were snubbed and despised, and patriots were persecuted. The wounded brought from Bunker Hill were lodged in private houses from which their rightful owners were driven, or allowed to remain only on the footing of servants; food was bad and dear, and existence in general was almost intolerable. Every one was obliged to be indoors by ten o'clock, and the sweltering nights were not relieved by any pleasant dreams of the morrow. This was what had been rich, prosperous and busy Boston, the leading city of America. Those who had left the city, albeit to wander dependent upon the charity of the country folk, had chosen the better part. They could move about freely, without fear of insult or outrage. Some of the exiles, meeting in Concord, held a meeting and elected representatives, chose James Warren of Plymouth speaker and Bowdoin president, designed a seal of the commonwealth of a figure holding a drawn sword, with the motto—"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam," raised taxes to the amount of forty thousand pounds, and authorized the issue of one hundred thousand on bills of credit. This was preferable to wandering about deserted streets or sitting in darkened rooms, afraid to betray ownership in one's own soul. The prisoners which the British troops had taken were thrown into the common jail, and the wounded among them were neglected, or worse. In short, the English army in Boston behaved like ill-conditioned savages, wreaking upon the helpless the injuries which they could not, and dared not

attempt to inflict upon their enemies in the open field. It was time they were expelled.

On the 23d of August the king issued a proclamation in London, to the effect that a rebellion existed in America, and that its authors there, and its abettors in England, would be brought to condign punishment. Richard Penn had arrived in London ten days before, with the petition from the American Congress; it was only after the proclamation had been issued that he was allowed to hand the petition to Dartmouth, who informed him that the king would not receive it, or consent to recognize any such body as a Continental Congress. The petition really asked nothing but a revocation of the illegal acts of Parliament passed since 1763; but Parliament, which had identified itself with the king, could not recede without resigning; so that, as the Frenchman, Vergennes, perceived, "America or the ministers must succumb." The proclamation reached Congress in November, and convinced most of them that there could be no reconciliation; they prepared to declare independence, and meanwhile allowed the colonies who had not already done so, to institute governments of their own. Pennsylvania, influenced by Dickinson, was afraid to take the bold and righteous step of resistance, and Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey followed her lead; but Jefferson spoke the true sentiment of the country when he said that, while no man loved union with Great Britain more cordially than he, yet, "by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament proposes."

George, having no available troops of his own adequate to the subjection of America, made an urgent and undignified appeal to Catherine II. of Russia to sell him the use of twenty thousand of her soldiers; she refused the request pointblank, adding some moral reflections which George declared to be "not genteel." He could see no impropriety in sending mercenaries to kill his own subjects. He next

turned to the German princes, in spite of Lord Grafton's warning that "they would only increase the disgrace" of the final defeat. This was the opinion of the majority of Englishmen out of Parliament. Only the University of Oxford took occasion to declare that Americans "had forfeited their lives and fortunes to the justice of the state"; while the astute Vergennes made the noteworthy prediction that, at a time "remote, but not less sure, the Americans would not leave a foot of the western hemisphere in the possession of any European power." By a singular infelicity, the official to whom was intrusted the parliamentary conduct of the war against America was Lord George Sackville Germain, who had been cashiered for cowardice on an American field of battle, and who was probably the possessor of the worst and most despicable character in all the king's dominions; but he was patronized by the house of Dorset, and would be a willing tool for any infamy. Ireland, requisitioned for troops, vehemently and indignantly resisted, but was overborne by the fixed parliamentary majority. The English government embarked in the war with every accompaniment of tyranny, injustice, cruelty and dishonor; but perhaps nothing less was needed to emancipate the colonists from their chains of loyalty. Mrs. John Adams spoke to the point when she said, "Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to naught all their devices." It was not the first time, nor the last, when a woman uttered the conviction of the time to come.

While Washington was standing before Boston, like the Prince in the fairy-tale before the enchanter's tower, waiting for means to rescue the imprisoned Princess, affairs in the north indicated the expediency of attempting to win Canada. The English were fomenting an attack from that direction on New York and New England, with Ticonder-

oga as a first objective point; and the Americans deemed it wise to carry the war into the enemy's country before they could move. Washington's plan was to send Benedict Arnold, who was familiar with Quebec and knew persons in it, in command of an expedition by the Kennebec route; while Richard Montgomery, a young Dublin Irishman who was deservedly loved and respected, was to advance upon St. John's and Montreal. He was to act with Schuyler; but the latter, owing to illness or hesitation, was of little use in the campaign, retiring to Albany before the first blow was struck. Montgomery was never wanting where and when he was needed most; he had a genius for strategy, and perfect courage; and he had the tact and self-command to exert authority over a body of men who would yield obedience only at their own good pleasure. Yet Montgomery was a warrior from principle, not choice; he was happily married, and wished only to live at home on his farm, with his loving wife and his books. But "you will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery," he assured her, at parting. They never met again; but before he died, he had achieved an immortal name.

The first fortified point in possession of the British was St. John's, on the Richelieu River, about forty miles south of its junction with the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec. Montgomery laid siege to this, and in November, 1775, it surrendered, with six hundred regulars and Canadians; Fort Chambly, a few miles north, had already succumbed to Livingstone and Brown, with seventeen cannon and twelve thousand pounds of gunpowder. Montgomery now marched on Montreal, which he occupied without resistance. Ethan Allen, two months before, in an ill-judged attempt to repeat his exploit of Ticonderoga, had the foolhardiness to undertake the surprise of Montreal, with some forty Canadians; he was himself surprised by a force of regulars, taken prisoner, his transports subdued with "leg-irons," and in this condition carried into captivity in Eng-

land, where for three years he languished. But it had been extravagant to imagine that such a feat as that of Ticonderoga could be repeated by the same man. It may be hoped that the fall of Montreal without bloodshed comforted Allen somewhat for his own miscarriage.

While Montgomery was resting in Montreal, Arnold with his troops, among whom were some of the riflemen from the army round Boston, with Morgan and Hendricks at their head, were pushing up from the Kennebec for Quebec. Arnold was intrepid and dashing, but ambitious first of all, and upon occasion unscrupulous. Aaron Burr, then a mere youth, was with him, and his entire command comprised about eleven hundred men. Enos, however, with the rearguard, deserted before they were far on their way. The country between the Kennebec and Quebec was a savage wilderness, presenting enormous difficulties, especially with the coming-on of winter. Storms, intense cold, all that could delay and discourage the march, were encountered; but the men kept on, and on the 13th of November reached Wolfe's Cove; but their arrival had been revealed by intercepted dispatches incautiously intrusted by Arnold to an Indian; it was held futile to attempt Wolfe's feat, and the army withdrew up the river to await communications from Montgomery. Carleton, governor of Quebec, was in command there, and was strongly fortified with twice as many men as Arnold possessed. The arctic weather was also in his favor, and the enterprise was foredoomed to failure; but Arnold thought only of the reputation which success would give him, and was ready to risk everything for that. Montgomery, who had but eight hundred men for garrisoning Montreal, sent five hundred of them to join Arnold, himself accompanying them on December 3d. The greater part of the American force would finish their term of enlistment on the last of the month; therefore the attack could not be long delayed. A plan for a night attack was formed, but it was betrayed, and Carleton was awaiting it when, on

the last day of the year, it was delivered. Montgomery was killed early in the action; Morgan and his riflemen ran up to the portholes of the fort and fired through them at the enemy; they carried this part of the works by storm, but were unable to hold it, and were taken prisoners. Hendricks was slain, and about sixty more. Arnold and his ambition were further asunder than ever.

The next month, a force of loyal Highlanders surrendered to Schuyler up the Hudson. Governor Tryon abandoned his post; the people of the colony maintained a moderate but firm attitude, refusing the suggestion that they offer a separate petition to the king. The employment of mercenaries by England was weaning many in America from all thoughts of allegiance. A good impression was produced by Tom Paine's "Common Sense" pamphlet, circulated in January, in which the evils of monarchy were demonstrated, and commerce, not the dominion of the earth, was asserted to be the true aim of the country. "Freedom," said Paine, "has been hunted round the globe; her asylum is here." The essay had been submitted to Franklin before its publication, and was approved by Washington, Adams and Greene. Congress took up the subject of a federation; Wilson urged that a statement of the grounds justifying separation from England should first be issued; on the other hand, Franklin, Elbridge Gerry, and Samuel Adams advocated immediate federation, even though but partial. Meanwhile, in Virginia, Dunmore carried out his threat of promising freedom to all slaves and convicts who would espouse the British cause; but inasmuch as he himself was a fugitive, his proclamation failed of its effect. The burning of Norfolk, the richest town in the south, confirmed the colony against England. Upon the whole, though slowly, the drift of events was destroying whatever remained of filial affection in the heart of America.

Toward the end of December, Congress, which seems to

have failed to appreciate Washington's situation before Boston, proposed that he should attack the city, regardless of what injury he might inflict upon it. At that time he was without munitions to prosecute the siege, and his army, owing to the expiration of terms of enlistment, was reduced to about four thousand men. With admirable self-restraint, he pointed out to Congress that the feat of disbanding one army and recruiting another within gunshot of twenty well-equipped British regiments, and to do this without powder, was as much as could fairly be asked of a general. "Since the first of December," he wrote, "we have never been able to act upon the offensive, and at times were not in a condition to defend; yet the cost of marching home one set of men and marching in another amounts to nearly as much as the keeping up a respectable body of troops the whole time, ready for any emergency. To this may be added that you can never have a well-disciplined army. To make men well acquainted with the duties of a soldier, under proper discipline and subordination, requires time, and in this army, where there is so little distinction between the officers and soldiers, requires an uncommon degree of attention. To expect the same service from raw recruits as from veteran soldiers is to expect what never did, and perhaps never will, happen. . . . If Congress have any reason to believe that there will be occasion for troops another year, they would save money and have infinitely better troops if they were, even at a bounty, to engage men for and during the war. . . . The trouble and perplexity of disbanding one army and raising another at the same instant and in such a critical situation as the last was, are scarcely in the power of words to describe, and such as no man who has experienced them once will ever undergo again." This letter is a good specimen of Washington's composition. It is somewhat four-square and heavy-footed; but how just, sensible, frank and earnest! He gets at once to the point, and never leaves it. Beneath the calmness, one perceives the tension

of an invincible will holding down impatience, indignation, the sense of wrong, and the irritation against folly. The argument is unanswerable; but Congress, and many persons throughout the colonies, had an almost unconquerable repugnance to a "standing army." They preferred, apparently, a succession of armies not qualified to stand.

In respect of powder, however, Washington's situation gradually improved; windfalls came in from various sources, until by March he felt able to begin to make himself heard and felt by the garrison, as well as by the country. In order to make the bombardment effective, however, guns as well as powder were necessary; and there were no available siege guns nearer than Ticonderoga. It was a long distance, and the ground was covered with snow; but Washington made the winter serve his purpose. He sent General Knox north, with orders to build twoscore or more large sledges of great strength, on which were loaded over forty cannon. Eighty yoke of oxen drew these sledges slowly but surely along the two hundred and fifty miles of forest trails that passed for roads, until their safe arrival was finally welcomed by the beleaguering army. The British, meanwhile, safely shut in on their little peninsula, suspected no danger, and spent their time in balls, masquerades and theatricals. They still occupied Bunker Hill; but Howe, with a strange want of military foresight, had omitted to take possession of Dorchester Heights, or of Nook's Hill, both of which points commanded the town. Washington arranged for the secret seizure and fortification of both of them. The Americans had already showed, at Bunker Hill, that they could throw up intrenchments rapidly and silently, as well as hold them stubbornly after they were up. They were now to repeat their exploit on a larger scale, and there was to be no lack of ammunition, this time, to test the British courage to the uttermost.

It was early in March when the plans were perfected; and Washington took advantage of the anniversary of the

Boston Massacre to stimulate the enthusiasm of his men. Nine or ten regiments were selected to hold the fortifications when they should have been completed; and a force of twelve hundred men, with abundance of intrenching tools, were ready to make them. The work, of course, must be finished in a single night; but the nights of March are longer than those of June. As a feint, to divert attention from his real object, Washington began a bombardment of the town two days before the appointed date; it could do little harm, the distance being too great, and the cannonading being done at night; but a respectable noise was made, and some injury was done; the cannon ball which embedded itself in the tower of Brattle Street Church was still to be seen there a century afterward. The British replied in good faith, and accepted the uproar as a welcome distraction, making them feel as if they were really soldiers again. On the third night—the 4th of March—the bombardment was resumed as soon as darkness began; and nobody in Boston thought of keeping an eye on the dark and silent acclivities of Dorchester. Not a sentry that paced the decks of the fleet in the harbor had any misgivings. It was just the usual bombardment—that was all; those foolish Yankees were burning their precious powder to no purpose. But by six o'clock the digging on the Heights had begun, and it was continued with an uninterrupted fury of effort till the dawn. The ground was hard frozen eighteen inches deep; but the weather was damp and mild, with a mistiness in the lower air; overhead the moon was full. The workers toiled noiselessly; but the omnipresent roar, the soaring and bursting of shells, the scream and crash of balls, the red flare of the constant explosions, were cloak sufficient without other precautions. The whole country round about Boston was up and awake; tens of thousands of persons outside of the town knew of what Washington was doing; and not a human being within it. Redoubt after redoubt was erected, and made strong against all attack; an apple orchard was

wanted there; but he could hardly hope to get ashore anywhere else. But fate was not always so unkind to him; and within the next year he had won the victories of Long Island, Brandywine, White Plains and Germantown, as it will be our duty to record. He was a valiant Englishman, and deserved a better cause.

The famous camp was broken up; into Boston from all sides thronged the hardy Continentals, received with shouts and tears of joy by the long-suffering patriots who during so many months had felt the rough edge of British military oppression. And while they rejoiced over the rehabilitation of their Zion, in sailed numbers of unsuspecting ships from England, laden with all manner of arms and supplies for Howe, including "seven times as much powder as Washington's whole stock when his last movement was begun"; of all of which the Americans smilingly took possession. The foot of the invader had departed from the soil of Massachusetts, never more to return to it. Her woes were past, save in so far as soldiers of Massachusetts birth fought and died on almost every battlefield of the Revolutionary War. For her patriotism was not limited by her geographical boundaries; none of the colonies comprehended more quickly than she that the cause of one was the cause of all.

The idolization of Washington began at once; but he never idolized himself, or was misled into imagining that one success decides a war. Twenty-four hours after the last redcoat embarked from Long Wharf, five regiments of New Englanders were on the march for New York, under the command of General Heath, who was then in his fortieth year. It was he who had given the farmer soldiers such organization as they had possessed before the Battle of Bunker Hill; he had left the Provincial Congress to enter the army, and had at this time held for three months the rank of brigadier. Washington rightly saw that the occupation of New York would be the most advantageous step that the British could take, and wished to be beforehand

with them; but their arrival there was for the present delayed. The plan of campaign on which they had decided was simple and judicious. In order to isolate New England, an expedition was to start from Canada and descend by the route of Lake George to Albany; Howe was to take care of New York, and subdue the middle states; Newport in Rhode Island was to be occupied; and, during the winter season, which rendered operations in the north difficult, Clinton was to be sent to the region below the Potomac. Meanwhile the stubborn fact remained that whereas, in the beginning of 1775, England had held all the colonies, in 1776 she had been compelled to leave New England, and was not represented in any of the other provinces. Fortune had thus far favored the Americans exclusively.

Instead of being content with merely resisting the descent of the British from Canada, it was thought necessary to tighten the grasp of the Americans upon Canada itself. But there was no army, or army system, which made this feasible; the people had not yet learned that the minute-men and short-enlistment plan, though it might answer fairly well for the repulse of small bodies of invaders, was of no value in extended or offensive operations. There was a mere handful of men in Canada, and they were in want of both food and ammunition, and were moreover dying by scores of small-pox. On the other hand, Carleton was holding Quebec with an ample force, and the way was open for the unopposed advent of re-enforcements and unlimited supplies from England. The Americans would have had little chance of success under the best conditions; as they were, they had none whatever; and their general, Wooster, was an old man, quite unversed in arms, and persuaded beforehand that he must fail. But Congress, ignorant of the true state of the matter, and blindly anxious to save Canada, directed Washington to detach troops which he could not afford to be without, together with food, ammunition and clothing. General Thomas commanded them; but he died

of small-pox soon after arriving. There were one hundred and fifty pounds of powder in the whole force, and rations for six days. Franklin, who had been sent on to investigate the situation, perceived that there was no other way out of the difficulty than to retreat. Soon after Congress had sent word to dying Thomas to "gain laurels," the sick, starved and helpless army was in full retreat on St. John's, pursued by Burgoyne. The losses in two months, without a battle, had been about five thousand men. Fortunately, the tribes of the Six Nations, impressed by the expulsion of the British from Boston, had agreed to remain neutral; or the remainder would have been exterminated. But it was written so that they who ran might read that Canada was not to become a member of the American federation.

These events occurred in May and June of 1776. In the month of February of that year, Charles Lee, the incompetent and untrustworthy eccentric who still retained his post as major-general in the American army, had entered New York with a body of troops, at the same time that the English general Clinton appeared there, on his way south, in a small ship of war; and a force also entered from New Jersey. This threefold irruption of armed men caused great anxiety, and the women and children were sent up the country; but Clinton had no intention of remaining, and his departure gave the impression that Lee's generalship had driven him out. Lee thereupon assumed the airs of a dictator, and succeeded in persuading Congress to let him remain in charge there instead of going north to oversee the Canada campaign. A fort was built at Hellgate, and a place near the present Wallabout, in Brooklyn, was fortified; guns were mounted at the foot of Wall Street, and Lee delivered the ultimatum that before any terms offered by England would be considered, "the Ministry must suffer condign punishment, and the king be either beheaded or deposed." It is one of the puzzles of history that this fellow, who was soon afterward proved to be a coward as well as a traitor,

"THE MINUTE MEN OF '76"

should so long have imposed upon Congress, and even—though to a less extent—upon Washington.

The Carolinas could not wait for the regiments from England to reach them before falling to blows. Martin and Campbell, royal governors of North and South Carolina respectively, had persuaded themselves that they could put down disaffection with the men at their command, and Donald Macdonald, a brave but misguided old Scotchman, was appointed to raise an army from the numerous Scotch settlers in that colony, all of whom were faithful to the king. At the head of some fifteen hundred men, he issued a proclamation calling on all rebels to lay down their arms or take the consequences; and though Colonel Moore, in command of the Americans, warned him that the whole country was against him, he chose to give battle. In attempting to intercept Caswell with a small force, who was marching to join Moore, Macdonald was himself taken at disadvantage, and was taken prisoner at the bridge over Moore's Creek, and his command hopelessly defeated. The death of brave and honorable men is always to be regretted; yet there is an element of the comic in this Scotch campaign. The warriors were armed with the Highland claymore, and were cheered to the charge by the scream of the bagpipes, as in the good old days of Culloden. But the slight intrenchments and well directed bullets of the Americans consumed them as fire devours stubble. Carolina had vindicated her ability to resist invasion with her own resources; and she was the first of the colonies to "vote explicit sanction to independence." Georgia framed her constitution a couple of months later.

In May, the long-delayed British expedition, under Cornwallis and Clinton, approached Charleston, South Carolina. Rutledge, the American president or governor, had fortified the town, and a fort was also built on Sullivan Island commanding the harbor. Separated from this island by a channel was a tract of bare sand and bushes, swarming with

mosquitoes, called Long Island. General Lee, who had wandered down hither on a sort of tour of inspection, advised Moultrie, to whom the defense of Fort Sullivan had been intrusted, that the place was untenable, and that he would better abandon it, or at any rate build a bridge over which he might escape to the main; but Moultrie, who under an easy exterior concealed perfect bravery and keen military perceptions, declined to do either. The fort was built of clusters of palmetto logs driven into the ground, the intervals between the groups being filled in with sand. There were about thirty guns, with twenty-eight rounds of ammunition. The island was in full view from the houses and fortifications of Charleston, and the whole population, as well as the army there, witnessed the bombardment of Fort Sullivan. If it were successful, South Carolina was lost.

The British fleet, with Cornwallis, Clinton, and Commodore Sir Peter Parker, not to mention Lord William Campbell and other ornamental personages, and forty ships of war full of British tars and regulars, with three hundred cannon, advanced to the attack on the 28th of June. Clinton had landed three thousand regulars on Long Island several days before, thinking he could ford the channel and take the fort in the rear; but discovered that the water was too deep; he kept his men there, however, with the mosquitoes, bad food, and no water; barges were provided to take them across, but they never made the trip, and executed no aggressive movement during the battle. This led to painful "recriminations" after the battle; yet, when a battle is lost, it is a relief to have somebody to scold for it. It is always a mystery how great battles are won; and almost as much how they are lost. The ships draw near, under a gentle breeze, the sailors in high spirits, for have they not been assured that the moment they let fly their broadside the Americans will abandon their works and run? It is a blazing hot semi-tropical day. Four hundred and thirty-five men, in that little palmetto fort, have taken off their coats, and most of them their shirts like-

wise, and stand by their guns, resolute there to remain for liberty, for honor, and for South Carolina, until there shall be none of them left; and meanwhile, to aim carefully, fire slowly, husbanding those precious eight and twenty rounds, and to remove as many of the jolly and confident tars of the enemy as Providence pleases. They will wait until the breeze blows aside the smoke from before the enemy's ships, and then—let him have it where it will hurt him most! Those are Moultrie's tactics in this fight; and he strolls to and fro among his gunners, with that sun beating down on his broad naked shoulders, and his pipe in his mouth, emitting clouds of fragrant Virginia; sighting along a cannon here, giving a cheerful word to a powder-monkey there, and watching with sagacious eye the flight of the shells and balls from the ships; one bursts harmless in midflight; another buries itself in the sand, another lands on the palmetto and sinks into the soft fibers, doing no mischief. Evidently the fort is going to withstand a good deal of pounding. Isaac Motte and Francis Marion are with him, first and second officers, as fearless and resolved as he. And over yonder, behind a little redoubt of his own, with three hundred men, is William Thomson, of Irish descent; and the sand hills and myrtle bushes harbor fifty more, all keen with the rifle; they are to take care of poor Clinton with his ineffective thousands. "The landing would have been the destruction of many brave men," explains Clinton afterward; and therefore does not undertake it. Why not, then, capture Haddrell's Point, on the other side?—That was worse still; Clinton seems to be fastidious, and nothing will suit him to-day, even with the help of three frigates specially detached for his benefit. It is to be a duel between the commodore and the fort, and nothing else. But even that is something worth looking at; forty ships pouring in broadsides, three hundred explosions at once, all directed upon that one little embankment of sand and logs: the commodore and his lords and gentlemen staring through their glasses, wondering when the confounded Yankee is going to

strike his flag; and the British tars perspiring at every pore, and absorbing new ideas about these Yankees at every broadside. And from the ramparts of Charleston the men, women and children are looking on too, with at least equal interest, and probably with prayers as well. But what is Moultrie doing? He is the same cool, imperturbable Moultrie that he always was; rather more so if possible; and between the whiffs from his pipe he fires, steadily and with deadly aim, a gun, and another, and one more; and every time you may observe that something has gone wrong on the commodore's fleet; a bulwark is crushed in; a gun dismounted: down comes a mast with a crash: there goes a rudder-post: a bowsprit cracks, and drops downward, bringing the stays with it; and there went a shot right across the commodore's own quarter-deck, and Sir Peter himself is hit, and Captain Morris has his arm broken, and Lord William Campbell is struck in the side, and he will die of that blow hereafter; not one of that handsome group on the quarter-deck is left standing. That is on the "Bristol" alone; the other ships, all that are within range, are almost as badly off; they are pierced through and through like sieves, and the tars are being torn to pieces at a terrible rate. Some of the ships have run aground; another has blown up with a stunning explosion; their fire is slackening; it seems incredible that the mistress of the seas, great Britannia herself, with everything in her favor, should be beaten off by thirty guns and twenty-eight rounds of powder and ball—with five hundred pounds of powder more, sent later in the day by President Rutledge, after Lee had promised and failed. It seems incredible, but so it is to be. But stay, has not Moultrie surrendered after all?—his flag is down. Yes, the flag is down: that handsome, new flag, blue, with a white crescent, and the motto LIBERTY. But it does not stay down; for Sergeant Jasper has noticed its absence, and "Colonel, don't let's fight without a flag," says he.—"What can you do? the staff is broken off?" answers Moultrie, peering through the smoke

at the outer bastion. That bastion is not a good place to be in; at least fifty shot are passing over it every minute. But Sergeant Jasper wants to see that flag flying again; so he clambers coolly up on the bastion, and down on the outside, picks up the flag, fastens it to a halberd, or, as some will have it, a sponge-staff, and sets it in place once more; and then returns to his work with a mind at ease. A few days later, Rutledge offers him a sword of honor and a lieutenant's commission for that deed. Jasper is glad to have the sword; he will know how to use that; but he has no use for the commission. "No, sir, thank 'ee: I'm just an ordinary sergeant; I don't want to mix with my betters." Why should a poor fellow be bothered with such things, just for doing his duty?

Meanwhile, Moultrie has plainly not surrendered; he is fulfilling Rutledge's injunction to "keep cool and do mischief." In the presence of Cornwallis and his seven regiments, and the royal governors (that were) of North and South Carolina, he has shattered the best ships of the fleet, and killed and wounded over two hundred men and officers. On the other hand, the fire from three hundred guns, maintained for ten hours on a point a few rods in extent, has resulted in the killing of eleven men and the wounding of six and twenty. At nine o'clock, two hours after sunset, it was all over; the fleet limped away as best it might. The next morning, rejoicing Charleston poured forth to crown the victors. No more fear of Britain: no more domination of tories: freedom for the Carolinas and Georgia! These sons of the South had proved that they were every whit as deserving of freedom as the farmers of Lexington and Breed's Hill. And here come the fair women of Charleston with another pair of colors wrought in silk, and Rebecca Motte, the fairest of them all, fair haired and Juno-like, has stepped forward and given them to Moultrie and Motte, with those low-spoken words that sink into brave men's hearts and make a glory there as long as they live. They do not need to give the promise; we know beforehand that those flags

"shall be honorably supported, and shall never be tarnished."

It was on the 4th of July, 1776, that Rutledge came over to visit the garrison, and looking in the faces of four hundred heroes, spoke the thanks of the country which they had defended. It was the first Fourth of July oration. For on that same day, in far-off Philadelphia, the American Congress had done one of the mighty deeds of all time—giving the world a new nation, and liberty a home.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH

INDEPENDENCE

THE American Congress of 1776, by one great act, made itself a name never to be forgotten in history. Up to the day when the Declaration of Independence was made, it had not been blameless; but its sins, if sins they could be called, were of omission, not commission. It had been only too solicitous of the public welfare, too timid in catching the true spirit of the hour and acting on it. The position in which the delegates found themselves was a novel one, delicate and difficult. They had no power except moral power, and none could be more ambiguous, or dangerous to presume on, than that. They must defer to legislatures in the colonies, whose representatives they were, which were inevitably incompetent to see the situation of the country as a whole, but must regard it from the point of view of local interests. Some of the members of the Congress were personally and constitutionally over-cautious; many were conservative; not a few were secretly or openly

anxious to be reconciled with England at almost any cost; and, most dangerous of all, there were men like Dickinson, of high reputation for patriotism, eloquent, strong-willed, who yet were not truly magnanimous and brave, who had no genuine faith in truth and liberty and the Divine care of things, but who would cringe to tyranny and wrong if it threatened fiercely enough. Dickinson was a man with a fine intellectual appreciation of noble sentiments, and a gift for expressing them; but he was vain, short-sighted and cowardly—though, like most cowards, audacious now and then. He lacked a deep heart, and constancy of nature, and never deserved his contemporary or posthumous reputation. With a congress of Dickinsons, we should have been under England's heel as long as she chose to keep us there.

Such being the disabilities, contingent and innate, of Congress, it is a wonder that they accomplished anything at all; that they accomplished so much, and finally achieved the immortal "Declaration," is due partly to the unrelenting outrages of the English king and ministry, partly to local circumstances, and partly to the presence among them of men like Franklin, the two Adamses, Gadsden, Jefferson, and of Washington in the field. These men knew what was wanted, and by what measures alone it could be won; they always kept it in view, and never relinquished their efforts to bring it to pass. They were the real representatives of America; they represented that in her which she herself was as yet hardly conscious of; they were true leaders of the people because they were champions and expositors of the best and loftiest spirit among them. They framed, and enforced the adoption of, the Declaration—they, and the successes in the war, which Providentially encouraged the colonists to believe that they had not only the right but the power to live their own lives in their own way. Had the reverses in Long Island and elsewhere, which followed the Declaration, taken place before the date of its adoption, it might never have received the support of the Congress.

Of the colonies, Pennsylvania was the most backward and obstructive in its attitude during the first part of the year 1776; and Franklin resigned his seat in its legislature, because the oath of obedience to the king was required. In the Congress, the question of throwing open the ports was long discussed, and it was not until the 6th of April that the resolution was passed. "We have hobbled on under a fatal attachment to Great Britain—I feel a stronger one to my country," said genial George Wythe; and he accused the king himself as the proximate author of the troubles: at which, a gasp of misgiving broke from many a breast, for a king was still a king, and the idea of a republic was yet inchoate. But, said Washington, "time and persecution bring wonderful things to pass." Dickinson clamored for terms of accommodation with England; and he would have Congress wait till terms of alliance had been made with France; at which, Samuel Adams did not conceal his contempt; the heart of the king, he said, was as Pharaoh's for hardness; and France would not help them unless they could prove that they were worth helping.

On the 6th of May, the king gave his final instructions to the commissioners to the colonies, empowering the two Howes, of the army and of the navy, to grant pardons to such as sued for mercy, and to inflict rigorous punishment on all who did not. The right of Parliament to tax the colonies, and to change or revoke their charters, must be maintained. Voluntary submission was not expected; an army and navy were making ready which, it was thought, would be adequate to enforce the king's will. Such an army, indeed, could not have been recruited in England; but George, after his rebuff by Catherine of Russia, went with his purse in his hand and English honor beneath his feet, to beg assistance from the petty German princes. With Brunswick and Hesse, it was simply a question of money; and they sold nearly a sixth part of their adult male population for English gold. "It is a disgrace," said the parliamentary oppo-

sition. "It is a necessity," replied Lord George Germain, shrugging his shoulders. Upward of twenty thousand brutal Hessians and Brunswickers, attracted by promises of unlimited plunder and rapine, embarked for America, and after long delays, caused by haggling for more blood money, were finally landed on our shores. They were trained soldiers, and were led by able officers; they had the courage which is bred by the custom of war, and by discipline; but they were mercenaries, and thereby divested of every higher attribute of human beings. A nation's soldiers are paid for their services; but they can and do feel that they are the defenders and champions of their country; they feel an unselfish devotion for their flag; they are inspired, in desperate moments, with the gallant enthusiasm of war. But mercenaries are debarred from all such feelings; they care for the country they serve as little as for that which they attack; money, plunder, and the sating of their brutal propensities, are all that they seek. For the sake of these, they take the lives of their fellow men. But while we abhor them, what are we to say of those who stooped to employ them? What are we to say of a king of England in the Christian Eighteenth Century who employed them against the descendants of Englishmen? We are glad to remember that George and his ministry did not represent England, and that the best men in the country unfalteringly denounced their action. The people as a whole were never with them. The wrongs of America were a potent influence to destroy abuses in England. Yet a nation cannot be wholly acquitted of evil done by its rulers; and the English nation acquiesced for seven years in the war against America. They did not escape the contagion of that monumental selfishness.

The act of Parliament confiscating our shipping and property was met by Congress by the issue of letters of marque and reprisal to privateers; and the mariners of New England promptly availed themselves of the privilege and profit of aiding the government by private enterprise in war.

Mugford of Marblehead captured a British ship, the "Hope," with a cargo of fifteen hundred pounds of gunpowder, which he brought into Boston Harbor. This was a shorter and better way to "accommodations" than Dickinson's; and the time was full of such deeds. Congress, further, divided the country into three military departments; New England, one; the provinces below Potomac another, and the middle region, the third. It could not borrow or tax, but it issued paper money to the amount, in all, of ten million dollars. Then John Adams began to press his plans for organization. He was a man who a little reminds us of the English Samuel Johnson: a school teacher originally, and with a schoolmaster's way with him always; a big, strong, choleric man, learned and deep-thinking, intolerant of all oppression, but of nothing else; eager to have his weight and services recognized, but none the less constant in well doing though they were ignored; stronger, clearer and wiser, the more the emergency needed brains and virtue; contagious in energy and conviction; immovable from his purpose, and able to see through the immediate to the final. Since his youth he had meditated upon man and government, and had never lacked courage to accept the truth he saw, and to inculcate it. At this juncture, he was a critic and mentor of immeasurable value. At last, his motion to give each and all the colonies the governments they desired, was carried; all authority which had been conceded to the crown, was now to be bestowed on the people. Laws, not men, should govern, he said; and in form, government should be threefold—an executive, a legislature, and a judicial branch. The latter should certify and interpret facts; the first should do what the second decreed, with power of veto on their votes. He likewise urged that the legislature be in two branches, one to moderate the other. "If the legislative power is wholly in one assembly, and the executive in another or in a single person, these two powers will oppose and encroach upon each other, until the contest shall end in war, and the whole

power, legislative and executive, be usurped by the strongest." Educated by our Constitution, such wisdom seems hackneyed now; but Adams was walking in fields practically untrodden in the spring of 1776. How straight and firm he walked!

Meanwhile, Turgot, Malesherbes and Vergennes had been studying the American situation, and recording their views as to the probable outcome of the struggle with England, and the advisability of giving help to the colonists. They were statesmen of eminence, and true friends of their own country. Vergennes advocated acting with the Americans, whose ultimate freedom he firmly looked for; the other two were for maintaining peace, though they also foresaw American independence. Louis XVI., who could see little and foresee nothing at all, was finally influenced by the desires or sentiments of the nobility, and other powerful bodies in France, and decided to take part against England, though, at first, in a secret manner, by advancing money to the Americans under cover of a trading name. The king of Spain agreed to do the same; both monarchs being moved by purely selfish considerations, having regard on one side to the probability of war with England in any case, and on the other, to the value of America as a commercial friend after the Revolution was over. Malesherbes and Turgot, in advising neutrality, had been actuated solely by concern for the maintenance of the French throne and nobility, which they saw were in danger; they loved liberty, but they wished to preserve the state. Had the king and the nobles, who hated republicanism, understood that their support of the American movement against England was hastening the fall of their own system, instead of supporting they would have taken every means to insure America's destruction. In this way, short-sighted selfishness and corruption forwarded the cause of human freedom, when pure patriotism and enlightened liberality felt obliged to let it fight for itself. But there were in France men like Lafayette, of ardent hearts but

less profound minds, who enlisted in the American cause because they loved it, with no thought of further consequences.

Now that the Declaration of Independence has been for over a hundred years a part of history, it seems a very obvious thing to have been made. There it stands in black and white in all our school histories, and the children can repeat it by heart; it is seen to be a dignified and trenchant document, and forms a natural sequel to preceding and prelude to subsequent events. The names of those who signed it, from John Hancock down, are known and honored, and the children are told that it was a bold and patriotic deed for these men to affix their signatures there. The children accept what is told them, as a matter of course, and think no more about it. The Signers of the Declaration, like the Pilgrim Fathers, inhabit a sort of prescriptive pantheon, and are hardly regarded as having ever been beings of ordinary flesh and blood, human qualities and frailties, like ourselves. Of course they acted sublimely; where would our histories be if they had not?

When a great poem has been written, a great picture painted, a great symphony composed, they seem to take their place at once among the essential things, which must always have existed. But a time was when the world was destitute of the presence or the expectation of a Shakespeare, a Raphael, a Beethoven. A time was, too, when there was no Fourth of July. And during the early months of 1776, it was one thing for irresponsible people to talk about cutting loose from Great Britain, and setting up for themselves independently; and quite another thing, at that time, for a body of men, with the awful responsibilities of a new and inchoate people's welfare for all future years on their shoulders, and with an English force threatening them from the north, a fleet menacing them from the coast, and an army of thirty thousand disciplined soldiers approaching them from the east, not to speak of uncounted savages awaiting the word to leap upon them with tomahawk and scalping-knife from

the interior—it was another thing for this particular body of men called a Congress, in some doubt as to the real wishes of many of their constituents, but in no doubt whatever as to the appalling lack of a military establishment for the defense of the country, or as to their personal and individual fate in case the enemy prevailed—to put their names to the final measure which irrevocably pitted their immature and feeble strength against the great Power from which they sprang. Whoever else might escape punishment, in case fate went adversely to their cause, it was certain that *they* would not. They stood, a fair mark, and could not be overlooked. And though, being brave men, they might not hesitate to risk or sacrifice their lives for their country's sake, yet might they fear that this irrevocable act would involve that country in ruin which else she might have avoided. Why was it not wiser not to make any premature or rash announcements, but simply let things take their course; if all went well, they could define their position at their leisure; if ill, having said little, they would have the less to mend. Could they not intend independence, without declaring it? Whose business was it whether they declared it or not? Besides, their wrongs were due to the present king and to his ministers; but they were not immortal; the time must come when England would be ruled by juster men. When that time arrived, was it not probable, to say the least, that the wrongs in question would voluntarily be righted?—and then would it not have been well to have forborne to say anything about independence?

It is remarkable that, with the exception of Dickinson, no prominent member of the Congress seems to have adopted this policy of pusillanimity—of running with the hare and holding with the hounds—of whipping the devil round the stump—of eating the cake and having it too—of stooping to cowardice and calling it patriotic statesmanship. It is fortunate, on the other hand, that there were so many delegates who bore in mind the history of liberty, and felt the sacred-

ness of her cause. They thought not of base expediency; but they thought that God had made them guardians of human freedom, not for themselves alone, but for the time to come; it was their duty to vindicate it in its height and purity, without regard to their own welfare, or even, as John Adams said, to the bloodshed and devastation in which their country might be involved. It were better that all should perish than that this high trust should be betrayed.

As to the need of a definite declaration of independence, it was well stated by Hawley of Connecticut, in May. "There will be no abiding union without a declaration of independence and a course of conduct on that plan," said he. "My hand and heart are full of it. Will a government stand on recommendations? It is idle to suppose so. Nay, without a real continental government, people will, by-and-by, sooner than you may be aware of, call for their old constitutions as they did in England after Cromwell's death. For God's sake let there be a full revolution, or all has been done in vain. Independence and a well-planned continental government will save us." Yes, the idea of independence was no new thing; it had been talked of all over the country for months; but what was needed was a central and authoritative formulation of it, which would bind the country once and for all; otherwise each colony or individual might be tempted to slip out on his own account, and America, just as she had been on the point of taking her immortal place, might suddenly crumble to pieces before God and man, an idol of faithless clay.

To the great colony of Virginia—first of the colonies chronologically, and not in that respect alone—belongs the high honor of having led the advance toward the union and emancipation of the nation. On the 6th of May the burgesses met, dissolved themselves as under the royal charter, and convened, a hundred and thirty strong, to take counsel as representatives of the people. They were a magnificent body of men; tall and vigorous of body, almost all of them

destined to pass the allotted span of human life; many of them wealthy owners of great estates; men of noble manners and lofty thoughts; descendants of cavaliers, of Huguenots, of Scotch Presbyterians, of Cromwellians, of Germans: inhabitants of a province which had always been loyal to England, which had accepted 1688, and the house of Hanover; but who, finding themselves in the dilemma of being forced either to accept constitutional rights as an alms, or erecting a free popular government for themselves, hesitated not at all. They were freeholders, not irresponsible enthusiasts; the most concrete and solid interests must be put in jeopardy if not sacrificed if they would do right; but they were firmly and dignifiedly unanimous. Pendleton, one of the most conservative members, was voted to the chair; abject submission or total separation was the alternative presented; and on May 15th they declared the united colonies to be free and independent states, absolved from all allegiance to the king. When that resolution had been adopted, the flag of England, which till then had floated over their hall of meeting at Williamsburg, was hauled down, never to be raised again; and the bells of joy rang out all over the dominion.

On May 27th the committee appointed for the purpose, of which Patrick Henry, Cary, Madison and Mason were members, submitted the draft of a declaration of rights and a scheme of government. The design had been, not to construct a plausible patchwork of excerpts and adaptations of previous forms of constitutions, but to create freely and radically an ideal form of a state, following the lines of nature, truth and law. The result achieved was the model framework of a republic. We shall find its leading features reproduced in the Constitution of the United States; it is worth noting here that the principle of slavery was denounced, and further importation of negroes forbidden: and that Madison, a youth in whose frail body burned the fires of genius and liberty, carried an amendment substituting religious equality

for "toleration." The measures were then adopted, and copies ordered to be distributed to the legislatures of the other colonies.

Pennsylvania was rent between the supporters of the Proprietors, the religious and wealthy classes, and the people: the latter assembled, four thousand strong, declared the existing assembly incapacitated to represent the colony or to reform the government, and registered their wish for union and independence. The assembly, encouraged by Dickinson, tried to ignore the movement, and two political parties were developed, the aristocratic and the popular, which maintained their strife for many years. Meanwhile, the assembly was forced to adjourn, and never again met. Dickinson had succeeded in rendering the adhesion of Pennsylvania to the patriotic movement undignified and inharmonious, but he had been impotent to prevent it. When, on the 7th of June, the Virginia declarations were considered in Congress, Dickinson pledged himself to vote against independence. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, on the same day, with John Adams seconding, proposed that the colonies be declared free and independent; the majority of colonies were on the affirmative side, but to secure unanimity it was agreed to postpone the vote for three weeks. Meanwhile a committee was set to drafting a constitution in accordance with the resolution, and of this committee Jefferson, Adams and Franklin were members. Another committee, to devise a form of confederation, was named by the president of the Congress, John Hancock, and included Samuel Adams and Dickinson. In following days, the subjects were considered of commercial treaties with foreign powers, of the formation (at Washington's instance) of a Board of War; and of laws as to treason. On the 14th of June Connecticut instructed its delegates to vote for independence. Delaware, at the same time, dismissed its proprietor, and left the question of independence open. New Hampshire spoke unequivocally for independence on June

15th: New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania came more or less cordially into line. New England was emphatic throughout; but New York, with her large commercial interests, and but one seaport, which was threatened with an overwhelming hostile force, as were also her northern borders, might have been expected to hesitate and chop logic. Washington's army was quite inadequate to her defense; and Tryon, the expelled governor, fomented a plot to blow up the magazine and capture or kill Washington. In the face of these discouragements, the New York congress had to pass on the Virginia declarations. Jay moved to ask the freeholders to empower their deputies to vote on the question; and on June 24th the committee unanimously concurred in a profession of willingness to support a resolution of independence.

On the 1st of July fifty members of the Continental Congress met; a letter from Washington stated that to oppose the thirty thousand veterans coming against him from England, he had seven thousand seven hundred men, eight hundred unarmed, half of the whole without bayonets, and fourteen hundred with firelocks which were unserviceable. After some other business, Congress went into committee of the whole to consider the order of the day—the "resolution respecting independency." Richard Henry Lee being absent, it devolved upon John Adams to make the address. He had no speech prepared, and no official record was kept of what he said; but no man was so competent to treat the subject from a full and resolved mind, and no one, probably, could have presented the arguments in favor of independence with more fire, clearness and cogency. "And now," said he, "is the time for us to decide!" He spoke to a fit audience: among them were some of the greatest men the country had produced. Their faces showed their appreciation of the crisis which had arrived: no more momentous one had ever been presented for judgment. It is likely that when Adams sat down, the event was already determined;

but the debate was still to come. Of all the speeches delivered on this first day, only that of Dickinson remains as it was delivered, because he had carefully committed it to paper beforehand, seeking less to serve his country than by disingenuous and time-serving arguments to vindicate himself. A study of the address makes it impossible to believe that it was designed to serve any honest or worthy purpose; the earmarks of treason, however cunningly disguised, are upon it. Afterward, when Dickinson had learned that the sentiment of the country was against him, he admitted that he had been "mistaken." It was a mistake which kept his name from being numbered with those which subscribe the noblest, bravest and most important document in our annals. Dickinson lived to be president of Pennsylvania, and founder of Dickinson College; but he might have been one of the signers of the Declaration — and he was not.

At the end of the day's debate the vote of the colonies appeared to be nine against three, in favor of the resolution; South Carolina and Pennsylvania being against it, and Delaware divided. On the 2d of July, the final determination was made. New York, though known to be in favor of the measure, was not yet present by her delegates; Pennsylvania and South Carolina swung into line; and, every colony concurring, it was resolved that "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

It was, then, on the 2d of July that the great matter was, in principle, decided; but it was necessary to embody the reasons for the step in suitable language, for the instruction of foreign nations and as a record for the people; and this work was intrusted to Jefferson, as being a representative of the colony whose proposals had been the first cause of the resolution. The commission must also be regarded as a tribute to Jefferson's personal character and disposition: he

was, to a larger extent than any other, an incarnation of the political spirit of his time, living the life of the nation rather than his own. He was wealthy, learned, temperate, self-controlled, serene, of athletic habits but delicate constitution, in belief tending to philosophic free thought. His mind was clean, intrepid, penetrating and synthetic; he envied no man, and shirked no labor. Men of his general make are usually lacking in heart; but it was here that Jefferson emerged superior; his heart balanced his intellect, so that he was faithful, trustworthy, and consistent; and, as was finely observed of him, "the glow of one warm thought was worth more to him than money." Obviously, no man could be better qualified to write the Declaration; he needed no memoranda or books of reference, but wrote it out of the clear contents of his own mind, in which whatever was germane to the subject had been long since digested and set in order. It is a composition noteworthy on account of its literary character; the tone and spirit of its expressions, as well as the importance of that which is expressed, render it worthy of record. It consists of three parts: the preamble; the indictment of George III. and of Parliament; and the conclusion. Among the archives of our State it lies to-day, in its writer's small, round, clear handwriting, with the interlineations, amendments and corrections: every word weighed, and each one weighty.—

DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them,—a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they

should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the form to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

—Here follows that tremendous and yet perfectly just indictment of the Third George: in which many a king since then has seen written the final doom of his and all other royal dynasties. His interference with legislation is first cited: how he forbade enactment of good and necessary

laws, would permit others only in exchange for surrender of popular rights, harassed legislators into compliance by ignoble devices, unwarrantably dissolved legislatures, by refusing to pass naturalization laws prevented colonization, hindered administration of justice and corrupted judges, erected offices to enable his creatures to prey upon the people, arbitrarily kept standing armies amid the community in times of peace and made the civil subordinate to the military power, and conspired with Parliament to subject the colonists to illicit legislation.

Some of these illicit acts are then instanced: such as protecting the troops quartered in the colonies from punishment for their murders and other misdeeds; forbidding free colonial trade, imposing taxes without consent, preventing trial by jury, transporting citizens over seas for trial for pretended offenses, taking away charters and altering fundamental forms of government, and usurping all legislative powers. Furthermore, the king is charged with abdicating his kingship by levying war against his subjects, hiring mercenaries to assist him with circumstances of barbarous cruelty, constraining captives to bear arms against their country, exciting slave insurrections and Indian massacres, and, when humbly petitioned for redress, answering only by renewed injuries. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act that may define a tyrant is declared to be unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

—Nor have we been wanting (continues the arraignment) in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspond-

ence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN GENERAL CONGRESS assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, and with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

There is probably no political document in the world, so important in its subject as this, which so fully satisfies expectation. Adequately to announce to mankind the birth of a new nation, and to enumerate the causes which led up to it, might seem an almost hopeless enterprise. It was so easy to be prolix, to swerve from the point; to be too defiant, or too plaintive; to discuss topics of transient or local significance. But the Declaration has the extraordinary merit of being so truly personal as to be universal; it covers the case of America so justly that it enables the reader to forget America in Man. Barring the specified indictment of King George, here is a plea which vindicates every community of human beings which has suffered oppression

ADOPTION OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

and aspires to liberty. We can add to and spare from it nothing. It blazes the path, once for all, of all who would pass from the shadow of tyranny to the light of freedom; and therefore its particular historical interest fades in the light of its sublime catholic worth. Withal, how simple is it, how spontaneous! What masculine composure is combined with what sincerity! It depends upon no concocted arguments or shrewd apologies, but deals with nothing less august than primal truth and eternal justice. Its tranquil reasonableness forbids the charge of wanton innovation, and its announcement of equal human rights exposes the monstrosity of despotic pretensions. It did not seek for a republic, but a republic grew from it, because no other political form was found consonant with principles derived from nature and equity.

As originally drafted, the Declaration contained a passage referring to slavery, which was expunged because thought to be not entirely just as regarded the king, nor considerate of the honest sentiments of many slaveholders. The passage is more rhetorically emphatic than any other, and is in so far out of keeping with the rest; but apart from this, one regrets its omission. Its retention might have influenced the stamina of the "peculiar institution" in after years. After denouncing the action of the king in enforcing the slave-trade in spite of the resistance of the colonies, the attempt to create a servile insurrection is referred to in these vigorous terms: "He is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another." Such a passage would make the fortune of any ordinary composition; yet it is undoubtedly inferior in thought—though not in expression—to the rest of our Declaration. It is a heavy blow, masterfully delivered; but

it does not, like the rest, champion the whole world in all times and environments.

The people, in America, had now taken the place of the king; the war had ceased to be civil and become foreign; in other respects there was no essential change; there was not, as later in France, a nobility to be done away with, or any tendency to overthrow social order. Things went on to all outward appearance much as before; only, now, all were free and happy instead of being bond and miserable. The states, independent of England, were interdependent on one another, while reserving the control each of its internal domestic affairs. To the world, they were The United States; to themselves, states united. Whether the states or the union was the stronger was the question of the next century. For the present, the only concern was self-defense.

The transformation into a foreign nation of what had been a collection of English colonies, caused a great falling off in the popular support of America in England. One may vindicate the cause of one member of his family against another; but when it comes to outsiders, the sentiment of patriotism overpowers that of abstract justice. There still were, and there continued to be, men who commended the course of the new nation; others, believing that independence must sooner or later arrive, thought that the present was as good a time for it as any other. But in the majority, the sullen Anglo-Saxon fighting spirit was aroused; whoever was against England must go down, right or wrong. But this change of heart did not lessen the technical difficulties of conquering the colonies, whose vast geographical extent, no less than their warlike spirit and difficult tactics, offered a problem that might have puzzled the ablest general. There were no Marlboroughs, Wellingtons or Nelsons in England then. Admiral Lord Howe arrived off New York just after the Declaration had been promulgated; he was honest and well-disposed, heartily desired to effect a reconciliation, and declared that he would conclude

a peace "within ten days." But neither his diplomatic proffers, nor the fact that two of his warships passed the New York batteries and cut off Washington from Albany, had any effect on Congress. "You appear to have no power but to grant pardons," remarked Washington; "but we have committed no fault, and need no pardon." "Posterity will condemn to infamy those who advised this war," said Franklin; "and even success will not save from some degree of dishonor those who voluntarily engage in it. I believe that when you find conciliation impossible on any terms given you to propose, you will relinquish so odious a command." With Congress, Howe's instructions precluded him from having direct dealings; but as a testimony of their attitude, they ordered the Declaration engrossed on parchment, and all the members of Congress signed it on the 2d of August. This benefit, at least, Lord Howe was instrumental in conferring upon America. In short, diplomacy was out of court for the present.

In France, Vergennes, who was now the leading statesman there, presented a memorandum to the king, Louis XVI., in which war was strongly urged against England. "Now is the time to be avenged for the past and secured for the future. Our interests and America's cannot conflict; commerce forms a durable chain between us; special circumstances prevent England from gaining help from European continental nations. Should we choose peace, the expense of maintaining our possessions will be as great as that of war, with none of its contingent advantages." Louis accepted these arguments; but Grimaldi, minister of the Spanish king Charles III., though he hated England not less than did France, yet feared most of all the power of an independent America. He would not consent to open espousal of the American cause. Neither, indeed, did France intend overt action at that time; but the stupidity of the American agent, Deane, in confiding in Bancroft, an American living in England, caused the French

plans for secret assistance to be revealed to the English ministry by Bancroft's treachery, and consequent delay in rendering them effective.

The most interesting developments of the next few weeks were the discussions in Congress over a plan of confederation submitted by Dickinson. The plan was a feeble one, bound to collapse of itself; the debate upon it went so far as to reveal serious difficulties, and then Congress abandoned the subject for the time being, and the States went on with the war without any real government at all, by a system of mutual voluntary concessions, but still at a great disadvantage. The colonies had so long been sufferers from the centralization of power in the English king and Parliament, that they had acquired a sort of hereditary or instinctive dread of centralizing power even in their own Congress; and jealousy of any measure looking in that direction was general. Should taxes be collected according to population? Should Congress vote according to States or population? Should slaves be counted in making these estimates? No one knew exactly how these questions should be answered. "Only white inhabitants should be counted," Chase thought, "for negroes were no more members of the state than cattle." "To exempt slaves from taxation would encourage slave-keeping: slaves increase profits for the southern states, while they lay increased burdens of defense on the northern, and prevent freemen from cultivating a country," said Wilson. "Freemen neither can nor will do negroes' work," replied Lynch of South Carolina; "slaves are our property: why should they be taxed more than sheep?"—"Sheep will never make insurrections," rejoined Franklin, with a smile. Hooper of North Carolina denied that slaves enriched a country, and wished them done away with. Finally, the motion to count only white inhabitants was negatived by a vote in which the states north of Mason's and Dixon's line divided against those south of it. But no generally acceptable rule for apportioning taxation could be framed.

As regarded the method of voting, the small states—Delaware and Rhode Island—wished each state to have one vote. Chase wanted votes on money to be by inhabitants. Franklin went further: he wished all voting to be on that principle. "A confederation on the principle of allowing a small state an equal vote without bearing an equal burden cannot last long."—"Every colony is a distinct person," said Witherspoon; "if an equal vote be refused, the smaller states will be vassals of the larger." John Adams said, "We represent the people; in some states they are many, in others few; the vote should be proportioned to numbers. The confederacy is to form us, like parcels of metal, into one common mass. We shall no longer retain our separate individuality, but become a single individual as to all questions submitted to the confederacy; therefore all those reasons which prove the justice and expediency of a proportional representation in other assemblies hold good here. An equal vote will endanger the larger states, while they, from their difference of products, of interest, and of manners, can never combine for the oppression of the smaller." Rush added, "To vote by states would keep up colonial distinctions: voting by the number of free inhabitants would induce colonies to discourage slavery: the larger colonies are so situated as to render fear of their combining visionary."—Hopkins of Rhode Island objected that Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts contained more than half the people of the country; "it cannot be expected that nine colonies will give way to four."—Finally, Jefferson suggested the compromise, the principle of which was afterward to appear in our Constitution: "Any proposition may be negatived by a majority of the people, or by a majority of the colonies." Thus was the shadow of coming events cast before. Washington, meanwhile, spoke the sense of the country when he said, "Divisions among ourselves assist our enemies; the provinces are united to oppose the common enemy, and all distinctions are sunk in the name of an American."

With about ten thousand men, more than half of them raw troops, Washington was to defend posts extending fifteen miles. Only one regiment was fully equipped, and discipline was conspicuous by its absence. "We shall never do well until we get a regular army," said Adams, head of the war board. "Meanwhile we shall waste more money than would be necessary for this purpose in temporary calls upon the militia." Congress trusted Gates more than his superior, Washington, and countenanced him in his evacuation of Crown Point, which Washington deprecated. If discordant counsels could breed failure, the outlook was bad.

But Washington, backed by the spirit that animated the people, was able to accomplish more than might have been thought possible. In response to an urgent summons to arms, some seven thousand farmers from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware left their crops uncut and thronged to the seat of war in New York City and Brooklyn. They were not an army, but they were men, ready to fight, and a few of them, such as the Marylanders and the Pennsylvanians, had some discipline. Some seven or eight thousand men were stationed on the Brooklyn side; the rest remained in New York. Washington divided his time between both places. Congress enjoined him "not to yield an inch of ground," being apparently under the impression that he had four times as large a force as he really possessed; he sent word that he would harass the enemy to the best of his power; but he saw that to maintain his position was impossible.

The attack was conducted by the two Howes, the general and the admiral, and was carefully planned. They had about twenty-four thousand men, English and Hessians, and a large fleet of men-of-war. The latter were to be sent up New York Bay to bombard New York, and take the Americans in Brooklyn in the right flank; the Hessians, with some British regiments, were to advance upon the American positions in the center; Clinton, with a large force, was to march

along the Jamaica road on the American left flank, and gain their rear. Only one detail of this plan miscarried: the fleet was prevented from reaching its position by a strong north wind, which sprang up just as it was advancing. It was a fortunate wind for the Americans, as it enabled Washington to bring the remainder of his army safe off, after the defeat of the 27th of August.

Long Island, lying northeast and southwest, terminates at its southwestern extremity in a rounded projection of low land, about six miles east and west, and ten miles north and south; it is now occupied by the borough of Brooklyn, the city proper being on the northern part, south and east of Manhattan Island. On the east of the peninsula is Jamaica Bay, on the west, the Narrows and New York Bay; on the south, the Atlantic. An elevated ridge divides the lower part of Long Island, and ends in small but steep hills overlooking the flat lands on the south, and rounding in the present area of Brooklyn City with the Heights facing East River. It was upon this high region that the American force was stationed; but there were gaps in the line, and the right flank could not be adequately protected. General Greene had been taken violently ill a few days before, and his command devolved upon Sullivan, who was incompetent. General Putnam was in command of all the forces, but his heedlessness in not defending his left was the occasion of the chief disaster of the day.

The British army, landing on the shore of Gravesend Bay on August 26th, began its advance before dawn the next morning. It was opposed by Sullivan's force at Flatbush Pass, and by Stirling further south and east along the ridge, he having been ordered by Putnam to advance to this position, upon news that the pickets on the coast road had been driven in. He had two regiments from Delaware and Maryland, the latter composed of Baltimore freeholders; and was supported by Parsons, a lawyer suddenly made

brigadier, with two hundred and fifty men from Connecticut. In their rear was Gowanus Creek, with a marsh on each side of it, only to be crossed by a narrow bridge and causeway; on their right, Howe's ships, and on their left they were out of touch with the rest of the army. Putnam could not have placed them in a worse predicament. Advancing upon them were Grant and Cornwallis, with four times their force.

Clinton, starting early, got through Jamaica Pass on the east of Sullivan's position, followed by Howe. Before nine o'clock they had got in Sullivan's rear, as their cannon informed him. Before he could make any disposition, he was charged in front by the Hessians under De Heister. Four thousand men were defeated before they had a chance to fight; "Save yourselves!" was the only order Sullivan gave them, and he was among the first to obey it. Many of his men were slain fighting desperately; a few broke through the enemy and reached the inner lines; seven hundred were taken prisoners. Sullivan was captured, hiding in a corn patch, by three Hessians. Meanwhile, Stirling was unconscious of what had happened, and had troubles of his own.

In the first place, Parsons, the Connecticut lawyer-brigadier, perceiving that he was in some danger, deserted his men and hid in the swamp, whence he sneaked into camp the next day. Most of his men were captured; one of them, a captain, upon surrendering his sword to the British officer, was by him promptly run through the body. Stirling with his Marylanders and Delawares held his position for four hours; then, seeing the bulk of the British army advancing upon them, he ordered a retreat, which was conducted in an orderly manner, carrying with them twenty marines who had been taken prisoners. But Cornwallis was threatening the bridge; if he were not held in check, the whole force was lost. Stirling detached five companies of Marylanders, put himself at their head, and sending the rest of his command across the bridge, defended it with his handful against

the British. In ten minutes almost all of them were killed or captured, fighting with great gallantry; nine only escaped. But those ten minutes had sufficed for the purpose, and the main body of the troops got safe over. It was the only redeeming exploit of the day.

The complete annihilation of the American army in Brooklyn could now have been accomplished by an attack in force on the redoubt in Brooklyn. But Howe had had experience of the way Americans fought behind intrenchments at Bunker Hill; and would not give the order to advance. The place should be taken by regular approaches; and he set his men to digging. That Washington could escape was a possibility that did not enter his mind.

Whether he could escape depended upon three things:— that the English fleet remained wind-bound below; that he could get boats to cross the river with; and that he could keep his plans secret till the moment of putting them in execution. The north wind continued, bringing a cold rain, which greatly discomfited the troops, though it contributed to their preservation. Washington sent word to King's Bridge and to New York for every kind of boat that could be used for transport. Only a very few officers were advised of his intentions; all that day and evening he continued to make the rounds of the fortifications, as if he intended to defend them. Before dawn on the 30th a thick fog rose over Brooklyn, shrouding the movements of the army in an impenetrable veil. Washington directed General Mifflin to remain behind with a covering party in the redoubt, while the rest of the force embarked and got away. Mifflin's men could hear the British in their trenches; but the British did not hear the noise of an army evacuating its position and getting aboard hundreds of transports. In the midst of the proceedings, some one brought Mifflin an order which he understood to mean that he was to relinquish his position and march to the ferry; arrived there, he met Washington, who wished to know why he had disobeyed instructions?

"I had your orders to march," replied Mifflin, indignantly. —"Some mistake," Washington answered; "go back, or the enemy may prevent us." When one has succeeded in getting safe out of a very perilous position, it is not pleasant to be ordered to resume it; even veteran troops might hesitate. But Mifflin's Marylanders and Pennsylvanians said not a word, but promptly and orderly obeyed their commands, and were soon in possession of the works which they fondly imagined they had left forever. By good fortune, though they had been gone an hour, their absence had not been observed. Not until after all the other regiments had embarked did they again leave the redoubt; Washington himself was the last man of the army to enter a boat. Notice had been given to the British some hours before the Americans reached New York, that they were retreating; but no action had been taken until the whole army, with their stores and guns, had safely landed in New York. Then Montresor and a few men crawled into the works and found them empty. "The best-effected retreat I ever read or heard of," said Greene, afterward; but it must be admitted that chance had contributed not a little to the favorable result. On the other hand, it belongs to a true soldier to know when to take chances, and to have the courage, as Washington did, to take them. Had Washington been in Howe's place, he would have taken the chances of carrying the redoubt, and thereby of destroying the enemy's army.

Many of the Long Island farmers and other inhabitants, either from fear or conviction, had deserted the American cause on the arrival of the British army, and had furnished aid and comfort to the enemy. They formed a marked exception to the rest of the farming population throughout the states during the war; and never showed the possession of any traits of courage or patriotism. Some of the seafaring inhabitants in the northeast of the island, however, subsequently did something to redeem the good name of their fel-

lows. But Washington was now called upon to illustrate his highest qualities of magnanimity. It is easy and common for a soldier to be brave; it is no unusual merit in him to be ambitious of military glory, and to plan and execute operations which evince daring and enterprise. But it was for Washington, at this juncture, to give an example of firmness, forbearance and devotion to the purest passion of patriotism under reverses and humiliations. Congress and the country looked to him for some brilliant exploit; but he knew that he must avoid a general engagement; must protract the war by retreats, petty skirmishes, and maneuvers which had for their object the harassing and delaying of the enemy. His army, wretchedly small to begin with, was being decimated by wholesale departures of the troops for their homes; the men were neither disciplined nor under control; they had, for the most part, never grasped the idea that they owed any obedience to their officers beyond what they might choose voluntarily to yield. Washington's appeals and expositions to Congress met with either scant attention or none at all; sometimes, their orders contravened his. He could not command respect without performing some sensational act; and yet he knew that no such act would be reconcilable with the true interests of the country. No more painful dilemma was possible for a soldier; for duty's sake he must seem to his countrymen derelict in duty. He must even submit to be defied by his subordinate officers, as when Gates resented criticism of his abandonment of Crown Point; or as when, afterward, the council of war voted down his recommendation to retreat from New York. Although he was commander-in-chief in name, Congress would not allow him to be so in fact. How many men would have thrown up their commissions under such discouragements, and left an unappreciative and obstinate country to its fate? No such idea was ever entertained by Washington. He was never lax or sullen; by his own calm, indomitable spirit he tried to

cheer the spirits of others; when he could not carry out his purposes, he adopted the course next most promising. Such behavior implies not only greatness, but goodness; not heroism only, but Christian heroism. It is giving everything a man has—life, energy, heart, soul and brain—for nothing—except the secret knowledge of having done one's best. Nothing in human conduct is more difficult, or more rare.

As August advanced, and the British uncoiled themselves along the East and North rivers, and leisurely displayed their teeth like a boa-constrictor preparing to swallow its prey, the council of war reversed its decision, and agreed to withdraw to the upper part of the island. During the retreat, a disgraceful episode occurred at Kip's Bay, in the region of the present Thirty-fourth Street. The British had landed, under cover of a heavy fire from the ships of the fleet in the East River. Washington, who was constantly riding to the various posts to see that matters were being properly conducted, found a large detachment which had been assigned to guard this line, running in a headlong panic before a party of about eighty of the enemy. Comprised in this detachment were the brigades of Parsons, who had hidden in Gowanus swamp, and of Fellowes. Unless the line were held, Putnam, in the lower part of the island, with four thousand men, was in danger of destruction. Washington rode in front of the men and strove to halt and turn them; but in vain; and at last he found himself alone, within a few rods of the enemy. To such humiliation was the general of the army subjected. The next day, in general orders, he announced that death would in future be the penalty of cowardice. Putnam's force fortunately escaped by the western road along North River. But the delay in the enemy's march which enabled him to do so, was due to Mrs. Mary Lindley Murray, at whose house on Murray Hill Howe and his officers accepted an invitation to lunch. She entertained them so well with

her good cheer and her conversation, that two hours had gone by before they knew it; and so had Putnam. That night the British line extended from Hellgate to Bloomingdale, while the Americans, with a loss in killed, wounded and missing of about two hundred and seventy, lay down tired and gloomy, unprotected by tents or blankets, on Harlem Heights. A cold rain fell all night, driven by a northeast gale.

Something must be done to restore the confidence of the troops in their officers and themselves. On the morning of the next day, the 16th of August, Washington sent a firebrig down North River and set fire to a British warship anchored there; and at the same time, his line, extending from Fort Washington, near King's Bridge, to Harlem, engaged the advance of the enemy under Leslie. Washington directed the American Clinton to attack in front, while Knowlton and Leitch set out to turn the right flank. Clinton's attack was so vigorous that the enemy was driven back; Leitch and Knowlton attacked too soon, but threw Leslie into confusion, and he would have been annihilated but for the arrival of new troops in force. The loss of the British was heavy; of the Americans few were killed, but among them were Knowlton and Leitch, both of them brave and valuable officers, whom the army could ill afford to spare. The skirmish, nevertheless, revived the morale of the men, and taught them once more that the British were not invincible.

The execution as a spy of Nathan Hale saddened the last days of the disastrous month of August. He had undertaken to pass the enemy's lines on Long Island in disguise, to ascertain at what point they were preparing to attack. Having got his information, he was returning, when he was detected and brought before Howe, to whom he told his name, rank, and purpose. Howe ordered him hanged next morning, the 22d. The jailer to whom he was given in charge during his last night on earth treated him with

gross cruelty and insult. It is to this fact, and to the steady courage with which he met his death, that the loving honors bestowed on his memory by a later age are due. He was a scholarly youth, just past twenty-one, a graduate of Yale, and newly betrothed. It meant something for a man like this to be able to say, firmly and boldly, as he stood with the noose around his neck on that misty August morning, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." He would gladly have died in battle, as well. The country which breeds such men cannot be conquered.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

GENERAL, CONGRESS, AND PEOPLE

THE story of the succeeding four months does not furnish agreeable reading to Americans. We see Washington suffering the consequences of the conditions which he had used his utmost efforts to avoid, by pointing them out beforehand to Congress. We see his army demoralized; it no longer has the temper of the men who chased the British out of Concord and Boston, and drove them bleeding back from Fort Moultrie. The short-term militia have lost their faith in their officers and their respect for themselves; heedless of dishonor, they plundered, stole, peculated, deserted in droves, and even ran before the enemy. With the winter upon them, they were half clad and half fed; they must march without shoes and fight without proper arms. There was in them none of the spirit of an army; none of the pride of regiments in their organization; how could there be, since the army was as a shifting sand, of which the ele-

ments were never twice the same? The lesser officers set the men an example of dissoluteness and insubordination; and on all sides, both among soldiers and civilians, there was a tendency toward treason; men in positions of trust, as well as the common sort, went over to the enemy; and this disposition was encouraged by the Howes, who issued alluring proclamations of pardon and favor to all who would give up the cause. The view was fostered that, in serious warfare in the field, it was hopeless for the Americans to contend against the British; they might repulse them, by good luck, from strong fortifications, but to maneuver against them, to conduct extended operations with success, was impossible. The Englishman, Lee, whose sole aim was to gain distinction by some move involving no peril to himself, and who openly declared that the defeat of the American force was merely a question of time, omitted no opportunity of thwarting and insulting Washington, and magnifying his own empty importance. He spoke of the American soldiers as a low rabble, of their officers as very bad company, unfit for a gentleman like himself; said that, if his advice had been followed, the war would have been over long ago; affirmed that the only object of the war was to get "something to cede" when the inevitable surrender came; and spoke of Congress as "a stable of cattle, stumbling at every step." Yet he was regarded by Congress and by perhaps a majority of the people as the only man on their side thoroughly conversant with military matters; and the British were so far deceived by this reputation, that when they captured him, under circumstances disgraceful to himself, they rejoiced at having overthrown "the American Palladium." Meanwhile, the legislatures of several of the states were occupied with squabblings over their powers and constitutions, crippling themselves for action, and breeding apathy or disaffection among their members. In Congress, such a man as John Adams, the most unfaltering and the earliest friend of independence, could, as chief

of the war board, disregard the plans and desires of the commander-in-chief, and pull an additional prop from under an apparently already collapsing structure. Disintegration, deterioration of moral tone, seemed to be present everywhere. The first enthusiasm for liberty had passed away; the daring of the spirit was being daunted by the disabilities of the body; there was no prospect but of continued defeats, of the laying waste of towns and fields, of slaughters and imprisonments, and of the total impoverishment of the nation. It is hard to kick against the pricks; the pricks are sharp enough without kicking against them. The tyranny of England was a great evil; but was it any worse than a war first and the tyranny afterward?

It is as vain to talk of what might have been as to predict what will be; but we cannot easily escape the conviction that it would have been all over with America in the same year that saw the signing of the Declaration, but for Washington. There have been several generals in history who were said, by a figure of speech, to have been their own armies: such are Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Frederick II. of Prussia. But if we eliminate the figure of Washington from American history between 1776 and 1780, to go no further, what have we left? The story of the Revolution is Washington's biography. The manner in which, at every step, it centers about him, dates from him, refers to him, follows him, is monotonous to tediousness. The reason is that here, for once, we find a man sincerely resolved to give himself unreservedly to the work of helping others (namely his countrymen), and entirely forgetting all personal claims, ambitions, and sufferings in that single aim. It is not necessary to draw comparisons, to the disadvantage of many noble and heroic men who were eminent in the course of our national development; but it will be noticed that whenever such men as General Greene or John Adams have failed in fulfilling the patriotic ideal, it has been precisely where they have thought of their own merits, resented

their own injuries, consulted their own advantage. Often, to their honor, they have subordinated their interests or personal hopes to their country's welfare; but ever and anon they have failed to do so. We can easily forgive them, for are they not men like ourselves? But who will point to a single instance in the public career of Washington when he forgot his country in concern for himself? The thoughts of Washington about his country, and his deeds for her, would fill a library; his thoughts about himself, and activities in his own behalf, could be recorded on the thumb-nail. Inevitably therefore he became the pole on which the Revolution turned; for it is impossible to estimate, or to overestimate, the force for good which is liberated when once a man turns from himself to his fellows. Our acquaintances have not time or inclination to listen to the tale of our troubles, because there are but so many hours in the day, and these they find too short for the consideration of the troubles which afflict themselves. But how should we value a friend who, from his getting up in the morning till his lying down at night—and even, perhaps, all the four and twenty hours round upon occasion—had nothing on earth to do but to give us his thoughts, his sympathies, and his hands?—whose every unconsidered word and involuntary act showed him to be wholly saturated with considerations for our welfare? We should scarce believe, at first, in such good fortune; but when we were fully assured of its truth, should we not bring all our affairs to him, shrewdly perceiving that a man great enough to have no selfhood, must be great enough to do more good to us than we knew how to do ourselves? Yes, you would go to him; and so too would all the other members of the surrounding community, for he would be not less hospitable to them than to you; it being a strange truth that, when a man has given up caring for himself, the leisure he thus gains suffices not alone for the care of one or two other persons, but for all persons whatever who apply to him; until at last, in Christ, we find a

man who takes upon his shoulders the burdens of all mankind past and to come. In all unselfishness there is an opening into infinity, into which all finite matters of selfishness can be poured indefinitely and find comfort.

The only mistakes Washington made were caused by his too much deferring to the opinions and knowledge of others; for, at the outset, he was too ready to believe that a Lee or a Greene or a Gates or an Adams might have more insight and judgment than he. As time went on, however, he learned that such self-distrust was inconsistent with fidelity to the trust which God had manifestly placed in his hands; he enforced his will, and, in measure as he did so, his mistakes decreased. Moreover, the people always instinctively gave their confidence to Washington, and his soldiers put their faith in him; men resisted or hated him only in so far as their own natures or aims were evil. When, consequently, the first dark period of the Revolution was past, the people gave Washington, spontaneously, the support which so often failed him in Congress, and in some of his own officers; and thus an army gradually grew up round him which fairly represented the strength and purpose of the country. There was no authority in Congress to accomplish positive, but only negative actions; they could hinder and thwart, but not help their general. But what Congress could not or did not do, by regular process of law and regulation, the people of themselves did from natural love and faith. They sent the best of themselves to him, fought beside him, stayed with him, and at last conquered with him. Never was there a feebler government in the world than that which existed in America while the country was performing a deed which the ablest and strongest government might have shrunk from. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the country would have accorded to any government, however strong, the fealty which they voluntarily gave to the austere and generous promptings of their own hearts.

The reverses which the Americans suffered were salutary. After our first successes, there were many who went about saying, "God is helping us." But Franklin, in the days of "Poor Richard's Almanac," had perceived that "God helps those who help themselves." The Revolution was not to succeed by a series of miracles. It was to succeed through the instrumentality of the utmost, long-continued efforts of brave and determined men. The country was to feel that it had deserved to triumph, before the triumph came. The operations of Howe and Burgoyne brought the nation to its senses, by all but bringing it to its knees. After the limits of mortification had been reached, and after the heights of self-sacrifice had been attained, the cause of liberty began to gain; had it gained sooner, the result would not have been adequately understood or valued. God does not bless man's efforts until He has made man feel that the best of his own strength has been put forth. Without God, man's strength is vain; but it would be vain for God to help man, except under the veil of the man's self-help.

The chief operations of the latter months of 1776 were confined to the campaign in New York and New Jersey. In the states below the Potomac there was an Indian border war, stirred up by English agents; but the people rose and put it down; and the Indians had the discrimination to blame England for their defeat, while the Americans felt that through the Indians they were fighting England. In the north, Carleton, after careful preparations, and training his German soldiers in forest-fighting and maneuvers, came from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain with a great fleet of boats and vessels, and an overwhelming force of men. Benedict Arnold, audacious but reckless, met him with an inadequate collection of "gondolas" and was defeated on the 4th and 5th of October; the succeeding night he escaped; Carleton occupied Crown Point, and could have taken Ticonderoga simply by marching up to it, for it was entirely unprovisioned for a siege. Instead of doing so, he

turned about, and on the 3d of November, much to every one's astonishment, returned to Canada for the winter. Carleton was as humane and gentle as he was brave, and one always feels that he is half sorry he must fight against a people struggling for freedom.

America had no navy; but during the year 1776, American privateers captured three hundred and forty-two English ships. These prizes were very profitable to those who captured them, and it was an equal inconvenience to the English to lose them; so that it is not surprising that few sailors cared to enlist in American men-of-war, even if there were any. As a matter of fact, besides those which were slowly building at the shipyards here and there, there were but about a dozen merchantmen used as ships of war belonging to the government. But already there were navy men of quality; one of them was a young fellow of nine and twenty, who had come to Virginia a few years before, under the assumed name of Jones; but he was really the son of a Scotch gardener of Kirkcudbrightshire by the name of John Paul. He was given the command of a small thirty-ton frigate called the "Alfred." Nicholas Biddle, who will also not be forgotten, was three years younger than Jones, and was but twenty-eight when he was blown up in his ship, the "Randolph," during her fight with the British "Yarmouth." But though there was a good deal of fighting at sea during the Revolution, the war could not be called a naval one; we had not means or opportunity for accomplishing much in that direction, though there was nothing to be ashamed of in what little we did do.

When Lord Howe sent home dispatches to the ministry announcing his success in the battle at Brooklyn, he permitted his imagination such freedom that one could see a vast army overthrown by inferior numbers and hurled into annihilation; and the only reasonable inference was that there could be no more men in America left to fight against, and that, consequently, the war must be already at an end.

Such, at all events, was the view which Lord Germain hastened to adopt and to promulgate; and Lord North began to talk about tempering justice with mercy, and desiring to "restore to the Americans the blessings of law and liberty." Thereupon, up got Fox, with his terrible knotted brow and flashing eyes, the Mirabeau of England. "Is there not," he inquired, "something a little hypocritical in supposing that a king—a common king—should be solicitous to establish anything that depends upon a popular assembly? Kings govern by means of popular assemblies only when they cannot do without them; a king fond of that mode of governing is a chimera. It is contrary to the nature of things. But if this happy time of law and liberty is to be restored to America, why was it ever disturbed? It reigned there till the abominable doctrine of gaining money by taxes infatuated our statesmen. Why did you destroy the fair work of so many ages, in order to re-establish it by the bayonets of disciplined Germans? If we are reduced to the dilemma of conquering or abandoning America, I am for abandoning America."

Lord Howe's next dispatches made it clear that, notwithstanding the annihilation of the Americans, another campaign would be necessary to dispose of their remnants, and, incidentally, re-enforcements would be needed, which Germain did not happen to have at his disposal. In truth, Howe was unreasonable; he already had five times as many men as could be opposed to him. Congress had indeed voted eighty-eight new battalions to take the place of those whose terms were expiring; but, as Washington ventured to hint, "it is one thing to vote battalions, and another to raise men." No bounties were offered, and nobody seemed to think it his duty to respond. Besides, the quotas were assigned to the various states, and they were to get them out, and arm them. It must be an operation of tedious slowness, even if it were carried through at all. Howe's force, in addition to its numbers, had every quality and equipment that

could be desired in an army; and either because the general wished to guard against the least chance of miscarriage, or because he was willing to afford opportunity for voluntary submission, he was extremely deliberate in all his operations. He crawled forward, or sidewise, like some vast animal, which can afford not to be in a hurry because it knows its victim cannot escape. It was the last of August when Washington was driven out of Long Island; he might have been driven out of New York during the next three days; but it was the 16th of November before Magaw surrendered Fort Washington to Knyphausen and Cornwallis, thereby transferring the seat of war to New Jersey. Had Sir William been as circumspect in his gambling as he was in his military maneuvers, he would have been a more edifying example to his subordinate officers.

The island of Manhattan, after proceeding in a northerly direction about eight miles, with a width of two miles, is suddenly narrowed by the course of the Harlem, which communicates with the northern part of East River at one end, and with the Hudson, through Spuyten Duyvil, at the other. Here there is high ground; and on the hill west of the present Highbridge, overlooking the Hudson, Fort Washington was built in a seemingly impregnable position. The Borough of Bronx, extending eastward to the Sound, is low and flat on the coast, but contains irregular ridges inland, is cut up by small streams, and was, in 1776, thickly wooded. Going northward twelve miles through this rather difficult country, White Plains is reached, on high ground. West of White Plains about six miles is Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson. Throgg's Neck is a tongue of land entering the Sound at the latitude of the mouth of the Harlem, but six or seven miles east of it.

The region here indicated could have been stubbornly defended by an adequate army, with guns and good fortifications; but Washington had neither, and was also hampered by impossible orders from Congress, and by disagreements

among his own generals. For a while he intrenched himself on Harlem Heights, on the southern side of the Harlem; but when Howe moved to Throgg's Neck, to get in his rear, he abandoned these positions and withdrew to Fordham, at the same time sending a force to the landward end of Throgg's Neck, to remove the bridge. Howe went further east, and landed at Pelham. His objective point was now White Plains. Washington, while keeping the district round Fort Washington, marched parallel with Howe toward White Plains, skirmishing by the way; and getting there first, fortified himself and awaited an attack. The two armies faced each other on October 27th. On the same day, that part of the British force which was south of Fort Washington was worsted, in an attempt against it, by Greene and Magaw, who were in command there.

At White Plains, the American center was the weakest point; but Howe would not attack there, but sent four thousand men to dislodge an American force of fourteen hundred on Chatterton Hill, a mile to the southwest. The Americans under Macdougall resisted the Hessians until they were attacked by a flanking party, when they withdrew with a loss of a hundred, the enemy sustaining a loss two and a half times as great. On October 31st, Washington was strongly intrenched above White Plains, and Howe had accomplished practically nothing. Meanwhile, Greene had been strengthening the force at Fort Washington and its environs, against Washington's judgment, for he saw that Howe could surround it. In fact, on the 5th of November, Howe suddenly moved across to Dobb's Ferry, from which position he could both threaten the fort, and also invade New Jersey and march on Philadelphia.

The proper course, as Washington saw, was to abandon Fort Washington, and throw the entire army into New Jersey at once. But Greene, and Congress, thought Fort Washington should be held "to the last extremity." Washington therefore sent five thousand troops across the Hudson with

Putnam; Lee was to remain behind until it became certain what Howe intended to do, while Greene and Magaw, with three thousand men, remained within the Fort Washington lines. On November 15th, Howe, from his batteries on Fordham Heights, demanded the surrender of Fort Washington; Putnam and Greene assured Washington they could defend it. The region which they had to man had a circuit of six miles or more. A spy within their lines carried plans of the works to Howe before the attack, which was made on the 16th. The Hessian troops under Rall and Knyphausen advanced with great courage and pertinacity, pulling themselves up the steep hillsides by projecting roots and branches; Cornwallis climbed up on the north; Lord Percy, who was to have moved from the south, hid himself in the woods till the danger was over. The Americans were everywhere beaten; they lost a hundred and fifty men, most of them bayoneted by the Hessians while asking quarter; the enemy lost five hundred; but when Knyphausen, surrounding the fort itself, demanded its surrender, the fugitives crowded within it refused to man the ramparts, and Magaw was forced to surrender with all his material, and twenty-six hundred troops. The enemy greatly outnumbered them; but the affair reflects no credit, to say the least of it, upon our soldiers. Washington, instead of laying the blame on Greene, where it belonged, upbraided himself for not having insisted upon the abandonment of the position.

His energies were now directed to delaying the enemy in New Jersey until the snows rendered advance on Philadelphia impossible. He had but three thousand men; Lee, still on the east side of the Hudson, refused repeated offers to bring his force across. Re-enforcements were being sent down from Schuyler in the north, but meantime there was nothing for it but to retreat. Cornwallis and the Hessians were close on the trail, the latter exercising their usual brutality upon the inhabitants, and thereby unwittingly hardening the people against England. Greene, delaying too long

at Fort Lee, on the west side of the Hudson, was surprised, and only escaped by a headlong flight, leaving all his camp equipage, while Washington covered his retreat. To avoid being caught between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, Washington crossed the latter, and on the 22d of November reached Newark, whence he again sent summonses to Lee. He resumed his retreat on the 28th, just as Cornwallis came up. The war might have ended here, had not Howe sent a large force under Lord Percy, Clinton and Prescott, to occupy Rhode Island, where they remained uselessly three years. Washington continued his march through Brunswick to Princeton; leaving twelve hundred men there to watch the enemy, he went on to Trenton, got his baggage across the Delaware, and returning, met Stirling in full retreat before a much larger force; he accompanied him to Trenton, and they crossed the river; Howe, delaying, was too late to intercept them. But Philadelphia was in danger, unless Lee would come to Washington's assistance. The former was spending his time railing against his superior and Congress, and declaring that with such incompetents at the head of affairs, the only proper thing to do was to save the country at the cost of an act of "brave, virtuous treason." He finally crossed the Hudson on the 2d and 3d of December, and marched to Morristown, where he announced that he would not join Washington, but intended to reconquer the Jerseys on a plan of his own. At this time he was actually plotting to betray the Americans to the British. On the night of the 12th he slept at an inn in Baskingridge, a few miles in advance of his main force; while delaying over his breakfast the next morning, he was captured by Lieutenant Harcourt, with a squad of cavalry. "Come out," was the order, "or the house will be fired"; and out he came, pallid with terror, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a shirt "very much soiled," and bareheaded. He was promptly put astride a horse and carried off to be tried as a deserter; while Sullivan, his second in command,

brought his army safely to Washington. He was, however, exchanged by Washington's efforts the next year, and his further adventures will be recounted in their place.

The approach of the British, which nothing seemed able to arrest, frightened Congress, and, after ordering a day of fasting and prayer, they fled to Baltimore, amid the jeers of tories and the curses of patriots, and in spite of the passionate protests of stout John Adams, who was certain America would finally be victorious, whether or not Philadelphia fell. Putnam held the city after Congress had gone. Washington, after being re-enforced from New England and by Lee's division, had forty-eight hundred effective men. The Hessian Rall, who had proved his courage at Fort Washington, occupied Trenton on the east side of the Delaware; and he so little dreaded an attack from the barefooted, half-starved and defeated Americans on the other side, that he would not protect his flanks by intrenchments. He and his men had loaded themselves with plunder, and abandoned themselves to enjoyment. Rall was fond of martial music, and the town, from morning till night, and from night till the small hours, roared with the strains of the first German bands domiciled in America, with the jolly choruses of the soldiers, their laughter and drunken shouts; and for twelve days, the happiest of Rall's life, he imitated as nearly as he knew how the state of an Oriental despot. Why should he not? The Hessians, as an English officer observed, in excusing himself for not restraining their robbery and worse outrages, had come to America on the understanding that their propensities were to be given free rein. They had beaten the wretched colonists; now let them have their reward. The war was over. So Rall and his men thought; so Cornwallis believed, as he packed up his traps and started for England. So Howe imagined, as he returned to New York in triumphal progress, hailed as a new Cæsar, courted and flattered, and not a little pleased with himself. The spirit of the country was broken; there was nothing more

to be done except to receive the submission of the misguided colonies, hang the ringleaders, and allow the rest such terms as they deserved. Lord Germain, Lord North, and their royal master in London, were happy also, and the latter prepared to honor his general by the order of the Knight of the Bath. It bade fair to be a merry Christmas for everybody —except Washington and his meager regiments of tatterdemalions.

Between the camp of the American leader on the west bank of the Delaware, and the headquarters of the English general in New York, there was a dramatic contrast. In the latter part of December, western New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania were subjected to the worse rigors of an inclement climate. There were ice and snow, sleet and keen winds; there were no roads fit to be so called, and the country was still largely covered with ragged and inhospitable forests. The inhabitants were terrorized; thousands of them had given up their hopes of freedom and had submitted to the doubtful mercy of the conquerors; others had abandoned their homes and fled; there was no food or shelter to be had. The majority of the men saw the end of their term of enlistment but a week or two distant, and rejoiced at the prospect of leaving the intolerable hardships they were confronting for the only less gloomy environment of their own homes; and many sought opportunities to hasten the date of their liberation. They were partly naked, and the trail of their marches was marked by blood upon the snow. They lacked tents to lie under at night, and blankets to cover them. With a gloomy sky above them, a frozen and barren earth below, the memory of defeat in their minds, and no hope in their hearts; they huddled about their forlorn fires in spiritless dejection. At night their outposts along the ice-burdened river might have heard the music and yelling of the mercenaries, making merry with the substance which the industry of their robbed and slaughtered fellow countrymen had earned.

Washington, in his Spartan headquarters, wrote letters to Congress to provide a new army to take the place of that which was dwindling away from him; and planned some scheme of a flank attack on Trenton. The English general Grant had examined the situation, and did not believe that it was possible to cross the river. The ice would make the return too dangerous. But Washington felt that the time had come when everything must be risked; the more appalling the obstacles, the better the chance of taking Rall by surprise. Revolving his plans, he rode from post to post, a tall figure in a dark cloak, recognized by all, but hardly able to raise a cheer. He passed to and fro amid the troops, as they squatted under the lee of their sodden piles of baggage, or tried to find shelter from the storm under a piece of ragged canvas stretched on two stakes. He marked their shivering bodies, their hungry looks; here and there lay the body of one who had perished of cold and starvation. His heart ached for them; but in his countenance none could see anything but a composed cheerfulness, as of one who counted the past reverses as but the preliminary to some glorious victory. He seemed all confidence, hope and resolution. It was impossible to look upon him without a feeling that, so long as he lived, all could not be lost. But could he create a conquering army out of frost and famine, disaffection and despair, and with it perform a feat which the flower of the regular troops of Europe deemed impracticable even for themselves? Did he keep that composed expression when he was alone?

But there was nothing dismal or hopeless about New York, as Christmas Day drew near. The town was large and prosperous for those days, with handsome houses and wealthy inhabitants. It was clustered down on the southern end of the peninsula, with only a few country dwellings in the upper part; it had suffered little or nothing from the shells and bullets of the late battle, though a fire had burned a tenth part of the houses a few days afterward. But the

blackened remnants of this fire had been cleared away, and the town seemed dressed for a holiday. The victorious flag of England waved on all sides; the streets were brilliant with the uniforms of the English army and navy, with scarlet and blue and gold; the tory citizens were stately with their three-cornered hats, their wide-skirted coats and lace ruffles, their shining buckles and silk stockings; the ladies drove about in queer coaches with heavy wheels, and big-wigged coachmen on the high boxes; they had paint and powder on their faces, and beauty spots on their cheeks and chins, and they smiled at the officers as they went by. Into what wonderful towers of powdered art was their hair built, and how high were the red heels of their little shoes, as they went clacking along the pavement. In front of the houses where the high officers live, and before the public buildings, pace the sentinels, and present arms; and here tramps by a company of British grenadiers, fifty marching as one. How stimulating are the fife and drum, and how brightly the winter sunlight glances along the sloped barrels of their muskets as they shift them, at the word, from one shoulder to the other. But what is the cause of this shouting, and why is everybody pressing in one direction? It must be the great Sir William Howe himself!—yes, it is he; he reclines indolently in his broad-bottomed carriage, his swarthy face, with its heavy lines and sluggish expression, impassively acknowledging the greetings and compliments that are showered upon him; he was up all last night at play, and the stakes were high, for his share of the prize money this year amounts to many thousand pounds, and there is more to come. To-night we shall see him at the banquet, and at the theater, and toward midnight he will attend the great ball; and that handsome woman, who smiles so often and with such a voluptuous air, who lolls beside him in the carriage, and meets the gaze of the people so unconcernedly—she will be there also, with a very low corsage, and a marvelous flashing of jewels; for a great deal of Sir William's

prize money goes into her pockets, and she is not afraid to spend it. The modern Alexander the Great and his Thais! Many a haughty Briton will be carried drunk to bed to-night; but Christmas comes but once a year, and, as the war is over, we cannot look for such another a twelvemonth hence. Huzza for King George, and for his heroic representative!—But who is this sorry-looking fellow, being hurried down a side street, with a soldier at each side of him and another following behind, giving him a sly prick with his bayonet now and then?—A spy, probably, on his way to the guard house; he will be hanged to-morrow. These pestilent rebels continue to crop up every now and then, although their cause is lost; there are a good many of them living here among us in New York, though they keep out of sight as a rule. But time brings strange revenges; and the child is now born who shall see a handsome monument erected to the memory of these fellows, in Trinity churchyard. But will there be none there in honor of Sir William Howe, and of this handsome lady with the jewels?—No, not there. In one little century he and she will have been forgotten, except in the pages of dry-as-dust histories. 'Tis a mad world!

The British posts along the Delaware extended for many miles; it was Washington's plan to make a simultaneous attack on them. But, at the last moment, Gates deserted him and went to Baltimore to plot against him. Reed got his own horse over, but left his men on the other shore, and sought dishonorable refuge within the enemy's lines. Ewing, after a look at the weather, gave up all idea of the adventure forthwith. Cadwalader with his men stood for several hours by the river's bank in the icy gale, with the great blocks of ice roaring and crashing down the stream before them, waiting for a living chance to get across; but none came, and at last they retired, convinced that if they could not do it, no one else could. Putnam, who was to

have marched from Philadelphia, thought it best to forego the attempt. So, of them all, there was none left but Washington. Would he dare what all the rest had shrunk from?

He had started on his march of fifteen miles about an hour before sunset. With him were twenty-four hundred men; but none in the army were worthier to be led by him; they were Virginians, Pennsylvanians and New Englanders; they knew what war was, and they were ready to act up to the motto that had been chosen for them—"Victory or Death." Among their officers were Alexander Hamilton, Stirling, Greene, Knox, and Stark. The indomitable fishermen of Marblehead were there. Whatever could be asked of men, the men who marched that day would do. But as each soldier's bare foot left its imprint in the snow, it was marked with blood; and the wind blew through their ragged clothing as if it were gossamer.

By the time they had reached the river, it was within an hour of midnight, and the worse night of that winter. The frost was intense; it had begun to snow; the stream ran dark and swift, hurling along its load of whitened ice. Out stepped the iron mariners of Marblehead to man the boats; for, by Washington's foresight, every boat up and down the river was there. Eighteen field-pieces were to be ferried over, as well as the troops; it will be three in the morning before they are all across. And just then messengers ride up and inform the general that all his other officers have failed him. But Washington's great spirit is kindled into flame, and nothing can stop him now. "If you can do nothing real, create a diversion," is the word he sends to Cadwalader; "I am determined to cross the river and attack Trenton in the morning." Captain Anderson's reconnoitering party has fallen in with a post of Hessians and fired on them, an alarm is sounded, and three or four hundred men turn out and blunder through the snow for a while, but can see nothing, and return, reporting it is "of no importance";

and tipsy Rall, on this his last night on earth, opens another bottle and calls for another stave, while Washington is pressing through the icy turmoil of the river nine miles away, and Howe and his mistress are leading the revels in distant New York. Upon the stage of the world, each one acts his appointed part.

The troops are all on the Jersey shore at last, with not a cannon missing; but Sullivan sends word that his men's guns are wet. "Then use the bayonet and penetrate into the town," is Washington's reply; and the bayonets are fixed before Sullivan can give the word. In the teeth of a northeast gale of sleet and hail the march to Trenton begins; they have been marching and toiling for more than eighteen hours continuously; yet, as the stronghold of the enemy comes in sight, every man feels his strength renewed. The force divides for a double attack, one under Sullivan and Stark, Washington with the other. There is no longer any possibility of concealment; daylight has come; but the storm is still as fierce as ever. The night watch at Trenton has turned in; only the sentries are out, muffling their faces as best they can from the gale, and envying their companions, sunk deep in stertorous sleep after their Christmas night's debauch. Rall is sleeping soundest of all; yet the time is at hand when he shall sleep sounder yet, and awake no more.

But he has been awakened now; those shots are at the picket on Pennington Road; those cheers are from the direction of the picket on the river—but they do not sound like the cheers of Hessians. Are those the yaegers who are flying pell-mell across the Assanpink, with what wild avengers behind them! Who is this tall officer in the dark cloak who rides down King Street with the crowd of desperate-looking cutthroats at his heels? Can that be the rebel rascal, Washington?—Yes, Rall, this is he; so get astride that horse of yours, though you reel in the saddle, like the drunken man you are; you must die, therefore die

as a soldier should, cheering on his men. But with what a fury these ragged scarecrows come on: there is no standing against them; the two cannon which have been planted before your door are dismounted, and yonder is a battery of six guns opening on you but three hundred yards off; and here come the bullets too, sent by men who know how to aim. Ah, there is one through your body, Rall; and down you go! This is a sorry sequel to last night's jollification; but such is the fortune of war. Yet even now, many of your men could escape, if they could but forget that plunder of theirs, which was to make them all rich when they got back to Hesse-Cassel. Both your regiments are hurled hither and thither in helpless confusion; and here comes that charge again; how those New England devils do ply the bayonet! others besides Hessians can use that weapon, it seems. Knyphausen's regiment strives to hold the Assanpink bridge, but their cannon are stuck in the marsh, and Stirling is upon them like a Comanche; there is nothing for it but to surrender. The others have capitulated already. Hardly half an hour since we were all peacefully asleep, and now we are dead, wounded and prisoners, all except those who succeeded in running away; nearly a thousand of us; and all our arms and provisions, and our beloved plunder! Is it for this that we left our fatherland? And can it be true, what they are saying—that of these tattered savages that have overcome us, not one has been killed—not one?—That is what one gets for going to make war in an uncivilized country!

Here, then, was Washington and his army in Trenton, with no enemy in sight; but he must not stay there, for the fugitives would spread the alarm, and ere long he would have to face the whole British force in New Jersey. But in these houses where last night the Hessians caroused, there is still food and drink to be had; and some hours pass while the famished patriots regale themselves, and heap fuel on the hearthstones to enjoy the unfamiliar sensation of warmth,

Then, with the twelve hundred captured arms and other paraphernalia, the return across the Delaware must be accomplished; the storm still continues, and still the ice drifts down the angry stream; Stirling is disabled by exhaustion, and one man at least is frozen to death, in spite of the flush of victory. The next morning all are safe, however weary; and the consciousness of having performed a great exploit takes the place to some extent of food and lodging and sleep. On this day, though he does not know it yet, Congress has bestowed on Washington powers to raise regiments and officer them, to arrest the disaffected, and to appropriate necessaries for his army at an appraised value. They should not regret their action when they hear of Trenton. Money too is voted—a million dollars in paper on the credit of the States, and two million pounds to be borrowed, if possible, by Franklin and the other American commissioners in Paris. Meanwhile, till the bills be printed, Washington has nothing; but he pledges his own fortune; so does Stark; and Robert Morris, being appealed to, routs the staid inhabitants of Philadelphia out of bed at sunrise on New Year's morning; they must lend money: he himself has sent what he had, and by noon he has collected fifty thousand dollars, with more to come if needed. The term of enlistment of the New Englanders expired the night before; but, by a unanimous vote, they have agreed to stay six weeks longer; and heavy re-enforcements are on their way; so that on January 2d Washington, once more at Trenton, is met by five thousand troops, though three thousand of them are making their first acquaintance with camps, to say nothing of war. But there are "veterans" among them to teach them the way, and keep them steady. Where is Dunop, the colleague of Rall, deceased? Fled to Princeton, leaving not only his stores, but his sick and wounded behind; and Cadwalader has occupied Bordentown and Burlington. But Cornwallis, indefinitely postponing that trip to England, is coming up with over five thousand British and Hessians, the "flower"

of the invading army, once more, smelling of powder and thirsting for blood. His stores and magazines he leaves at Brunswick; he has reached Princeton, and is off for Trenton; but Hand and Greene are already disputing the way with him; at every step he must form and fight; it is exhausting work, for the weather has turned warm, and the roads are deep in Jersey mud. Onward, however, or all that has been gained since Fort Washington is lost, and more. But it is four in the short winter afternoon before Trenton is sighted; and there is the American army drawn up in battle array on the further side of the little Assanpink —a rivulet only, but swollen by melting snow, and not to be crossed without a battle; possibly (for generals must think of these things) there might be a battle with no crossing to follow. Shall Cornwallis attack?—Simcoe says he should; and so does Erskine, who fears Washington may vanish in the night. But the sun has set, a fog is rising, the men are tired with that long march with their nerves on the stretch; and the rebel army looks as big as their own. No: Cornwallis will put out pickets to guard against a surprise, and give his men some sleep; time enough to finish the rebels in the morning, after a rasher of bacon and a cup of coffee. So down he lies with his five thousand, and the drowsy pickets, forcing their eyelids apart, see the fires of the Americans shining in a long row along the banks of the Assanpink. All is well: no harm if they, too, nap a little.

But when dawn breaks, all does not seem so well. Where are the Americans? The ashes of their fires are there, but they have long ceased to warm the bodies of their tenders. Have they retreated across the Delaware? It is probable:—but hark! was not that the sound of cannonading?—and did it not come from the north—from Princeton? Cornwallis sees it all in a moment: Princeton is guarded but by two or three regiments who can hardly resist a surprise in force; and, Princeton won, there is nothing between the Americans and those magazines at

Brunswick, to lose which is to lose all. Northward therefore on the double quick, and the coffee and bacon must wait a while.

Yes, there is no time to lose. It is already seven or eight hours since Washington set out on the unguarded southern road, past Cornwallis's left flank, after having sent his baggage to Burlington. It was a good night for a march, for the temperature had fallen, and those miry ways which had made Cornwallis's men leaden-footed were now ringing hard, and offered no hinderance to the heavy wheels of the artillery. At sunrise they were on Princeton's outskirts, to find two British regiments already on their march to join Cornwallis at Trenton; there was a mile between the two, and Stony Brook separated them. Mawhood, commanding the leading regiment, was suddenly aware of a force of Americans in his rear, and hastened back to effect a junction with the other; in a short action, the Americans under Mercer gave way before a bayonet charge, and Mercer was stabbed to death. But the British knew not what might be in store for them, and in their hesitation, up rode Washington with his raw Pennsylvanians, dividing the enemy into two parties. But Mawhood formed his veterans to charge; and those young farmers, who had never till now seen a gun fired in anger, and who had been up and marching all night, began to glance this way and that, as if thinking the matter had gone far enough, or even too far. But Washington was behind them; and when he saw that faltering glance, he knew what ailed them; and out he rode in front, and on, till but thirty yards parted him from the ranks of the enemy, who at the same moment leveled their muskets to fire. So, too, did the now heartened Pennsylvanians; and the two volleys crashed simultaneously, with Washington in the middle, erect on his horse, just where every bullet from both sides must, as it seemed, be bound to pass. They passed, how close we know not, but through the smoke he could be seen, sitting untouched; and from behind up came

Hitchcock's men, while Hand and his sharpshooters were making themselves felt on the left of the British position. The latter were fain to break and run, and over the fences they went like deer, dropping every now and then to a shot from their pursuers. At the same time, Stark and others were crumpling up the British Fifty-fifth; and altogether, after twenty minutes, between four and five hundred redcoats were killed, wounded or prisoners, and the remainder were dotted over the country in a race for Brunswick. Should they be pursued? Undoubtedly, a board of war sitting two hundred miles away would have said, Yes; but Washington's men had been marching and fighting with little to eat, and, as usual, with less to wear, for two days and a night; and even their endurance had its limits. To chase those Britishers eighteen miles, with Cornwallis storming in their rear, was asking too much; and Washington, pausing only to overthrow a bridge, turned to the hills and camped his men among the woods near Somerset Court House. But the whole country was now up, and on all sides the British were getting the worst of it. At Springfield, at Hackensack, at Newark and at Elizabethtown they were shot down, driven and captured; Washington made his new headquarters at Morristown; there was a large encampment at Spring Valley, and the lines were extended to Amboy, which, with Brunswick and Paulus Hook, were the only posts still held by the enemy. All the people, all the army, and even the British, praised Washington; there was but one body of men who belittled and criticised him, and that was the American Congress, led by John Adams. "I have been distressed," declared this incorrigible gentleman, "to see some of our members disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have molten. I speak of the superstitious veneration paid to General Washington. I honor him for his good qualities; but, in this house, I shall always feel myself his superior." So Congress voted that Washington should immediately "totally subdue the enemy before they

could be re-enforced"—with three thousand men! Yet this was the Congress that had declared Independence.

But it had already become evident that this war was to be fought, not by Congress, but by Washington and the people; and the ceremony of investing General Howe with the order of the Bath, which took place in New York on the 18th of January, 1777, passed off without disturbing the equanimity of the country. The modern Alexander, at the end of his campaign, held New York City, Brunswick, Fort Niagara and Rhode Island; everything else was in possession of the persons whom he was supposed to have defeated. And they were every day growing stronger, more confident, and better equipped. Thirty-five thousand of the "flower" of European warriors was not sufficient to reduce a continent; and Sir William asked for more. But Lord Germain, who had already begun to apprehend that a time might come when he would be blamed for these proceedings, was preparing to shift the odium on the Howes. The desired re-enforcements were not forthcoming; and his lordship intimated that there were quite enough soldiers in the country for the successful conduct of any operations that could be called for. We see, therefore, that Congress was not the only governing body which could pick flaws in a commander who was hampered by its own stupidity and slackness.

While England was trying to help herself out for the next campaign by buying unwilling recruits from the German principalities, and meeting with very poor success, the American commissioners in Paris, who had arrived there in December, were making overtures for French support. Louis XVI. had prejudices and hatreds, but no strength of will; the former were arrayed against the cause of the Americans, but the latter was overborne by his minister, Vergennes, and by the singular enthusiasm which the war aroused among many of his subjects. But much of the success of the mission must be ascribed to the personal influence of Franklin, who was received in Paris with an

affection and glorification which would have turned the head of any one else. There is a great deal of contemporary testimony regarding his experiences; artists painted his portrait, his sayings were remembered and repeated, he was crowned by the ladies, and one of them, presumably the fairest, kissed his cheek. The fact that he wore, at great receptions, an old suit of clothes which had already done service in England, was noted with rapture by the most fastidiously attired nation in the world; and we are not to be deterred from our pleasure in the episode by the suggestion that he would have worn a better one, had it been sent him in season by the tailor. The old man of the world caught the hint quickly enough, and submitted, within reason, to conform to the part which the imagination of his hosts assigned him. His object was exclusively the welfare of his country, and whatever he did or said was shaped with that end in view. He would admit no suggestion that the struggle with England could issue otherwise than in the victory of America; not twenty campaigns, he affirmed, could exhaust her resources or daunt her determination. Then he painted in glowing colors the enormous prosperity which the States were certain to attain, as soon as they should be enabled to enjoy free and full development; and the consequent value which their commerce must possess for that nation which should be accorded special privileges. The desire of the States to enter into the most friendly relations with France was expressed, and though America must for the present be in the attitude of a recipient of friendly offices, yet when her time of trial was over, France should have no reason to regret having extended them. The need now was for arms and money; and Franklin and Arthur Lee submitted a specified request for battle ships, cannon and muskets. Vergennes gave cordial attention to all this, and then went to see what could be done with the king.

Outside of the sentimental interest which an influential

part of France felt in the Revolution, caused by the philosophic speculation as to the rights of man which Voltaire and others had stimulated, and by admiration for the character of Franklin, there was the political and practical craving to be quits with England for injuries sustained in the past. Never, probably, would so good an opportunity again be offered to humiliate her great rival; and though it was true that France had large possessions in America, yet these could never be developed should England succeed in overcoming the resistance of her colonies; whereas if the colonies, by France's help, threw off the English yoke, they might reasonably be trusted to fulfill their promises of friendly consideration. But against these strong arguments for an alliance were to be set two things: first, the personal desire of the king for peace, and his dislike of the principle of free institutions; and secondly, the comparative weakness of France for active and open war with England. She was heavily in debt, and prudence demanded that she should incur no expenses and exertions that could be postponed or avoided. When motives conflict, a compromise results; and France (always trying to associate Spain with her) answered America's proposals in the following phrases:—"The commercial facilities afforded in the ports of France and Spain, and the tacit diversion of the two powers whose expensive armaments oblige England to divide her efforts, manifest the interest of the two crowns in the success of the Americans. The king will not incommode them in deriving resources from the commerce of his kingdom, confident that they will conform to the rules prescribed by the precise and rigorous meaning of existing treaties, of which the two monarchs are exact observers. Unable to enter into the details of their supplies, he will mark to them his benevolence and good will by destining to them secret succors, which will extend their credit and their purchases."

It is worth while to refresh our memory as to just how far France was willing to go for us, and just what her rea-

sons were for going as far as she did. She wished to use us as a means of injuring England; but she desired to do this in such a way as to disable England from convicting her of any technical act of hostility. She would supply America with the means of fighting their common adversary; but in such a way that America alone should bear the brunt of England's attack. What further steps France might take would be determined by the issue of the contest; the more America gained on England, the more undisguised would be France's assistance; until, when England should obviously be on her last legs, a thorough-going offensive and defensive alliance might be granted. But if England gained the upper hand, then France would cease her secret succors, and deny that she had ever given any. It was an entirely selfish and cold-blooded policy; and yet it was as near an approach to friendship as one nation is apt to manifest for another; and accompanied as it was with the Americomania which had become the fad with fashionable Paris at that moment, and with the enlistment in the American army of persons of quality like Lafayette and De Kalb (who were actuated by genuine and generous enthusiasm for the cause), we can understand how, in the historical perspective, it appears as if France and America had been very sweetly disposed toward each other. And because impressions of this kind, however ill-founded, tend to make themselves realities, it follows that France and America have uniformly been friendly. But it is all based on the slenderest possible grounds; and the feeling created by the Maximilian episode in Mexico, and later, by the expressions of sympathy for Germany in the Franco-German war, show how readily it may be destroyed. There is nothing really in common between us and France, any more than there is between us and Russia—or Spain.

The negotiations with Spain were carried on with the new minister, Florida Blanca, Grimaldi having been dismissed. He was a cold, intellectual, double-dealing Spaniard, of low origin. He hated the Americans, and he hated

England; it would have given him pleasure could he have destroyed them both, and perhaps France into the bargain. But he was hampered by the bankruptcy and physical impotence of his country, making peace imperative. Of the three nations concerned in this affair, Spain feared England most, and saw the advantage of a friendly understanding with France. If England could be brought down, then it would be possible to act more effectively against America; and if Spain could become predominant in the western continent, she could make her own terms with France. Meanwhile, Spain advanced sums of money to the States, carefully concealing the transaction by making France her almoner; she admitted American ships and privateers to enter her ports, but when England remonstrated, assured her that it had been done inadvertently. To France, Florida Blanca proposed that they should let America and England fight each other to a standstill, and then, like the fox in the fable, make off with the plunder for which the lion and the bear had been contending. In short, his policy was characteristically Spanish—the policy of treachery, falsehood and dishonor. It was declined by Vergennes, who named the early months of 1778 as the period when open war with England would have to be either finally accepted or rejected. Franklin allowed the two high contracting powers to perplex themselves as much as they pleased in the mazes of "enlightened selfishness"; indifferent so long as he secured for his country some strengthening of the sinews of war. He was a remarkably clear-sighted and far-sighted man, and perhaps he believed that the time would come when little America would grow so large that she could dictate the policy of the rest of the world.

About three thousand German mercenaries were sent to the States in 1777; but so many of the original supply had been killed or had died of a putrid fever which seized upon them, that the actual number in the country was not substantially increased. The English ministry had great hopes

of its Indian allies, who were to keep open the line between Canada and Albany, and ply their murderous industry all along the borders of the colonies. Privateering by Englishmen was authorized, and at the same time, American privateers were condemned as pirates, and their crews, when captured, were to be treated accordingly. The plan of campaign decided on by Germain, in disregard of the advice and wishes of the Howes, was to make an invasion by way of Canada; ten thousand men were to be put under the command of Carleton and Burgoyne, and make a triumphal progress down to Albany. A triumphal progress through the wilderness of northern New York and New England would be a remarkable phenomenon, even without the incalculable factor of an aroused population hanging upon its advance like a swarm of hornets upon the rash disturbers of their nest. The Howes were offended, and informed Germain that Burgoyne would have no assistance from them; and they gave up the attempt to reach Philadelphia through New Jersey, with what they deemed their inadequate force, and transferred the seat of their operations to the Chesapeake.

But it is upon Burgoyne that our attention must now be concentrated. His career was brief, but it was occasionally brilliant and uniformly interesting.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

SARATOGA, VALLEY FORGE, AND MONMOUTH

BURGOYNE'S campaign was a helter-skelter sort of adventure, though the conception of it was better than the execution. Handsome Jack Burgoyne was at this time about fifty-three years old; though there seems to be a certain coquettishness as to the precise year of his birth, which he perhaps encouraged as time went on; for a handsome man is not always willing to be known to be older than he can contrive to appear. He had written plays, and had listened in the wings to the delicious sound of popular applause, and to more specific homage afterward in the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms of his fashionable friends: to whom, perhaps, he would reply, self-deprecatingly, that being but a rude soldier, he must be dealt leniently with in these attempts at the arts of peace. When his summer campaign of 1777 was a thing of the past, it might occur to him that the voice of criticism should be merciful to him on the ground that he was but a simple playwright, making his first essay in war. A man of two trades cannot do better than make one the excuse for inefficiency in the other.

If one must make war in the woods, doubtless summer is a better season than winter, especially when the woods are those of Canada and northern New York. One does not freeze to death, or just escape doing so (which is more painful); but on the other hand one has heat and mosquitoes. Still to a man of Burgoyne's poetic and romantic nature,

the great forests were no doubt magnificent enough to compensate even for the mosquitoes; besides, he was supported by the notion that he was a great man, and was soon, at small expense, to be greater. Before he arrived in Quebec, on the 6th of May, Carleton had innocently supposed that it was he who was to lead the triumphal march; but Burgoyne's dispatches from Lord Germain dissipated that dream. Carleton was censured for his slackness in the former campaign, which had not been bloody enough to suit the sanguinary coward in London; and then he had marched back to Canada leaving Ticonderoga undestroyed. Consequently, it was to Burgoyne that the leadership was intrusted; Carleton was to remain inglorious in Quebec, and confine his activity to sending supplies and re-enforcements to his more fortunate colleague as they might be required. It was a sharp mortification and of course undeserved; but Carleton took it like a man, and obeyed orders like a soldier. He cannot, however, be relieved from the odium of having advised the imbecile strategy which left Howe unsupported, and attempted to bring down ten thousand men to effect a junction with him through hundreds of miles of wild and hostile country. The consequence of such a division of forces was soon to be seen. But Carleton underrated the ability and courage of the Americans, even in the kind of fighting which was best suited to their training and methods. Burgoyne should have known better, for he had seen Bunker Hill; but Burgoyne believed in his genius, or perhaps in his star. Howe might fail where he would succeed.

The plan was to march down the old St. John's route to Ticonderoga, capture that blood-stained stronghold, and continue to Albany, and so down the Hudson to New York and Howe; a diversion being created by a simultaneous expedition by way of Ontario, making a junction with the main force in northern New York. A feature in the scheme which was relied upon to insure its success was the engagement of the Indian tribes of the locality to spread terror and

death along the margins of the march. This was insisted on by King George and Germain, who wished no restraint to be put upon the natural impulses of the red men. They agreed with the savages that war upon women and children was legitimate; "His majesty," Germain again and again repeated, "wishes to take advantage of every means which Providence places in his hands." God, according to these gentlemen, approved of scalping mothers, and dashing out the brains of their babies. Neither Burgoyne nor Carleton was so advanced as this; and the former, in his address to the Indians, enjoined upon them not to scalp their enemies unless they were dead. The Indians promised, reflecting that there need be no trouble about the killing. As a matter of fact, however, when they got to work, with no red-coated officer to look after them, they went on in the old familiar way; and it must be added that when Burgoyne began to find himself in danger from the despised husbandmen, he was no longer in the least particular about asking whether the scalps brought in were living or dead ones. These children of nature, he perceived, were better left to their own devices. When pretty Jane Maccrae, imagining herself safe under the escort of two Indians, was on her way to join her betrothed lover at Fort Edward, the escort quarreled about her, and as the easiest way of settling it, drove an ax into her skull. The deed, committed under such circumstances, sent a thrill of horror through the country; but Burgoyne, when the murderers were brought before him, thought they would best be pardoned. But Jane's innocent blood did not go entirely unavenged.

He had under him, altogether, about seventy-five hundred men, and several good subordinates, of whom the ambitious Fraser was probably the best. There were also the Germans Riedesel and Breymann (who was killed at Saratoga). St. Leger commanded the flank expedition by Ontario. But many of the subordinate officers were little more than children—boys of sixteen and seventeen, who, dying bravely,

sent home word to their mothers or uncles that they had perished like soldiers. Probably Burgoyne had taken them along in the triumphal march with the kindly purpose of giving them an opportunity to share a great deal of glory and very little danger.

What had the Americans to oppose against this gallant expedition? Their defense began with a bitter quarrel between Schuyler and Gates for the leadership. Schuyler was of good birth and connections, and in his opinion these were sufficient recommendations for a general; an impression which has been held by other well-born but incompetent persons before and since. But Schuyler was not merely incompetent; a great many American officers were that, at the beginning of the war. He was also a coward, always finding some excuse to skulk in the rear when there was fighting going on; or, if no excuse could be found, skulking without one. Gates knew something of war, but even he was under a shadow as to personal gallantry; he was nowhere on the field during the battles at Saratoga. Both of them showed that they cared more for precedence than they did for the cause, and were willing to sacrifice the latter to the former. They sent and brought complaints of each other to Congress, as ill-conditioned school boys tell tales on one another to the master. Congress finally ended the dispute by giving Gates the command. Gates sent to Washington for tents; Washington had none to give him; upon which the Englishman indulged in gibes and innuendoes at his expense. He delayed for weeks at Albany, waiting for impossible supplies, and declaring he would not budge until he "saw them before him." However, before Burgoyne had reached Lake George, Ticonderoga had been filled with provisions and materials for an indefinite siege, and Gates declared it to be invincible. St. Clair, his second in command, was of the same opinion. According to them, Burgoyne had not the ghost of a chance; he would march back to Canada much quicker than he had come hither. Mean-

while, the fortifications along the Lake were entirely neglected, and Mount Defiance, regarded as the key of the region, was not even occupied. Burgoyne himself could hardly have taken measures better calculated to insure his success than were adopted by the American leaders. He was as boastful of the morrow as his antagonists, but with more reason. "This army must not retreat" was his ultimatum to his men. In the sequel, it did not retreat very far; but that was not Burgoyne's fault; it was surrounded, and it surrendered. Burgoyne would have been retreating to the present day, if he could have got out of the net drawn round him, and had lived long enough.

Upon the whole, it may be said that this campaign was lost by the commanders on both sides, and was won for the Americans, in spite of their commanders, by the yeomen of New England and New York. These hard-fisted fellows, in their shirt-sleeves, with their unbayoneted fowling-pieces, conceived and carried out the actions which defeated the invaders in detail; Gates accomplished nothing that he deliberately undertook, but fled, like the horizon, from one position to another in the rear before Burgoyne's advance; and had he been left to himself, he would have been driven down the Hudson until he found himself impaled upon the bayonets of Clinton, who was amusing himself with Putnam in middle New York. But the country folk, led by captains of their own like Stark, men who meant business, wanted to fight, and were afraid of nothing, inflicted losses on the British which were in the aggregate large, which spoiled their bloom of self-confidence, and which were irreparable, since there could be no re-enforcements until the triumphal march had reached its goal. St. Leger, marching on a converging line from the westward, met with fortune quite as bad; and the Indians, disgusted and alarmed at the unexpected vulnerability of the soldiers of the Great Father in England, slunk away to their villages, after robbing and occasionally tomahawking the officers whom they had sworn

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES QUELLING THE MOB
AT WHITE HAVEN, SCOTLAND, NOV., 1777

to follow. Most of their own principal chiefs were slain; and it would evidently be difficult to rely upon them in future as allies, even if, after this experience of them, the British should feel inclined to make overtures to that end. It was a great grief to the king and Germain.

Starting on the 15th of June, Burgoyne was at Ticonderoga by the 1st of July, having met with no opposition worth mentioning. On one day, St. Clair was promising his total defeat; on the next, he had abandoned Ticonderoga, with all its painfully accumulated stores and armament, and was in full retreat. Why? He and Gates had had all spring and half the summer to prepare; and they had prepared, to their own satisfaction; and yet, the moment the enemy appeared, they found themselves wholly defenseless. It was comic, like an opera bouffe. Schuyler, unluckily for himself, had not at this time been put under an extinguisher by Congress, and therefore received, very deservedly, the larger part of the disgrace. "Burgoyne's force"—this was the burden of his wail—"keeps getting larger every day." And the topography of the country did not, so far as he could discover, afford any means of defense against this ever growing horde of ogreish invaders. "You will probably hear of us falling back still further." The best that could be said of this mode of conducting war was, that it did not involve any serious loss of life. It was like playing checkers with the white on the white squares and the black on the black. There is much movement, but no casualty. Alexander Hamilton, who was at this time on Washington's staff, was perplexed by the Ticonderoga affair, for "if the post was untenable, it ought long ago to have been given up; instead of that, we have kept a large quantity of cannon in it, and have been heaping up very valuable magazines of stores and provisions, that, in the critical moment of defense, are abandoned and lost." Inasmuch as Schuyler had been boasting of his industry in making this accumulation, which turned out to be for the benefit of the enemy, Congress de-

cided that he was too expensive to retain in his position, and Gates's opportunity came, as has been told. As for Burgoyne, his friends in England, reading his plays and hearing of his victories, knew not whether he were more a new Shakespeare or a new Hannibal.

Early in the morning of July 7th, Fraser, pursuing the rear guard of the retreating Americans under Warner and Francis, overtook them near Hubbardton, when Warner, to Fraser's surprise, and contrary to precedent, turned and attacked him as if he had been looking for him; and was defeating him, when Riedesel came opportunely up and rescued him. Francis was killed, leading a charge; otherwise the losses were about equal, and the British could not continue the pursuit; and another British regiment was similarly turned back by the garrison of Fort Ann the next day. Burgoyne sent to Carleton for men to hold Ticonderoga, which Carleton, acting under instructions from England, refused; nor were provisions prompt in arriving or ample in quantity. In one way and another, Burgoyne, by the time he reached Fort Edward, early in August, was less formidable as to numbers than when he set out. Washington, urgently importuned by the incompetent Schuyler, sent reenforcements, including the Morgan riflemen, whom he could ill spare, and General Lincoln, who was perhaps less indispensable. Benedict Arnold was also sent north, for he at least was reckless, and might compensate for the signal industry in getting backward of the others; and an urgent appeal was made to the New Englanders to come out and help. Such appeals were never made in vain.

But at about the time Burgoyne was at Fort Edward, an affair occurred at Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present town of Rome, which proved that there were still men in New York who could fight. St. Leger was approaching Stanwix, with George Brandt, the Mohawk chief, a body of tories, rangers, and others. The fort was built of logs on high ground, and was garrisoned by two New York regi-

ments under Gansevoort and Willet. It was not, however, provisioned for a siege; and Herkimer, a native of the Mohawk Valley, raised a company, chiefly of settlers of German extraction, also natives of the wilderness, and marched to relieve it. They fell into an ambuscade, and were attacked in front by white troops, and on either flank by Brandt's Indians. The fight that ensued was Homeric; the adversaries were struggling hand to hand, and the physical strength of the Americans was pitted against the Indians'. More were slain by knives and hatchets than by bullets. Four hundred Americans collected on a wooded knoll, and defended themselves until the Indians, having lost many of their best chiefs, fled; but not before Herkimer had been wounded to death. Before the fight was over, Willet, with a few men from the fort, made a sally and swept the entire British force before them, capturing all their camp equipage and their flags. Returning to the fort, they made an American banner out of strips of white shirts and red coats sewed together, with a square of cloth cut from a blue cloak for the field of the stars. The captured flags were run up beneath this ensign—the first occasion during the war when the enemy's colors had been displayed beneath the Stars and Stripes. Benedict Arnold was now sent to the garrison's relief; Indians brought St. Leger exaggerated accounts of the American's numbers, and St. Leger abandoned his camp and fled. It was a complicated, but complete victory, and was in no respect due to any of the American generals who had been marching backward before Burgoyne. It was a private, unpremeditated bit of enterprise of the people's own.

In reply to the summons to arms, Stark of New Hampshire, the veteran hero, who had been slighted by Congress in the late appointments of generals as being too "self-willed," and had thereupon retired to his farm, forgot all private grievances in ardor for the cause. At his instance, the New Hampshire husbandmen met him at Charlestown, on the

upper Connecticut; and disregarding Schuyler's craven order to join him in his retreat, marched toward the camp of Baum, of Burgoyne's Brunswickers, who had been sent to capture stores supposed to exist at Bennington, and who was then some four miles from that town, with about seven hundred men. On the 15th of August, Stark received re-enforcements from Manchester, and from Berkshire County in Massachusetts. All these were the New England men of whom Howe had remarked that they were "more persistent" than any others he had met with in America.

There is something pathetic in the fact that while Stark was getting his men in positions for the attack, poor Baum, seeing men in shirt-sleeves running behind his camp, supposed them to be loyal, panic-stricken country-folk seeking his protection. Before the sun was an hour high, five hundred of these countrymen were in place, and at the signal, early in the afternoon, a simultaneous attack was delivered from all sides. Stark's men did not wait to be mowed down by cannon-shot, but ran right up to the guns and shot down the cannoneers. The next thing Baum knew, the shirt-sleeves were over his ramparts, and Baum was killed in a charge, and his troops surrendered. At that moment up came the regiments under Breymann, who had marched over twenty miles in easy stages; but Warner brought up his reserve of one hundred and fifty men; Stark turned the captured cannon against the foe, and the new battle raged for an hour or two longer, when Breymann broke and ran, leaving everything behind him. They were pursued till nightfall. In this brilliant battle seventy Americans were killed and wounded; the total loss of the enemy, including prisoners, was more than ten times as large. Had Schuyler had his way, it would never have been fought. It was an irreparable misfortune for Burgoyne, and it completed the disaffection of his Indian allies.

By the 19th of August, Gates, in supreme command a few miles above Albany, had an army which outnumbered

Burgoyne's. Morgan's sharpshooters, Arnold's battalions, returned from the relief of Fort Stanwix, and other accessions, brought him up to nine thousand effectives; he had artillery and muskets from France, supplies from New York, and was altogether in better plight than any American army had yet been. If he did not defeat himself, it was not likely than Burgoyne could defeat him. He consumed twenty days in preparations; but when he could think of nothing else to do, he moved forward to Behmus Heights, just beyond Stillwater, with his right wing on the Hudson. Burgoyne crossed the Hudson with six thousand men and went into camp six miles north of Gates's position. Hereupon General Lincoln ordered Colonel Brown to operate in his rear; and that officer, with five hundred light troops, swooped down upon the outposts of Ticonderoga, freed a hundred American prisoners, captured three hundred men, with arms and cannon, destroyed an armed sloop and gunboats, and two hundred smaller boats, all with a loss of but nine men. It was now Burgoyne's turn; if he could fight and conquer, the time to prove it had come.

But before we can behold his fate, chronological sequence demands that we inquire what Howe and Washington were doing before Philadelphia. Washington had about eight thousand men, Howe seventeen thousand; in spite of John Adams's assertion that he outnumbered Howe by "several thousand." We seem to be reading the history of much later times when we are told that "political and personal considerations controlled the nomination of officers, and Congress had not vigor enough to drop the incapables." Until they learned that Lafayette wished to serve without pension or allowance, they refused to receive him; but then immediately raised him to the rank of major-general. Meanwhile Adams was protesting that "were I in Washington's shoes, I should put more to risk; I am sick of Fabian systems; my toast is, a short war and a violent one!" There was no braver, more patriotic, or, in his own sphere, wiser man in

America than John Adams; but it is fortunate for the country that his sphere was not in the field. Short and violent his campaign would no doubt have been; but where Adams would have been, at the end of it, and what would have become of the American army, are questions which unveil unpleasant vistas of conjecture.

Howe had embarked his army at New York in the first week in July, but his fleet of three hundred ships spent more than a month in reaching Elk River, about fifty miles below Philadelphia. Sullivan, who had lost a couple of hundred men in an ill-judged expedition against Staten Island, joined Washington at Wilmington. Howe moved like a tortoise, but always forward. With his main force at Milltown, he sent forward a party to make a feint against the Americans resting back of Red Clay Creek; his design was to turn their right flank the next morning. But Washington, instead of waiting to be surprised, shifted his position during the night to a stronger one north of the Brandywine, on the high ground above Chadd's Ford. Cannon protected the ford; the American left was shielded by a thick wood clothing the high banks above the rocky rapids of the stream; Sullivan was ordered to guard the right flank, which was also thickly wooded; under him were the divisions of Stirling and Stephen. Armstrong and the Pennsylvanians were on the left. It was a strong arrangement, and should have been successful. Washington, knowing that the center of the enemy was his weakest point, being hampered with the baggage of the entire army, resolved to strike him there. Sullivan was directed to cross the Brandywine at an upper ford, to detain Howe and Cornwallis and menace Knyphausen's left flank. Just as the attack was about to be made in front by Greene, word came from Sullivan that he thought there must be some mistake about the directions given him, and that he had consequently not carried them out. His blunder was fatal. The delay gave Cornwallis time to cross the stream and threaten the American right flank.

"March to check his advance," was the order to Sullivan. At this time, the troops commanded by Stirling and Stephen were posted on a hill on the right; Sullivan, who acted as if dazed, instead of marching beyond them toward Cornwallis, led his men toward the American center, leaving them wholly exposed. Being informed of his error, he marched back, but while his line was in disorder, Cornwallis attacked it and put it to flight. Stirling and Stephen resisted until the bayonets of the British and Hessians dislodged them; Lafayette was wounded at this point. The whole American right was thrown back upon the center, and the rear was in danger. Washington and Greene, giving up the movement against the British center, went to Sullivan's support, and rallied them; but they were still forced back until they made a stand on ground selected by Washington, which they were able to hold till nightfall. The American left, under Wayne, held out till sunset, when their rear was threatened, and they fell back in good order. Knyphausen, meantime, had been able to cross the ford with but little opposition; and the defeat of the Americans was complete. Maxwell, guarding the retreat, nearly destroyed two British battalions from an ambush, as the latter were pressing forward too carelessly after dark. Howe's men were too tired to pursue the Americans effectively, and Washington reached Germantown, obtained re-enforcements, and returned to confront Howe, who was still on the Brandywine, once more. The losses of his army had been between nine hundred and a thousand; that of Howe, nearly six hundred. The battle was fought on the 11th of September; on the 18th, Congress left Philadelphia for Lancaster. "Heaven grant us one great soul!" exclaimed Adams: "one leading mind!" Washington's incompetence was established, in his mind. "He might have cut to pieces Howe's army in attempting to cross any of the fords." The renewal of the battle was prevented by a heavy rain, which destroyed the American ammunition; a few days after, Wayne, watching the British while the main American

army was in retreat, was surprised and lost three hundred men. Howe feinted toward Reading, and entered Philadelphia on September 26th, establishing there his winter quarters. But the battle and retreat, though it was a technical disaster, served the purpose of delaying Howe from re-enforcing Burgoyne until it was too late. As we shall now see, the surrrender of the latter took place on the 17th of October.

Burgoyne might not have risked a battle, had he not believed that Clinton was close in the Americans' rear. The position of the Americans was strong, and had been fortified by the aid of Kosciusko, who was a volunteer in the army, and had some knowledge of engineering. The line of breastworks curved from the Hudson on the right to the hills on the left. On the 19th the British attack began; Burgoyne was in the center, Fraser on the right, and Phillips and Riedesel (who had brought with him his wife and children to participate in the pleasures of the triumphal march) on the left. It was Gates's plan to sit still and be attacked; but Arnold, thirsting for distinction, besought him to do something; and he finally sent forward Dearborn and Morgan; the latter was the first to engage the enemy, but without decided result; an interval of an hour or two occurred; for Gates had made no offensive plans, and seems to have contemplated retreat. But his men had no such intention. They resisted the efforts of Phillips, with his artillery, to drive them from the wooded hills, and directed an attack against Fraser on the British right, in the hope of getting to the rear of Burgoyne's army. Toward sunset, Learned's brigade and a Massachusetts regiment nearly accomplished this maneuver, but were checked by Riedesel. At dusk, the Americans withdrew to their lines; the men had fought all day under none but subordinate officers, Gates not venturing out; had they been adequately handled they could easily have crumpled up Burgoyne. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that Burgoyne showed himself utterly empty of strategy, and

followed up none of his opportunities. "I wish you were our general!" said General Phillips to Madame Riedesel, as she served him with coffee after the fight. In this day's action, the Americans lost about three hundred, the British more than twice as many; but worse was to come. During that night they lay on their arms; in the morning their dead were hurriedly buried, and had Arnold's advice been followed, a sharp attack might have finished the campaign; but Gates wanted more troops and ammunition, and the two men had a violent quarrel. All the 20th, nothing was done; and meantime Clinton was outmaneuvering Putnam on the lower Hudson, and the latter was sending word to Gates that he "must prepare for the worst." But on September 22d Lincoln arrived with two thousand men. At a council of war in the British camp, Burgoyne wished to turn the American left; this was shown to be impossible, and Riedesel gave his voice for a retreat on Fort Edward. Burgoyne could not make up his mind to that, but knew not what else to propose; finally, on the 7th of October, after a worse than useless delay of over a fortnight, he decided on a "grand reconnaissance." It was made in the forenoon by fifteen hundred picked men under Fraser, Breymann and Riedesel. Burgoyne himself accompanied them, taking the place of Breymann, who remained on the right. They advanced to within half a mile of the Americans, and then took up their position in a field, with a forest on their left and a wooded hill on their right, where Fraser was in command.

Gates, with his eleven thousand men, mustered courage to attack this detachment, and at Morgan's instance descended upon both its flanks. Poor and Ten Broeck marched against Ackland's grenadiers on the left; Morgan took a sweep round the other wing; upon which Burgoyne, to avoid being surrounded, ordered Fraser to make a line in the rear; but he was shot and mortally wounded at the critical moment; and at the same time Ackland was hit and his grenadiers fled. The center, composed of the

Brunswickers, finding both their flanks exposed, retreated in disorder. The artillery was captured; the second line of defense could not hold its ground. Arnold, who had ridden on the field without orders and without a command (though he was the ranking officer on the field) raged hither and thither like a man in the frenzy of intoxication; he led attacks which had no object, and secured no result; yet his headlong daring stimulated the men to do their utmost. Breymann, on the British right, was now attacked by Learned and Brooks, with some Massachusetts men; and here came likewise the wild figure of Arnold; but his career was stayed by a severe wound. Breymann was killed; his men fled or surrendered; and with the capture of this point, Burgoyne's defeat was assured just as night fell. Again, on this day, Gates had remained in his tent, and so had Lincoln. It was the soldiers and their immediate officers who fought and won. Burgoyne, who never betrayed any lack of personal courage, delayed his retreat in order to bury Fraser, who died cursing ambition, and begging Madame Riedesel's pardon for "incommoding" her. On the night of October 8th, leaving their sick and wounded behind them, the British retreated through rain and mud to within two miles of Saratoga. The road to Fort Edward was held by Stark with two thousand men. Burgoyne's posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, with boats and provisions, were captured on the 11th; on the 12th he was completely invested; and on the 13th his counsel of war unanimously voted to surrender. Owing to Gates's fear of Clinton, the dramatic general was able to secure better terms than he should have had; but about five thousand eight hundred men and officers capitulated, including, it is curious to note, six members of Parliament, witnesses of the triumphal march. But eighteen hundred men had previously been captured, three hundred had deserted, and hundreds more had been killed; so that the British loss in the cause of handsome Jack Burgoyne's ambition was in all ten thousand men.

Just before the news of this disaster reached England, the king had announced his determination to continue the war at whatever cost till America was at his feet. Lord Chatham declared that, were he an American, he would never lay down his arms, and advised peace with them and war with France; and the Rockingham party so far concurred as to protest against "an unjust and cruel civil war." It was on December 2d that North received the report from Burgoyne. It destroyed his appetite and kept him awake; he could see no way to repair the loss of the army; but unless a decided course were at once taken, either for war or peace, there was danger of French intervention. On all sides were heard arguments for peace, granting independence; not only the opposition, but the ministerial party were of this complexion, and North himself saw no other way out of his predicament. According to Lord Amherst, not less than forty thousand men would now be needed to prosecute the war. The feeling throughout the country was almost unanimous; and there was only one man in England who set himself resolutely on the other side: a half crazy man of thirty-nine years, who sat on the throne of Great Britain. He forced North to adjourn Parliament for six or seven weeks, leaving the question unsettled; and during those weeks he reduced his unhappy minister to subjection. There was not, he declared, any man so mad or so bold as to dare to propose to treat with America on the basis of her independence. He appealed now to North's personal affection, now to his sense of honor; and North, to his lifelong remorse, once more gave up his convictions and his conscience to the domination of the stronger will. He had not even the manhood to resign, but continued to occupy the position which he had disgraced, and which made him miserable. But the king was content; for though he might degrade England and delay civilization, he had at all events had his own way. Nothing else befitted a king.

The American cause was never hopeless; but at times it

might well have seemed so to those who judged by what they saw, instead of by what was unseen. The population was by this time large enough to give simultaneous expression to different sentiments and to pursue different lines of action; so that the observer would be led to form one judgment in one place, and another in another. During the autumn and winter of 1777, however, a spirit of evil seemed to have possessed many parts of the population at once, and even to have found temporary lodgment in men who were normally free from blame. In all the States there were numbers of tories, who adhered to the cause of King George not from political conviction, or from a principle of loyalty, but merely because they deemed their material interests to be consulted by so doing. They thought the English would finally subdue the country, and pictured to themselves the advantages they would enjoy as the reward of "faithfulness." But this attitude of theirs tended to transform them from honest men into criminals. For, dwelling as they must do amid a people the majority of whom were patriots, who were devoting their lives and fortunes, and sacrificing their comforts, for a cause which they preferred to all else that the world could afford them: they must needs find themselves in a position of intense antagonism, and exposed to the scorn of the community. They would naturally requite scorn with hatred; and would be prompted to retaliate for the slights put upon them by giving secret aid to the enemy; by acting as spies; by betraying their fellow citizens to robbery or death. It is a familiar truth that no animosities can compare for virulence with those between former associates. The tories, doing evil by stealth, insensibly acquired the spirit of secret assassins; and one wickedness would lead to another. Their hearts turned to gall; they exulted in the misery of those who had once been their friends; they plotted mischief and treachery. This mental attitude is far more corroding and depraving than the spirit of open war, which is consistent with entire cordiality toward the foe as individ-

uals. It was degrading, also, because it involved currying favor with the British, and heaping unnatural abuse upon the country which gave them birth. They became ever more inflamed; until the hideous butchery of Wyoming and similar massacres and outrages in many parts of the country, which have aroused the horror of the world, were perpetrated at the instigation not of the British, nor even of the Indians, but of the tories; and the greatest of the barbarities committed were their work. When the British retired from any section of the country which they had occupied, the lot of the tories was to the last degree wretched; for they had no home; that in which they were born they had forfeited, and the English had none to offer them; they had always despised them, though they had used them; and now they turned their backs on them. But not all of these unhappy men were unworthy; many were honorable in their own eyes, and sincerely convinced that their patriotic fellow-countrymen were traitors, deserving of punishment. The whole subject of Toryism in America is one of unrelieved gloom or sinister iniquity.

But there were other kinds of mischief afoot in these times. It might often appear surprising that the American army should have been the victim of so much suffering, knowing as we do that the country was not poor, but had enjoyed the comforts and many of the luxuries of life at the time the war broke out. How happened it, then, that our soldiers went shoeless and ill-clad; that they lacked blankets, tents, and the commonest necessaries of a campaign? A soldier does not expect to fare as sumptuously on the march as he does at home; but there is a wide margin between severe simplicity, and nakedness and starvation. The same men who in 1777 walked barefoot through ice and snow, slept on the bare earth, lacked even a pair of breeches, and sometimes had but one ragged suit of clothes between two of them—had, the year before, enjoyed whatever is requisite for reasonable ease and convenience. Why this sudden change?

The explanation is to be found in the widespread and monstrous corruption that prevailed. It was not, nor is it ever, the case that a majority, or even a large proportion, of the people were dishonest. But those who were willing to make money out of the needs and perils of the country were sufficiently numerous, and forced themselves into positions, to produce the effect of a prevailing moral rottenness. We of this age, unfortunately, do not need to be told of the thievishness of government contractors, or of the selfish rapacity of individuals who have control of supplies. Yet it seems almost incredible that citizens of the States who were being defended by other citizens at the cost of comfort, property and life, should find it in their hearts to cheat them out of things essential to their support in the field; should sell food which would keep them from starving to the British troops and mercenaries who were brought to the country to destroy them; and should actually, on some occasions, destroy supplies rather than sell them to the patriot army at a government valuation. It seems improbable that officers of the commissary department should be so intent on filling their own pockets as to neglect to distribute supplies intended for the troops; so that while the latter were marching and fighting unshod and unclad, abundance of shoes and clothing should be rotting in cases and barrels by the roadside. We shrink from believing that, at this crisis of the national history, when the righting of the wrongs of a hundred years was on the point of being accomplished, soldiers and their officers should be found who would take money and bounties for services which they never meant to render, or use their positions not to fight for their country, but to defraud and dishonor it. We are slow to admit that officers of the army could be selected and appointed, not for any knowledge or ability in war, or any personal merits or intelligence which might render them worthy at least of the respect which is due to personal character—but solely because by ill-smelling intrigue and bribery they had wormed their way into places

which were meant for posts of honor, but which they coveted only in order to use them as the means of thievish gains. Desertions and treason occur in all armies, and we could not expect the American army to be free from them; but neither should we expect the American army to be, as for a time it was, conspicuous above all others for these disgraceful crimes. All the abuses here enumerated, and many others, existed in appalling profusion; and it might safely be maintained that had they not existed, the war of the Revolution would have lasted but a third or a fourth as long as it did. The enemy in the field was far less dangerous and deadly than the enemy in our own house. At the very time when patriotism was being displayed by some in its purest and noblest forms, all the vices and meannesses that are most opposite to patriotism were being exhibited by others. Even among the ranks of the leaders of the nation men were found, whose virtue in the ordinary sense was beyond suspicion or cavil, who yet were so infected by envy, selfish ambition, prejudice and malice that they did not scruple to strike at the vitals of the state, if so they might injure or destroy the objects of their private animosity. There has never been a war more just in its object than that of our Revolution; and if, nevertheless, such evils could spring up in its footsteps, there seems reason in the common saying that war demoralizes a country.

But a truer discrimination perceives that though war forces to the surface the latent crime and corruption in a community, it does at the same time lay deep the foundations of virtues which endure after the noxious but transient growths of evil have passed away. We have long since forgotten the creatures who lied and stole and stabbed in the back and betrayed; but we shall never forget Washington, Jefferson, Greene, Stark, the two Adamses in their nobler aspects, Lafayette, Gadsden, Hamilton, and the rest of that conclave; nor shall we ever cease to benefit by what they thought and did for their country and ours. It was the war which transfigured them out of simple country gentlemen or

humble yeomen into statesmen and heroes, and, through their statesmanship and heroism, brought the great Republic into being. The evil passed away like a miasma; but the good lasted, and can never pass away. It was faith that made America; it was lack of faith that hindered her making.

From a narrower point of view, the hindrance also was due to imperfect conceptions of what a real republic is and demands. The people and their Congress could not enough free themselves from the nightmare memories of the past to build with steady hands and unbiased eyes the edifice of the future. All felt the need of a strong government; yet none would venture to take measures to give their government strength. While the king of England was acknowledged as their king, the colonies had, through his kingship, been implicitly one organism. Now that the king had, for them, ceased to be, their Congress was his only successor; but though, between the king and the Congress, there was the difference between one man ruling another, and the same man ruling himself, yet the people were so far misled by names that they feared to trust their Congress with power. There had, indeed, been a marked distinction between the powers that the king arrogated to himself, and those which the colonies had been willing to allow him; it was the existence of this distinction which had brought on the war. But now the aggregate of the States were afraid to concede to Congress—that is, to themselves—even so much authority as they had been prepared to concede to the king. They could not hear the words "a central government" without misgiving. They wanted liberty, in general and in particular; they were the inheritors of a fight for individual and local liberties which had been going on ever since Magna Charta, and had not yet schooled themselves to reconcile the ideas of liberty of the parts and authority of the whole. They could not yet see themselves as a whole; they could see themselves as individuals or families, as villages, as townships, as counties, and as states; but at the state their

vision stopped; a union of states transcended their compass; it was a form of words, but the concrete fact which it implied was beyond their present grasp. They were not made uneasy by the sovereignty of the state; but the sovereignty of the collective State over the constituent states they regarded with suspicion. It did not satisfy them that each constituent state was to retain the management of its own affairs; they wanted it also to be uncontrolled in its course as to collective affairs; though at the same time common sense forced them to admit that a union required that there should be an authority to order and pass upon matters of common concern. Their instinct was centrifugal; their reason was centripetal. If their reason did not overcome their instinct, they would crumble to pieces; but unless their instinct stifled their reason, they would be apt to tear themselves apart. The logical conclusion would be that the United States of America would be still-born, or commit suicide before they had fairly tried the experiment of life.

The successive Congresses of the war time studied the problem, and voted this way and that, without reaching any satisfactory solution; the goal could only be attained by the experience of mistakes. It is needless to enter into the details of Dickinson's scheme of confederation, and why and how it failed. By reading between the lines of our Constitution as it stands, we may discover why the trial constitutions collapsed. The latter embodied several principles which were indispensable to a republic; but the vital spark to make the organism live was wanting; it was a machine in which the forces were so carefully balanced that it could do no work. As soon as it was realized that central authority need not involve any danger of central despotism, the dynamic deadlock would be overthrown, and all would be well.

Howe had originally intended to approach Philadelphia by the Delaware, but had been forced by stress of weather into the Chesapeake. In order to secure his position in Philadelphia, it was now necessary to clear the Delaware of

the forts and channel-obstructions placed there by the Americans. There were three forts: Fort Mercer at Red Bank, on the New Jersey shore, below the mouth of the Schuylkill; and Fort Mifflin at Mud Island; the third was not a regular fort, but a group of fortifications at Billingsport. The latter was captured, by a detachment from Chester, on the 2d of October, and the retreat of the garrison, without striking a blow, produced a feeling of discouragement. By way of reviving the spirits of the patriots, Washington conceived the bold scheme of attacking Howe in his camp at Germantown. The main street of the village was crossed at right angles by his encampment, the right of which was protected by a wood, and the left, on the Schuylkill, by Hessian yaegers. Battalions of light infantry were placed in advance of the main line, and Chew's big stone house, at the village entrance, was surrounded by the regiment of Musgrave. Cornwallis was in Philadelphia with the rest of the British army, some miles distant. Howe was incredulous of any attack. But on October 3d, Washington moved, designing to attack the British right with Greene and Stephen supported by Macdougall. The left was to be engaged by Sullivan and Wayne, with Conway on the flank and Washington himself assisted by Stirling as reserve supporting them. A force of Maryland and New Jersey militia were meanwhile to get to the rear of the British right, and the Pennsylvanians were to amuse the yaegers on the left. The combined attack was to be made at five in the morning, following a rest after the fourteen miles march from the American camp. The morning came on with a thick fog, which, though it shrouded the first movements of the Americans, proved the cause of their undoing later.

The advanced light infantry of the British, surprised by Wayne and Sullivan, fell back, in spite of the remonstrances of Howe, jumping out of bed under the impression that there was but a scouting party to deal with. But the grape shot led him to revise his opinion; and it also set Cornwallis mov-

ing from Philadelphia. A part of Musgrave's regiment supported the light infantry; he occupied Chew's house with the remainder. The American field-pieces were too light to breach its walls.

At this juncture, Greene was due with his attack on the enemy's right; but he was nearly an hour late, and his line was disordered by difficult ground in its advance. By the time it began to fight, the British were ready for it: and it was driven back. The other brigades became confused in the fog, and mistook one another for the enemy. When Sullivan had expended his ammunition, the re-enforcements from Philadelphia under Cornwallis came up on the double-quick; and Washington, who had been in the midst of the fire from the beginning, ordered a retreat, which was conducted in good order, at half-past eight. Howe had not been dislodged, but the depression caused by the loss at Billingsport was in a measure counteracted.

The forts Mercer and Mifflin were garrisoned by troops under the command of Colonel Greene and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith; before moving against them, Howe transferred his army from Germantown to Philadelphia, and sent to Clinton, on the Hudson, for six thousand men. The news of the surrender of Burgoyne caused Howe to give hurried orders to the German Dunop to capture Fort Mercer by assault. Thick woods rendered it accessible on three sides to within four hundred yards. Dunop, after a grandiloquent summons to the garrison to surrender, attacked under cover of a cannonade. They entered the outer works with little opposition, but were then exposed to a heavy fire of muskets and grape in front and flank, in spite of which they pressed on. At the fort ramparts, however, they were met hand to hand; Dunop, his staff, and more than half the other officers were killed, and the survivors gave up the enterprise. Some British ships which had meant to take part ran aground, and were blown up or burned. The Hessians had lost more than four hundred men, with two colonels; Howe asked leave to

resign, and reported that at least another campaign, with heavy re-enforcements, would be needed to finish the war.

But the defense of the Delaware could be but temporarily successful. Fort Mifflin with three hundred men, under command of Major Simeon Thayer of Rhode Island (Lieutenant-Colonel Smith having abandoned his trust), was attacked by a fleet of ships and five batteries, and bombarded all day, until nearly every gun in the works was silenced. Howe postponed the assault till next morning, and during the night Thayer evacuated, after a defense faithful to the last. This was on the 16th of November. The opening of the Delaware was completed by Cornwallis with five battalions, vainly opposed by Greene, a few days later. Washington's army was too weak for offensive operations, Gates and Putnam having refused to send the re-enforcements demanded, though there was nothing for the men to do in northern New York. A plot to depose Washington from his position as commander-in-chief was already on foot, and was soon to be developed. By the time the northern troops reached him, the British force in Philadelphia was nearly twenty thousand, strongly intrenched. In a council of war, Washington, with a majority of officers, decided not to commit the suicide of an attack; and Washington, fortifying himself in Whitemarsh, waited for Howe to attack him. The latter attempted to do this by surprise on the 5th of December; but word had been conveyed to the Americans by Lydia Darrah, in whose house in Philadelphia the British Adjutant-general had been quartered, and who had overheard his plans. Fourteen thousand of the enemy marched to the attack, but found the Americans so strongly intrenched that they dared not risk an engagement. Except a skirmish between Morgan's riflemen and British troops under Grey, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of about a hundred, nothing was done, and Howe retired to Philadelphia on December 8th. Washington had but seven thousand effective men, but behind breastworks they were

sufficient. No further operations were attempted by Howe during the winter, and Washington had to maintain his troops as best he could. The winter at Valley Forge has gone down to history as a type of whatever hardship an army can endure in camp.

But Washington, in addition to suffering with and for his soldiers, had to encounter the efforts of a cabal of his own subordinates to discredit and unseat him. He wrote to the historian Gordon, at the time, that he had accepted the appointment only after much entreaty, and that while "no officer would return to the sweets of domestic life with more heartfelt joy than I should," yet "I mean not to shrink in the cause." The conspiracy originated with a French officer by the name of Conway; Gates and Mifflin were its other mainstays, but Sullivan and Wayne, and several members of Congress, were stained by complicity in it. Gates was to be made commander-in-chief, and Conway was to have a high and independent command. For a time, the affair seemed likely to succeed; but the army and the people were with Washington, and a majority of Congress. The cabal tried to win over Lafayette, but unsuccessfully; he was sent on a wild-goose chase to make a winter attack on Canada, but it collapsed before it had well begun, and Conway, who had gone with it, had his resignation accepted. He was soon afterward wounded in a duel with Cadwalader, who had challenged him on account of his slanders on Washington; and thinking himself about to die, he wrote Washington an apology and retractation. Gates flatly lied himself out of the scrape, and the others sought cover. Washington emerged from the trial stronger than ever.

Valley Forge was a depression between ridges of hills, thickly wooded; it was twenty-one miles from Philadelphia. Provisions, blankets, clothing and tents were lacking; the latter were supplied in a measure by Washington's order to make log huts out of the trees in the forest; the former were demanded of Congress, but all it did was to tell Washington

to live on the country. He replied that this plan spread disaffection among the people, and inclined the soldiers to plunder. Congress then gave directions for the dispatch of a committee, among whom were Gates and Mifflin, to make investigations. But later, the membership of the committee was changed, the two generals being left out: they confirmed the groundlessness of the charges that had been brought against Washington, and reported that there was danger of the men perishing for lack of food and other necessaries. More paper money was issued, but it depreciated to such a degree as to lose all value. Congress then thought that the army should serve on from disinterested patriotism; but Washington told them that human nature would not permit of a body composed of a great variety of persons serving for a succession of years without regard to equitable interests and just claims. At length, officers who should serve to the end of the war were promised half pay for seven years, and privates a sum of eighty dollars. Nothing, however, could induce Congress to amend the short-term enlistment absurdity; had the people not voluntarily maintained their militia supplies, the army would have evaporated. Washington approved a law permitting the enlistment of slaves, with the reward of freedom on passing muster. Negroes had fought in the army from the beginning. In spite of the needy condition of the army, General Greene, on being made head of the quartermaster's department, did not hesitate to enrich himself by appropriating huge commissions. Baron Steuben, a French volunteer, showed more patriotism by the regulation and discipline he introduced at Valley Forge, on being appointed major-general. But Congress, which no longer contained the men who had made the Independence Congress great, continued to be jealous of the commander-in-chief, and refused to be enlightened by his arguments.

While these defects and disagreements were shadowing the cause at home, Franklin was reaping the fruits of his wise industry abroad. The surrender of Burgoyne brought

the question of the French alliance to its acute stage. France, its king excepted, was desirous to give substantial help to America, if it could be done with no risk to herself. She made inquiries in the various courts of the Continent of Europe to determine whether any of them would oppose her action or take advantage of it to injure her. But the indications were that no nation would do less than adhere to a policy of more or less benevolent neutrality. The English government had no active friends, not even the English people themselves. Russia, under Catherine, remained avowedly our friend. Our liberty could do her no harm, and in so far as it might lessen the power of England, it favored her ambition, which was to supplant the Mohammedan with the Christian rule in the East. Frederick II. was not less amiably disposed, though he would consent to no overt alliance; he freely expressed hopes for our success, and promised not to permit the marching of troops intended to fight against us, through his dominions. Goethe and Schiller pronounced eulogies on our cause; The Netherlands were friendly, but were constrained to be neutral; Austria would take no measures hostile to us. Spain, strongly appealed to by France, adhered to her medieval policy of hostility to every form of human freedom, and declined to join France in her crusade. Switzerland gave us her good word; and in England, Lord Chatham's voice was the true voice of the country, and there was a strong desire to place him in the position of power. But George III. declared with passion that sooner than yield to "him and his crew" he would abdicate the throne; he cared not, he said, what the country might suffer through the war; not to continue it until America was helpless would make him "miserable all the rest of his life." It made no difference how miserable Lord North was; he must continue to exercise the functions of the dispenser of the king's will. Lord North composed his "Conciliation Bills," offering to go back to the days of 1763; but it was too late for that; America would listen to no terms of peace that did

not recognize her absolute independence; nor would France have assisted her on any less guarantee. Franklin's position in France was second only to that of Voltaire; the two men met, and the Frenchman blessed the nephew of the American in the name of "God and Liberty"; and afterward when they stood together before the French Academy, gathered in solemn conclave, the two old gentlemen complied with the very Gallic request that they kiss each other, as a testimony of the freedom of mind. One can imagine the demure amusement which Franklin must have derived from this incident; but he performed the act with his invariable grave decorum; if one must kiss a man once in one's life, perhaps it was as well to make the essay upon Voltaire as upon any other. That venerable and extraordinary personage, the incarnation of skeptical intellect oddly permeated with sentiment, was at that period within a few weeks of his decease; he had certainly done as much as any other man in Europe to prepare the human mind for the Nineteenth Century.

Though North's Conciliatory Bills were, as a foregone conclusion, rejected by America, they served to continue the ministry in power, and to make the prosecution of the war less obviously irrational. On the other hand, the purpose of France to take sides with America was communicated to the Commissioners in December, 1777, and was formally announced in February, 1778. The pretty Marie Antoinette, who had as much understanding of human liberty as a pet fawn, had the whim to be one of the most outspoken advocates of the alliance, and her desire may have had some weight with the king. "American independence will repay the cost of the war to France," was Frederick's opinion; and he denounced the act of the English embassador Elliott, in stealing Arthur Lee's papers, as flat burglary, and refused to admit him to an audience. On March 13th France sent a rescript to England which was in effect a declaration of war, and the embassadors on both sides were recalled. A French fleet sailed from Toulon on the 10th of April, with Gerard

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as first minister to the Congress of the United States. To France, then, belongs the honor of having been the first to "recognize" us; and after making all deductions on the score of intelligent selfishness, the honor is not a barren one. Were the French nation not as fickle as it is sensitive to new ideas, it would unite with America in controlling the world to-day. But it is in England, and not in France, that the principles of human liberty are really rooted; and she, and not France, must be our final companion in the leadership of mankind.

But in 1778 the time was out of joint; so that the strange spectacle was presented of England governed by men, the name of not one of whom appears among those whom posterity has honored. It was a period of great men in England, in all branches of art, science, philosophy and politics; and yet only base creatures of the king and of their own pockets or degraded ambition were counted among her rulers. The truth was that men were in a quandary how to reconcile the authority of Parliament, which had rescued England from James II., with the ideas of the liberty of the individual which were gaining ground, and which were now illustrated in the American Revolution. Parliament was still an aristocratic institution, and the nobles were not prepared to believe that the cause of liberty could be in any measure intrusted to the common people. The arguments of Chatham, Fox and Burke appeared to involve a contradiction; for they advocated the freedom of America, while still claiming the abstract right of Parliament to make laws binding upon all the empire. Had Parliament been truly representative, the riddle would have been solved; but it was to our advantage that it had not been so solved at this juncture. Until the solution should be reached, there was no substitute for Parliamentary government, and there seemed to be no alternative for England but either to be openly inconsistent, or to prolong the war. Many honest men, therefore, were constrained to suspend their judgment; and consequently the ministry, which alone was willing to shoulder the odium of continuing the campaign, held

its place. The deed must be given time to overtake the flighty purpose, but if the purpose be right, it will overtake it in time.

Congress ratified the French treaty on the 4th of May. "Long live the king of France!" and "Huzza for the American States!" shouted Washington's army at Valley Forge, two days later. "Morituri te salutant!" Louis and Marie Antoinette might have replied, suggests Bancroft. Meanwhile, Howe, who had been spending the winter in Philadelphia, according to his custom, in unbridled license and profligacy, in sharp contrast with the hardships of the needy Americans, bethought himself that he should close his American career in a blaze of military glory. He sent a surprise party of five thousand men under Grant to capture a force of twenty-five hundred under Lafayette on Barren Hill, on the hither side of the Schuylkill. Not doubting of the success of the expedition, he stood ready to send the young French adventurer home with his comb cut. But greatly to his mortification, Grant returned with his mission unachieved; for Lafayette had escaped over a ford unknown to the Englishman, and left the latter with his mouth open, and nothing in it. Howe now gave up his command to Clinton and sailed for England, having missed almost every opportunity for success afforded him by being a little too late. Had his zeal to overthrow Liberty been equal to his energy in supporting his mistresses, the war might have had another termination.

Clinton received orders to evacuate Philadelphia and occupy New York. He crossed the Delaware on the 17th of June, Lord Howe having sailed with the miserable tories in his fleet. Clinton, with whom was Cornwallis, had seventeen thousand men. Should the American army attack them on their retreat across New Jersey? Washington, Greene, Wayne, Cadwalader and Lafayette, said yes; the other generals in council said no; and of these the traitor, Charles Lee, was the most vociferous. "Rather build bridges for them," said he; "we cannot stand against them." Wash-

ENGAGEMENT OF THE "BON HOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS,"
SEPTEMBER 23, 1779

ington crossed the Delaware above Trenton, in very different weather from that of the famous Christmas night two years before; it was now midsummer, and the heat was such that men dropped dead in the ranks from sunstroke. Heat and cold were alike without effect upon the American general. His plan was to strike the enemy at right angles in force. Lee, as the oldest major-general, was offered the command of the advance, but refused it, saying the plan was madness. Lafayette accepted it with alacrity; but now Lee declared that his honor demanded that it be given to him. On the 27th of June Washington ordered an attack the next morning, the enemy being then near Monmouth; Clinton had taken that route to avoid the risk of crossing the Raritan. But when, after Washington was gone, the other generals came to Lee for his plan, he refused to announce any, or in any way to prepare for the movement. An order from Washington to send a force of eight hundred skirmishers to observe the enemy and delay them, should they move, was carried out too late to be of use. The British began their march at five in the morning of the 28th; Washington ordered Lee to attack their rear, promising his support. Lee finally set his force in motion, but without having attempted to concert anything with the other generals. Lafayette, chafing at this conduct, urged him to take energetic measures; but "You don't know these British regulars," returned Lee, sagely shaking his head. Lafayette sent word to Washington that he was needed at the front; meanwhile Lee did his best to confound the confusion by contradictory orders, and by preventing Wayne from delivering his attack on the British left. An hour was wasted; and Lee replied to the remonstrances of an officer by the pointblank lie that he was acting in conformity with orders from Congress and from Washington himself. Clinton had all the time he needed to prepare for the attack, should it be made; he sent forward his baggage under the guard of Knyphausen, and came against Lee with his grenadiers, guards and Highlanders,

and two regiments of cavalry. And backward go the best soldiers in the American army before him, "in obedience to the commands of a leader who meditated their disgrace." Now or never the moment for a real leader was come.

Washington was good at need. As the Americans retreat sullenly through the narrow gorge, with a morass on each side, there comes galloping to meet them a tall man on a sweating horse. The soldiers recognize him at once, and hope and courage come back to them; here is the man who can tell them what to do, and show them the way to do it. He is recognized, too, by the dastard who has betrayed them, and he blenches and cringes at the sight. Well he may; for nothing is more terrible than the man who has been patient long, when at last his patience has been tried too far. The very aspect of Washington's countenance, aflame with indignation, appals like the thunderbolt. The terrible fire of his blue eyes smites the liar on the face, and the tones of his voice, resonant and stern as judgment, strike fear to his soul. The calm, taciturn, long-suffering Washington is gone, and there rides down upon Lee a vision of the majesty of wrath incarnate. The words are few, and simple like the man, but they carry a meaning and a force which Lee will never forget, till that miserable day, years afterward, when he tosses, burning with fever, on his foul bed at the low inn, despised and friendless, with death before him and shame behind.

"What is the meaning of this?" thunders the commander, reining up his horse; and as the other stammers and stutters, all his impudent assurance gone, the question comes again—"What is the meaning of this?"

It can have only one meaning; but Lee, in his degradation, tries to grasp at some escape on the plea of conscientious conviction. "You know," he whines out, "that—that the attack was contrary to my advice and opinion."

Washington has already recovered his self-command. He has fathomed this scoundrel once and for all, and will not

stoop to tell him what he is; but his calmness is more terrible, if possible, than his anger. "You should not have undertaken the command unless you meant to carry it through." But here comes Clinton and Cornwallis's battle, eager in pursuit, and the bullets are screaming through the deadly heat of that glowing day. Onward pour seven thousand redcoats, amid smoke and dust, crowding down the narrow way, firing and shouting, their bayonets and the swords of their officers glittering in the blazing sunlight. Their advance must be checked at once. Washington turns from Lee to his faithful men. A few quick and clear commands, and two of Wayne's regiments have been formed across the road under the British fire, which is less formidable than it seems, since their column presents but a narrow front, and those behind must shoot high. Let the Americans hold the pass but for a few minutes, and the troops that Washington was bringing up will have arrived. Then, as Stewart and Ramsay walk up and down the line, encouraging the men, he gallops back to array the reserves upon the higher ground in the rear. There is victory in his look and presence; those who hoped for no more than an orderly retreat now think of nothing but fierce resistance; those who meant but to die without disgrace, now foresee conquest with honor. The artillery is posted in the center; Stirling stands on the left, Greene on the right. The soldiers wipe the sweat from their eyes with their ragged sleeves, and shoot straight; the British cavalry is hurled back, and is seen no more. Now for the infantry. But as they move forward to turn Stirling's position, out belches the artillery on their flank and down they go, and back. Greene's own battery repels the attempt on the other wing, and Wayne meets the grenadiers and guards face to face, and they fly, rally, and fly again. In that last charge of theirs their lieutenant-colonel, Monckton, fell. And many whom no bullet struck dropped lifeless from the invisible missiles of the sun. So, from the midst of defeat, was

snatched victory. And there sits Lee, idle and hang-dog on his horse, when the terrible man in blue and buff rides up to him again. He points with his drawn sword: "Your place is at the rear, sir: go!"

Clinton fell back to a safe position in the rear; the Americans slept upon the battlefield of Monmouth; the next morning the enemy, leaving his dead unburied, and his wounded to their fate, continued his precipitate retreat to Middleburg. Thence he gained New York by way of Sandy Hook, and Washington marched to the banks of the Hudson. After that long and grim endurance at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania and New Jersey were free. Washington's total loss was but little more than two hundred; the British twice as much, and in addition eight hundred by desertion. It was easier to desert than to run in the ardors of that June weather; and the heart of the British soldier was not in the war.

Lee, court-martialed, and suspended for a year, was next year censured for accepting bribes from the enemy, and dishonorably dismissed the service. The halter would have been his fitting end; but the new republic was lenient, and left him to find death in his own way, after seeing the triumph of the cause he had tried by treachery to destroy.

But already the tide had turned, and America had left behind her forever the darker days of her struggle. The future contained, on the whole, more success than failure for her, more good than evil. She had taken the measure of her enemy, and knew that she must overcome in the end. The nations of Europe, willingly or unwillingly, realized the same truth. But George of England must complete his destiny, and not only establish the American Commonwealth, but open the way for a wider freedom in England by striving, for the last time in her history, to erect again the discredited and obsolete tyranny of the period that ended in the Revolution of 1688.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH

THE CAROLINAS AND WEST POINT

THE population of the United States during the Revolution was about the same as that of the city of New York is to-day. The total armed force engaged was an uncertain quantity, varying from under five thousand to under fifteen, exclusive of French auxiliaries. The most important battles in the field were mere skirmishes; the fights for the capture of forts were on the same small scale. Students of war can learn nothing by the study of the battles of Washington and his generals, or from the strategy of his British opponents. Were a war of these dimensions to occur to-day, it would occupy but a small place in the public mind, or in the columns of the papers. Considered solely from the military point of view, it was insignificant.

The conditions under which it took place, and the cause which was at stake, are what render it important and remarkable. Three million persons, sprinkled along a thousand miles of sea-coast, with slow and imperfect means of communicating with one another, and without any firm principle of union, so far as commercial and industrial interests were concerned, or personal habits and traditions, were called upon to resist the attack of a powerful nation, aided by foreign mercenaries, and strengthened by the best navy of the age. The Americans had no government that governed, and no permanent army; as for a navy, they possessed none worth mentioning, though their privateers inflicted heavy

losses on English commerce, and performed deeds of extraordinary daring. When one reviews the external aspects of the struggle, the chief wonder is that there should have been any struggle at all.

But the war, on the English side, was conducted by a small group of men, who were intellectually the least competent and morally the most profligate in the public life of the country. The nation disapproved the attempt to crush the revolution, partly for selfish reasons connected with trade, and partly because the moral principle involved was intrinsically odious, and, should it prevail, threatened the liberties of England herself. Therefore it was impossible to procure adequate enlistments in the country, and the purchase of mercenaries hurt the pride and outraged the decency of the nation. The generals sent out to conduct the war were in no case of first-class ability; most of them were of very inferior caliber; and the consciousness that they were engaged in a dishonest enterprise took from them what small merit they possessed, and predisposed them to compensate for military deficiencies by resort to barbarous methods of warfare and terrorism, including the employment of Indians, and negotiations, not always unsuccessful, to corrupt the American officers and soldiers with offers of money and place. The disgraceful intrigue between Arnold and Clinton, which we are soon to narrate, was but one instance out of many similar but less conspicuous ones, of the manner in which the British sought to accomplish by corruption and subterfuge what they lacked either means or energy to do by methods of fair and open war. Such conduct might be excused in a feeble state warring with a powerful one; but not when the conditions are reversed. Be that as it may, the results for the English were unimportant; they incurred the odium without reaping the profits.

On the American side, the chief material element of success for the people was the geographical extent of their

country, and the fact that they were distributed all over it, instead of being concentrated within a small area where they could be surrounded and destroyed. They could not be overcome in detail, because they could avoid battle and harass the enemy, disappearing as he advanced, and closing up behind him. This type of warfare was illustrated in the very first action of the war, when the British troops were driven back to Boston from Concord. Every male inhabitant was more or less a fighter, accustomed to the use of firearms, brave and stubborn, and of more than average intelligence. It was not fatal to occupy or destroy their towns, because these were not the sources of wealth; enough of the people could not be killed to cripple their powers of defense; while, on the other hand, every loss which they inflicted on the enemy was serious, on account of the difficulty and expense of supplying it with fresh men. Three thousand miles, in 1778, was equivalent to thrice that distance now; and England had other matters besides her revolting colonies on her hands.

Nevertheless, the Americans would probably have been beaten in the end, had it not been for the moral excellence of their cause. They literally preferred death to submission; and that is a feeling which makes every individual a host in himself. A forlorn hope, in war, is always an ugly customer to deal with, because it has cast aside all considerations which commonly control men's actions. Ten men who have resolved not to let death stand in the way of their aim, are stronger than a hundred who limit themselves to the excursions of ordinary courage. Three million people who are a forlorn hope could not be overcome by any force that might be brought against them. It is not contended that every individual American was inspired with this spirit of desperation, but there were enough of them to give character to the action of all: and at the head of them all was Washington.

The refusal of Congress, or its inability, owing to lack of

authorization from the people, to organize, equip and maintain a regular standing army, was undoubtedly a source of weakness in the prosecution of the war; nothing can fully take the place of a disciplined and seasoned force, with traditions of its own past deeds to inspire it to achieve others. There is, no doubt, a distinction to be drawn between the American "Continentals," who had seen some continuous service, and the militia of the various states in which fighting was carried on, which consisted simply of the undisciplined levies called out by the exigencies of each occasion. The former, on more than one field, saved the day which the unsteadiness of the militia would have lost. But the fact remains that the militia formed by far the majority of the fighting force of the Americans; and as the war went on, more and more of these had become more or less used to facing an enemy. In process of time, the entire nation would have become veterans, and indefinitely more formidable than at first. The system was not wise, according to military ideas; it wasted time and money; it involved constant and sometimes serious disputes and quarrels between officers and men in Congress; but it finally carried the day, and perhaps made the nation feel that it had fought the war from its own hearthstones more than it would have done, had a permanent army been established in the beginning. It was not a scientific system, but it was a natural one—a popular one; and if ever there was a war made by and for the people of a country, the Revolution was it. It was made by the thirteen states, not by the United States; but, as we have said before, Washington stood for the Union, and made good many deficiencies that might have been fatal but for him. He advocated a standing army; but possibly the objections against it urged by others would have been justified, and have caused the establishment of an undemocratic government after the war was over. The Constitution might never have had its present form, had the army been a constant and predominant power.

Meanwhile, no attempt will be made to follow in specific detail the further progress of the war. We have seen a number of typical battles, and have observed the simplicity of their elements: a turning of the flank, a surprise in the rear, a retreat before superior numbers, a valiant defense of a fortification, an assault successful through desperate courage; and once in a while, a maneuver which showed real military genius, such as Washington's turning upon his pursuers at Trenton, or his attack upon a self-confident foe at Germantown. And not less admirable than these exploits, though less brilliant in the telling, were his tactics in avoiding unprofitable engagements, in keeping the enemy uncertain as to his intentions, and in gradually wearing out the patience and resources of the invaders. No general of Washington's ability was ever less anxious for those sensational movements which better support his own fame than the welfare of the cause for which he contends. Both Congress and his own officers were often restive under this restraint; but when all was over, they recognized his wisdom. With the material he had, and under the conditions which existed, no man could have done better, and perhaps, all things considered, none so well.

The first event of note after the battle at Monmouth was the attack on the settlers in the valley of Wyoming, at that time a part of Connecticut, by Colonel John Butler and some six or seven hundred Senecas and tory rangers. The able men of the settlement were absent in the army; only the old men and boys, and the women and children, remained. In all they numbered scarce three hundred; they were led by one whose name was also Butler. They were surprised and slain without quarter; the Senecas took the scalps of all but fifty; and the women and children were driven into captivity. The affair was conducted with the most savage and useless cruelty; the Indians surpassing themselves in the exquisiteness of the tortures which they inflicted on their prisoners. Nothing was gained for the British by this atroc-

ity, and, on the other hand, it created an implacable and permanent hostility in the hearts of the people. Even in the English Parliament the war was denounced more boldly than ever before, and members of the government voted with the opposition. "We can never conquer them," said British officers, returning home from the seat of war; and Howe admitted that "Things go ill, and will not go better." Yet the conflict prolonged itself by a sort of vis inertiæ, the British policy seeming to be nothing more definite than to lay waste the country.

When France declared war, Admiral D'Estaing obtained a fleet through the agency of Marie Antoinette, and set sail for America, but his voyage was stormy, and he was not in time to attack Lord Howe's fleet retreating down the Delaware from Philadelphia. He followed them to Sandy Hook, but could not get a pilot to take him past the Narrows to do battle with them in the bay. Washington suggested an attack on Rhode Island, and called on the northern states to assist. The French fleet appeared off Point Judith about the last of July, 1778; but Sullivan, who was in command of the land attack on the British, kept D'Estaing there for ten days, when he entered Newport harbor. Lord Howe's squadron, re-enforced, was ready to meet him; but a storm of extraordinary violence arose, by which both fleets were so much shattered as to be unable to engage; and even the camp of the army on shore was destroyed, and the ammunition spoiled. Beyond a skirmish between six vessels, three on a side, no offensive measures were taken; Howe retreated to New York, D'Estaing to Boston, for repairs. The American land force, owing to Sullivan's inefficiency and disobedience of Washington's orders, came near being surrounded and captured; they were saved by a timely attack by Greene. Clinton with a large force arrived a day too late to be of use, and returned to New York after burning the New Bedford shipping and levying tribute on the farmers of Martha's Vineyard. Lord Howe resigned as admiral of the British

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON, S. C., 1780

fleet, and disappeared from our history, Byron taking his place. As Washington observed at this juncture, "After two years of maneuvering and the strangest vicissitudes, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and the offending party at the beginning is now reduced to the use of spade and pickax for defense. The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel that has not gratitude to acknowledge his obligations." Clinton, shut up in New York, could do nothing more than arrange massacring and freebooting parties; and presently his strength was further reduced by the drawing-off of regiments for the reduction of the southern states. The English government announced a war of desolation and extermination; scalping knives were among the supplies voted by Parliament, and the methods of the Indians were openly adopted by the British soldiers. One of the government leaders declared that, if he could, he would let loose the infernals upon America. War was to be kept up for the sake of the war, with no reasonable hope of success. The Americans were struggling with an apparently hopeless financial problem, and at every turn smothered themselves under a deeper flood of irredeemable paper, which, nevertheless, they declared to be redeemable and ordered to be taken as legal tender under penalties. Such a muddle was never before seen, and the dishonest of course took advantage of it to buy cheap and sell dear; lotteries and loan offices were established, and strenuous efforts were made to borrow from France and other European countries. Congress even stooped to crave the "protection" of the French king. Seeing these difficulties, and hoping to find a weapon in them which would compensate for the inefficiency of his army, King George, through Lord Dunmore, flooded Virginia and other states with counterfeits of their own bills. No crime was too base or too brutal for this monarch eagerly to undertake it, if so his thirst for revenge and despotism could be sated.

The tendency to separatism increased through natural causes; Congress had no authority, and therefore commanded no respect or interest; the best men in the country were inevitably busied with the affairs of the state governments, which were ably and intelligently carried on. Each act of national dimensions must be the result of altruistic conduct on the part of the states; each must voluntarily sacrifice its own immediate interests for the contingent and perhaps doubtful advantage of the whole; there was no power to compel them to do so. No more absurd scheme for insuring united action could be imagined; and yet it succeeded beyond all probability, on account of the genuine earnestness and spirit of the people. The spectacle of a people who were not yet a nation literally governing themselves, in whole and in part, in obedience to impulses of abstract morality and virtue, had never been seen before in the world, and may never be seen again; but it was exhibited in this Revolution. Strangest of all, behind all this poverty and distress of the country as a political and financial entity, we discover a population full of enterprise, spirit, and confidence, raising their crops and multiplying their herds and flocks, amassing real wealth at the same time that the currency representing it was depreciating to nothing; presenting in a word almost all the features of happiness and prosperity, at the moment when, theoretically, they should have been sitting despairing amid the ruins of all that make life possible. Neither the Indians ravaging the borders nor the British intrenched in the towns had a substantial effect upon the country at large; the mass of the people kept at work on their domestic and civil affairs until danger from the enemy became, at one or another point, too acute to be longer neglected; then they would arise, and, with such force as the occasion required, meet and overcome it. Whatever the statesmen in Congress or elsewhere might think or say or forebode, the people never entertained a thought of being defeated in their struggle; they felt infinite reserves of strength, and knew not when they were

either beaten or beggared. They felt in their limbs and hearts the power and courage of the whole continent. If the history of the Revolution could be written, as in the interests of truth and human nature it should be, from the point of view of the individual citizens, it would be so unlike the record of the anxieties and plottings of statesmen, and the marchings and battling of armies, which pass for that history now, as to be unrecognizable. But such a history cannot be written because, in the technical sense, there would be nothing to write about. Had the world always been happy and at peace from the beginning till now, the people of one age would know nothing of those of any former one. History is the story of the struggle of right against wrong, or it is nothing.

It is not enough to say that there was, at this period, no United States; it is not enough to say that there was nothing but thirteen loosely confederated colonies; we might almost affirm that there were only three million distinct and independent persons, imbued with a lively sense each of his own ability, and right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and always ready to help his fellows to maintain them. There was no government to carry on the war for them, and this was a disadvantage; but it was compensated by the fact that neither was there any government to consider itself defeated, and to sue for peace. A government of seventy million people may be conquered in war; but the three million inhabitants of this country could not be conquered by any force which the Europe of a hundred years ago could bring against them. So long as any appreciable number of them remained alive, and had a retreat open to them in the further depths of the wilderness, they would continue to resist, and even to be happy.

But there is a great deal in the life of a nation besides defending itself against active aggression in war; and America had a destiny before her which would require a government, and a strong one, to fulfill it. Though the people had

kept the habit of regarding the entire western extent of the continent as theirs, yet when it came to negotiating with France and Spain as to arrangements to follow peace, men like Jay could say that the country occupied by the Americans was already quite as large as they could manage; and the French minister could remark to Florida Blanca, the pettifogger of Spain, that the States, owing to the form of their federation, were and must always remain a feeble and inert body, from which need be feared no spirit of acquisition or conquest. But America was already greater than its own great men suspected; and perhaps the simple backwoodsman, hewing down trees beyond the borders of settlements, and thinking of the unknown forests beyond as not less free to him than those behind, may have had a truer notion of what the Republic really implied than the anxious and conservative gentlemen in Congress, and the supercilious critics in Europe.

In April, a treaty was signed between France and Spain, by the terms of which the latter power gained almost all the profit of the exertions of the former. Spain claimed everything south of Canada and west of the Alleghanies, and hoped to either compress the English colonies into a helpless group of incoherent communities, or perhaps, ultimately, to extinguish them altogether. She was not to acknowledge their independence "until England had done so"; and she was explicitly hostile to their liberties. Vergennes perhaps perceived that Europe would not long permit an effete power such as Spain already was to own, and thereby destroy the usefulness of, so vast a domain as that which her pretensions required; and relied upon the chemistry of time to disintegrate her empire. Both nations desired to keep America from the Mississippi; perceiving that the geography of that river would immensely increase her power and homogeneity. The sources of the streams which empty into the Mississippi are near the springs of those which flow eastward to the Atlantic; and in the northwest, its headwaters open a path

through the Oregon to the Pacific. Even before the days of railways and telegraphs, the command of this mighty artery meant the dominion of the continent; and it is probable that had America remained content with the western boundary which Jay and others mentioned, she would long since have disappeared as a separate power from the world. But the backwoodsmen were stronger than Vergennes, Florida Blanca, Jay, and all the rest of political experts.

In 1776, a young man named George Rogers Clark was elected by settlers in the region west of the Louisa River to represent them in the Virginia legislature, and to request that their settlement be made a county, to be called Kentucky. The request was granted; and the following year Clark began to plan excursions further north to the French villages of Illinois and the Wabash. Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, approved the plan; and Clark, in the summer of 1778, collected a party of less than two hundred adventurers to attack them—they being, of course, under English dominion. He captured Kaskiaska on the 4th of July, 1778, without bloodshed, and Vincennes surrendered soon afterward; it was temporarily recaptured by Hamilton, the British governor, in December; but at a moment when the latter had weakened himself by the dispatch of large bodies of his Indian allies to other points, Clark, with a hundred and thirty men, surprised the place on the 23d of February, 1779, took Hamilton and his garrison prisoners, and captured large supplies which were coming to them down the river. The county of Illinois was secured to the states; and about the same time James Willing, with but a hundred followers, hoisted the American flag at Natchez, on the lower river, and put the British agents to flight. Emigration soon confirmed this territory, extending from Pittsburg to Florida, to the Americans, and the designs of Europe were blighted before they were ripe.

Urgent efforts were however made to secure to Spain the sole use of the Mississippi, and to circumscribe the American

rights to the Newfoundland fisheries, when the terms of peace (which was by this time looked forward to) should be fixed; but the states could not agree, and Congress could not command, and the abundant negotiations had for the present no definite result. Spain threatened to side with England if her demands were not conceded; but though Congress wanted to borrow European money, it would not yield the right to navigate the Mississippi and to have a harbor at its mouth. It was willing to let Spain have Florida; meanwhile, Jay was appointed envoy to that country. But it may be admitted that the diplomatic affairs of America were not, at this period, conducted with much dignity or foresight, nor was the result of them valuable or important. Europe was trying to make this country of use in its own internal broils, and we were divided between a craving for loans, and an uncertainty as to precisely what we wanted in the way of territory and other advantages. For a time, very little was accomplished in any direction. But Franklin was still in France, and so far as his influence extended, our interests were in the best hands.

In the summer of 1779 the British captured Stony Point and Verplanck's Point on the Hudson, the garrisons withdrawing from the former and surrendering without a contest at the other. Tryon undertook a burning and pillaging incursion into Connecticut, and perpetrated the usual brutalities at New Haven, East Haven, Fairfield, Green Farms, and Norwalk, and was about to attack New London, when the recapture of Stony Point by Wayne forced him to return. The steep promontory is surrounded by the river on three sides, and by a marsh, crossed by one narrow road, on the fourth. The fort was garrisoned by six hundred men, and between that and the river was a double defense of abattis, while other batteries commanded the marsh road. Wayne brought up his party of twelve hundred by a night march over the mountains, and arming his troops with bayonets only, made his attack about half an hour after midnight. Two advance

parties of twenty each cleared away the abattis, with a loss of seventeen; Wayne, leading a regiment in support, was wounded in the head, but still went forward, and in the face of a heavy fire reached the works, and captured the entire British force. The guns and stores were removed and the works destroyed, it being impossible to hold the place; but it was not permanently reoccupied by the enemy. It was a very daring little adventure: and so far as the spirit which carried it out was concerned, equal to any exploit of the kind. Similar was the achievement of Henry Lee of Virginia, who, on the morning of August 19th, captured the fort at Paulus Hook, Jersey City, in spite of volleys of musketry from the garrison, and carried off over a hundred and fifty prisoners. At about the same time, also, Sullivan, after much waste of time, involving disaster to the inhabitants of the region, marched with four thousand men to avenge the massacre of Wyoming, and laid waste the villages of the Six Nations, who were thereby admonished of the expediency of neutrality. An attempt, with a considerable force, to capture the fort at Castine, on the Penobscot, was however unsuccessful, the attacking party being overtaken by a British fleet; but the soldiers burned their transports and escaped through the woods. But the winter began with the British evacuating Rhode Island, and leaving the Hudson above King's Ferry in the hands of the Americans.

The Englishman Pownall, who had been long employed by the English government in the United States, addressed a memorial concerning them to the sovereigns of Europe which contains observations worthy of record. "America will establish her own system and constitution and change the system of Europe," he said. "Every man has the full and free exertion of his powers, and application and struggle sharpen the wits and train the mind. The settlers try experiments, and the advantages of their discoveries are their own. Their spirit rises as their improvements advance. Many a real philosopher, politician, warrior, emerge out of the wilder-

ness. In agriculture, in mechanic handicrafts, the New World hath been led to many improvements of implements, tools and machines, leading experience by the hand to many a new invention. Here no laws frame the conditions on which a man is to exercise this or that trade. The same ingenuity is exerted in the art of shipbuilding; the nature of the coast and of the winds renders marine navigation a perpetual moving intercourse; and the nature of the rivers renders inland navigation but a further process of that communion. Will that enterprising spirit be stopped at Cape Horn, or not pass the Cape of Good Hope? Before long it will be found trading in the South Sea, in the Spice Islands and in China. This fostering happiness doth produce progressive population; they have increased nearly the double in eighteen years. Unless the potentates of Europe can station cherubim at every avenue with a flaming sword, to prevent man's quitting this Old World, multitudes of their people, many of the most useful, enterprising spirits, will emigrate to the new one. The new empire of America is like a giant ready to run its course." This was written in the year 1780, and time has given it proof.

George being resolute to continue the war against France, Spain and America combined (if combination it could be called), a fleet of French and Spanish ships made a demonstration against the southern coast of England, which came to nothing on account of the mutual jealousies of the commanders. England scoured the seas with privateers, and invaded the rights of European commerce; until at length Catherine of Russia was induced to interfere, and to declare the freedom of all goods except munitions of war in neutral bottoms. Meanwhile Paul Jones, of whom we have already had a passing glimpse, had begun his extraordinary career. In September, 1779, he was off the English coast in his ship, the "Bonhomme Richard," named after Franklin's Poor Richard, of the "Almanac"; with him were the "Alliance" and the French "Pallas." Near Flamborough Head,

Yorkshire, they fell in with an English convoy protected by the "Serapis" and the "Countess of Scarborough," of forty and of twenty guns respectively. The English, who were much the superior in strength, attacked; but Jones laid his ship alongside his big enemy, and fought with such invincible energy that after two hours the "Serapis" struck. It was in this combat that Jones made his memorable reply to the question whether he had surrendered—"I have not yet begun to fight." He transferred his flag to his prize, and his own ship sank the next day. The Frenchman meantime captured the "Countess of Scarborough," and the convoy was taken into a Dutch port. Jones's exploits were numerous, and so striking, in point of reckless daring and picturesqueness, that they have entered into story and legend. In genius and courage he was of the caliber of Nelson, though fortune did not give him Nelson's vast opportunities.

The winter of 1780–1781 was marked by the disgraceful attack of England on the rich but defenseless republic of the Netherlands, which had been her ally for nearly two hundred years, and had incurred vast expenses on her account. The pretext was a disavowed treaty with the United States; the Dutch were unable to make any resistance; more than five hundred of her merchantmen were made prizes, and the island of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, was taken by Rodney, with goods worth at least three million sterling. Lord North's government, by this war, which was not a war, but the onslaught of a bullying freebooter, lost the last vestige of the sympathy and respect of the world. The enemy of America had made himself the enemy of civilization.

Operations against the southern states, where the British hoped to be assisted by the "loyalty" of the inhabitants, were begun in the autumn of 1778 by the capture of Savannah with four hundred prisoners, who, on refusing to join their captors, were sent on board the prison ships to perish of disease; many of the inhabitants submitted; some of

sterner stuff moved into the western wilderness. In December, Lincoln, a brave and honest but unready soldier, was given the command of the American forces. He had at first but little over a thousand men; Georgia was then under the British yoke, and was being plundered at will. After Moultrie had driven back a party which was moving against Beaufort, the army was re-enforced with two thousand men from North Carolina; and South Carolina also took measures for the defense. Lincoln, foolishly detaching fifteen hundred men to threaten the British from Brier Creek, was outmaneuvered, and the detachment beaten with the loss of a thousand men, by Prevost. The latter then moved against Charleston, but it had been fortified before he arrived. A project to raise black regiments was suggested by Laurens and supported by Hamilton; but Washington, while not denying that they might make good soldiers, pointed out that it would become a question of whether the Americans or the English could arm them most quickly; "and," added he, "where are our arms?" Congress overrode this advice, and Laurens went south with the proposition, which, however, the Georgians rejected. They began to regret having entered into the war, and were disposed to yield to the king. Charleston was menaced by the British, but was not attacked; instead, Prevost raided South Carolina, laying waste and pillaging the rich plantations, and wantonly destroying valuable furniture in private houses, and killing domestic animals. Help was hoped for from the French fleet, which had had some successes in the West Indies; and D'Estaing appeared off Savannah with thirty-three ships. In fear of a change of weather, an immediate attack was decided on; but before it could be delivered, re-enforcements had arrived for the garrison; part of the attacking party was caught in a swamp; the other was unable to hold the parapet which it stormed, and eight hundred French and Americans were killed in less than an hour, including Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie, who, however, brought off his flag. Pulaski,

the Polish volunteer, died of his wounds, and D'Estaing himself was wounded. Lincoln retreated with his shattered force to Charleston, and South Carolina seemed helpless. Property was confiscated, women and children were driven into the woods, and desolation reigned everywhere. South Carolina suffered more in the cause of independence than any of the other states.

The French fleet having sailed for France, Clinton undertook to reduce Charleston. He sailed from New York on the 26th of December, 1779, but his fleet was so injured by storms and American privateers that on arriving at Tybee in Georgia he was obliged to send back for re-enforcements. Charleston was badly fortified, and Lincoln had but two thousand men for the defense of its considerable area. Clinton took his positions with care, summoned Lincoln to surrender, and receiving a refusal, captured Fort Moultrie without the exchange of a shot, and, aided by re-enforcements under Cornwallis, completely surrounded the city. On the 12th of May Lincoln capitulated with all his force, and a million and a half dollars' worth of property. The calamity was complete. All the state was at the mercy of the invaders. The English Tarleton pursued a party of four hundred and butchered or desperately wounded two hundred and seventy of them, while they were asking for quarter; a hundred escaped, and about fifty were taken prisoners. For this act, Cornwallis gave the murderer his public thanks. Clinton took measures to force the inhabitants of the state to serve in the British army against their countrymen; but this was overshooting the mark, and operated only to prevent all chance of reconciliation.

In 1780, Cornwallis was given the chief command in the south, and a season of sickening barbarities ensued. Samuel Wyly was cut to pieces in his own home, because he had served as a volunteer at Charleston. Five guineas a head was offered for deserters brought in alive, and ten guineas if they were dead. All Carolinians taken in arms were prom-

ised death on the gallows. Debts could not be collected except after taking the oath of allegiance. One hundred and sixty persons, twenty of them in chains, were thrust into one prison in the heat of midsummer. Sumter's house was burned, and his wife turned out of doors. Sumter himself collected a handful of men, armed them with weapons forged by country blacksmiths, and with bullets cast from household pewter, fell upon a British party of whom a crowd of women were vainly begging mercy, and killed their commander, Huck, and almost all his men, though the latter were their superiors in number. Being joined by others, Sumter surprised a force of tories and English at Hanging Rock, and replenished their supply of ammunition from the bodies of the slain. Patriots now came to him from all parts of the state, and Washington sent him over two thousand men from his army of fifteen thousand, with De Kalb in command. Virginia added nearly three thousand, though they could ill be spared. Congress meanwhile, in opposition to Washington's advice, appointed Gates instead of Greene to succeed Lincoln. When Gates reached the camp of De Kalb in North Carolina, he planned a march to Camden, in opposition to the counsel of the officers, through a barren district. Learning of the advance of the American army, the people of South Carolina in many cases revolted against their oppressors. On the 7th of August Gates joined Caswell with some North Carolinians, and marched against the enemy at Lynch's Creek.

From this point, the conduct of Gates was marked by alternate temerity, ignorance and cowardice. He brought his army into a difficult position, where the enemy had all the advantage, and, himself remaining in the extreme rear, allowed raw levies who had never seen fighting, led by officers as ignorant as they, to sustain the brunt of the skillful veterans of Cornwallis. The Continentals alone made resistance; two-thirds of the army broke and ran in panic, and Gates himself ran faster than the rest. De Kalb, wounded,

fought gallantly on foot, and put to flight Rawdon and took fifty prisoners; but Cornwallis charged him with his dragoons, he was again wounded, and his command destroyed or dispersed. The British lost five hundred of their best men, making the victory more costly than they could afford; but of the Americans not a corps held together. The disaster was the result of Gates's mismanagement solely. This general actually rode two hundred miles to the rear in three and a half days, leaving his army hopelessly outstripped, and only drew rein at Hillsborough. Sumter, with a few hundred men, had captured some British stores; on hearing of the dispersal of the army, he retreated slowly to Rocky Mount, and was surprised while taking a noonday siesta with his men, by Tarleton, who captured three hundred of his men, and either killed or put to flight the rest. Sumter reached Charlotte two days later, alone, without hat on his head or saddle on his horse. Thus ended the summer campaign in the South. A series of reverses more uninterrupted had not yet befallen the Americans; but the time was now at hand when the triumphant Cornwallis was to bring the war to an end in a manner very different from what he had contemplated.

In September, he made ready for a triumphant march through the Carolinas to Virginia, by organizing a reign of terror throughout the country. Of his proceedings, by the agency of such men as Tarleton and Ferguson, it may be said that they equaled the worst atrocities committed by the Spaniards on the Cubans in the recent war in that island. The life and property of all who were not in arms on the side of the king were forfeit, and scenes of revolting cruelty and outrage were perpetrated. Many submitted; among them persons of distinction, such as Charles Pinckney, Rawlins Lowndes, and Henry Middleton. But others resisted; and of these, Sumter, Williams and Marion were distinguished. Williams attacked a superior force on the 18th of August and routed them; Marion rescued one hundred and

fifty prisoners, and captured six and twenty of their guards. A British officer wrote that "it is in vain we expect loyalty and attachment from the inhabitants—they are of the same stuff as all Americans." Yet Cornwallis was persuaded that his army would be recruited from among them. He proclaimed that the property of all not obviously for the king would be confiscated. Lord Germain, in London, rubbed his hands and chuckled over the reports he made of his barbarities. He marched to within a short distance of Charlotte before meeting with any important check; but the country was rising.

Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, caused the enrollment of four hundred backwoodsmen under Campbell. Clark captured from the British garrison of Augusta, under Brown, the gifts intended to seduce the Cherokees into an alliance. A party of forty men, under Davie of North Carolina, attacked the vanguard of Cornwallis's force, and for a time held his whole army in check. A company of backwoodsmen under Macdowell, chased across the Alleghanies by Tarleton, roused the settlers in the remote region to activity, and they raised a force to assist him. Isaac Shelby and John Sevier led them over the mountains, effecting a junction with Campbell, and this little army was joined by a party of three hundred and fifty under Cleaveland on September 30th. Ferguson was sent against them, and Tarleton joined him with his light infantry and the British legion. The American Western army (as it called itself) camped at Cowpens, and there received the re-enforcement of Williams with four hundred men; they now numbered altogether about seventeen hundred. Learning from Williams that the British were encamped in a strong natural position on the top of King's Mountain, they resolved to attack them, and nine hundred picked horsemen set out the same night on the adventure. They arrived at the foot of the precipitous mountain on the 7th of October. The enemy numbered eleven hundred. The Americans divided into four columns, and

climbed to the attack in front and rear, and were within four hundred yards before they were discovered. They were met by the bayonet, but although they were themselves unprovided with that weapon, they continued the attack. The battle lasted an hour; four hundred and fifty of the enemy were killed or severely wounded; Ferguson himself fell; and the rest surrendered. The Americans lost but twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded. The attack was heroically led by Shelby, Sevier, Campbell, Winston, Williams, and Cleaveland. The men hanged nine or ten of the enemy, whom they recognized as robbers and murderers; but the leaders at once put a stop to this. Retaliation for the inhumanities committed by the British was never countenanced by the American officers, and hardly ever attempted, even under the strongest provocation, by the soldiers.

Tarleton, on learning of this disaster, made with all speed for the protection of Cornwallis. The latter began a retreat, in which he was harassed and his force depleted, and prevented from getting supplies, as always was the case when the British were in retreat through any part of America, whether it were Massachusetts, New Jersey, or the Carolinas. Cornwallis himself fell ill of fever, and he was caught at a swollen ford, where his whole army might have been destroyed, had an adequate force of Americans existed. Meanwhile Marion had surprised a party sent to surprise him; and Sumter, above Camden, had defeated and captured Wemyss, who was sent against him. Upon Wemyss were found papers giving a list of the houses he had burned and of the persons he had hanged; but he was a prisoner of war, and Sumter would permit nothing to be done to him. He repelled an attack by Tarleton, but was himself wounded, and led his force back across the Tyger. Thus ended Cornwallis's attempt to invade Virginia; and the fevers of autumn destroyed his army more quickly than the losses could be supplied from home.

The conduct of the war did not prevent the consideration

of matters pertaining to the government and economy of the states; and already the subject of slavery was recognized as a probable source of future trouble. The dividing line between North and South had begun to define itself. There was no essential difference in the views of either group of states regarding the abstract morality of slavery; but it did not seem practically possible for the South to give up the institution, without inviting industrial ruin; whereas in the North, climate and morality were at one in promoting the discontinuance of slave-holding. Virginia, standing between the two sides, geographically and in opinion, deplored slavery, while failing to take effective measures to do away with it. Jefferson said, "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that the negroes are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever. The way, I hope, is preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation." But in most of the southern states the subject was dismissed with the remark that, however wrong the thing might be in theory, it had become saddled on the country through no particular fault of its own, and must now remain, since all the ways of life had become conformed to it. The division of feeling which it created, and was likely to increase, between the two sections of the country, was admitted, but was not regarded as of decisive importance. After the war was over, it was thought by many that the needs of union would no longer be apparent. The South would form one empire, the North another; on both sides the doctrine of state sovereignty was held in full force. Samuel Adams went so far as to say that the South was an element of weakness in the confederacy; the people tended to become rich and weak; and that it was a reason against extending the bounds of America to the Mississippi that the regions so settled would be open to slavery. Thus a party in the North favored the pretensions of

Spain, though of course not from the same motives that actuated the Spaniards. On the other hand, the South would not support the North in continuing the war for the sake of maintaining the claim of New England to the Newfoundland fisheries. Unless some binding and lasting agreement were entered into for union, the states would sooner or later drift apart of themselves.

In 1780, Massachusetts took the first step to abolish slavery by law, in the opening words of her new constitution, which was adopted after long and careful consideration. "All men are born free and equal," ran this document, "and have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights, among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness." These words freed all the six thousand slaves at that time held in Massachusetts; and their effectiveness was tested soon after by an action at law, in which the judges of the supreme court defined and supported their meaning. But at the same time, Vermont could not be admitted as a state, on the sole ground, urged by the South, that to do so would "destroy the balance of power" between the two sections; and she had consequently to wait for her admission until a state in the South, where slaves would naturally be used, could enter the confederacy at the same time.

In the winter of 1780, Clinton had about seven thousand men in the north, and Washington, whose headquarters were at Morristown, rather more than half as many; but they were, as usual, lacking in both food and clothing, not to speak of pay; and the winter was very severe. The tories told Knyphausen that the officers and men were all ripe to desert the cause; and, relying on this assurance, the general thought it would be well to enter New Jersey. He landed at Elizabethtown Point on the 6th of June, and the Americans there retreated, harassing him as they fell back: at

Springfield, where Maxwell was posted on strong ground, repeated attacks failed to dislodge him; and when Washington arrived, Knyphausen, though having double his force, dared not attack him, but began a retreat. He was pursued and subjected to constant assaults and reached Elizabethtown with considerable loss. Clinton now returned from the south and resolved to abandon New Jersey. He first feinted toward Springfield, and then retreated to Staten Island, thus losing an excellent chance of destroying Washington's army. Soon after a French fleet with six thousand French troops arrived at Newport to re-enforce the Americans; Clinton detached eight thousand men and sent them in a large fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot to Rhode Island; but the admiral was inefficient, and put back before reaching his destination, much to the regret of the French and Americans who were awaiting him. Clinton, fearful of being superseded by Cornwallis, wrote to Germain for more troops; but the latter replied only by dispatching re-enforcements to his rival. Finding himself, therefore, incompetent to defeat the Americans by force of arms, Clinton began to look about him for means to do it by fraud.

The instrument was not far to seek. Arnold had been living in Philadelphia, had married there, his wife being a tory woman, and had lived in great extravagance, insomuch that he was heavily in debt, and had not hesitated to commit peculations. The character of this man, indeed, had never had more than one redeeming feature, which was his animal courage—that reckless exposure of the person under the influence of rage and excitement which is the lowest type of daring. All his instincts were, and had always been, coarse and brutal, and his brains were little better than his heart. His history shows him to have been insensible to considerations of honor or of shame, and he regretted his abominable treason no more than he scrupled to commit it. He was almost as much despised by the British as by the Americans; but he minded this not at all, and was solely concerned to

get as much money as possible out of his disgrace. History affords no instance of a baser and more sordid traitor, or of one for whose treason there was less of colorable pretext; nor could another sovereign besides George III. be found in Europe who would have found it consonant with his ideas of fitness to reward such a scoundrel by putting his family on the English pension roll.

Clinton, though less brutal in his manner and methods than Arnold, was not in other respects less stained with dishonor than he, in the transactions which were now to take place. Of Lord Germain, who so eagerly approved the plan of treason unfolded to him, enough has already been said. Finally, there is Andre, who served as the agent between Arnold and Clinton. Concerning this young man, a great deal of silly sentiment has been vented during the past century. He was treated with great consideration by Washington and the Americans generally, from first to last; he was hanged, because Washington was as just as he was humane; but it must be said that Andre was a man of worthless character, destitute of honor or scruple, and presenting all the characteristics of a smooth, insinuating, conscienceless scamp. He was good-looking and winning in manner; full of small accomplishments: a good actor, a clever scene painter, a dabbler in rhymed doggerel, a lively talker; he was graceful in mind and body, well-educated, and with the refinement of good breeding. At his glib tongue's end were the shibboleths of the "man of honor" of the period; he coveted distinction, and risked for it all that should be dearer to a true man than life; last, and best, he could meet death decently and acknowledge that it was deserved. Such was Andre, and this was all he was; and many a good-for-nothing before him has possessed all these attributes, and more. Had he escaped death, his memory would have awakened only contempt; because he suffered the penalty, he has received scarce anything but compassion and eulogy, and England built a tomb in his honor. Had he died in such a cause as

Nathan Hale died in, and with the right to say what Hale said as he stood on the scaffold, he could not have received more consideration; and yet between him and Hale there is an abyss as wide as that between lofty self-sacrifice and ignoble baseness. Both of these men were spies; but no contrast could be more real and deep than that which separates them.

Arnold had already been furnishing treasonable information to Clinton, before he announced that he was desirous of exchanging the American service for the British. His disloyalty and impudent behavior had given offense in Philadelphia, and his removal was demanded; but the evidences of treason were construed as indiscretion, and his punishment was but to receive a reprimand from Washington, which, we are told, was very gently administered. Arnold did not "smart under it," as has been said; but he welcomed it as a pretext for opening plain negotiations with Clinton. Germain assured Clinton that any expense "would be cheerfully submitted to" in so worthy a cause. Arnold proposed, for a sum of money, and other considerations, to betray West Point, and if possible, Washington, to the enemy. To this end, he first solicited the command at West Point, which was considered impregnable to attack; having been fortified, under the superintendence of Kosciuszco, by American soldiers, with great trunks of trees and huge blocks of stone, at an outlay of vast labor, but entirely without cost, and even with the arrears of pay of the builders still unliquidated. It contained ammunitions and stores for the entire American army; and its position made it of vital importance to the cause. Arnold, then, pleading his wounds as an excuse for not asking active service, begged Washington to give him the charge of this stronghold. Washington, whose honest and honorable mind, like that of the mythic Arthur of Britain, could easily be cajoled by a scoundrel, assented to his prayer. Through the agency of Andre, a correspondence was carried on between Clinton and Arnold for two months; but

Arnold, in order to be sure that he would get his price, insisted on a personal interview with a plenipotentiary. Andre attempted to get through the American lines, aided by an order given by Arnold to the American commander at that point, the pretext being that the person who was expected under the protection of a flag of truce was employed on private business relating to some confiscated property. This first attempt was defeated by the British themselves, one of their guard boats, whose men were not in the secret, firing upon the boat in which Andre was coming up the river.

On the 18th of September, Arnold took advantage of Washington's passing on his way to Hartford, where he was to meet the French officer Rochambeau, to ask him to let an agent pass the lines on private business; but Washington refused. Learning that he expected to stop in West Point on his return, Arnold sent word to Clinton to send Andre to him at once, and to make his preparations. Clinton at once began the embarking of troops, while Andre went up the river to the British ship of war "Vulture," anchored below the Point, where he waited for the boat under a flag of truce which Arnold was to send for him. On the night of September 21st, the boat arrived, rowed with muffled oars by a creature of Arnold's named Joshua Heth Smith. In it, Andre was put ashore, where he found Arnold waiting for him with a spare horse. They rode to Smith's house, where they talked over their business. The plan Arnold offered was to betray Fort Defiance by so distributing the garrison over its seven acres as to spoil their efficiency, and meanwhile to send to Washington for immediate aid; so that Clinton might be free to capture him by surprise on his way to the rescue. During their conversation, the "Vulture" had been fired on by an American battery, and had been forced to drop down stream; so Andre, after changing his regimentals for the clothes of a country man, made ready, with Arnold's letters and a plan of the works at West Point in his

boots, to return to New York by land. Arnold went back to his quarters.

Andre crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, passed the American post at Verplanck's Point about dusk, spent the night near Crompond, and early on the 23d of September took the road on horseback to New York. Near Tarrytown, he fancied all danger was past; but by chance John Paulding, a poor patriot who had seen fighting and captivity, had, after his late escape from New York, organized a small party to assist him in capturing raiders and doing the like small services to the cause. At eleven o'clock, as Andre was riding up the hill from Sleepy Hollow, Paulding suddenly confronted him, and asked who he was and whither he went. "Gentlemen, I hope you are of our party?" said Andre, never doubting they were English.—"Which party?" responded the shrewd American.—"The lower party," was Andre's fatal reply.—"We are," said Paulding.—"I am a British officer, out on particular business, and I hope you won't detain me a minute." Upon this admission, Paulding bade him dismount. Andre, realizing his mistake, showed his pass from Arnold. "I hope you won't be offended; we don't mean to take anything from you; but there are many bad people going along this road, and you may be one of them. Have you any letters about you?"—"No," said Andre. Paulding, however, wanted to see for himself, so Andre was taken aside into the shrubbery and searched; and his boots gave up their secret. "You are a spy," Paulding observed.—"Let me go, and you shall have a hundred guineas—any sum you please," exclaimed the British adjutant-general.—"No: not for ten thousand guineas!" answered Paulding. They made their prisoner accompany them to North Castle, where, in the evening, they handed him over to Jameson, the commander of the post; and, so far as Paulding and the other two men—David Williams and Isaac van Wart—were concerned, nothing more would ever have been heard of any of them; for they omitted to give their

names or to ask for a reward; and Jameson, who, so far as history enables us to judge him, was the most stupid man at that time in America, did not question them. It was Washington who, afterward, sought out the three humble patriots, whose fidelity, under Providence, saved the United States, and prompted Congress to vote them honorable annuities.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-colonel Jameson and Andre were left to each other's society; but no record of their conversation remains. We only know that, as a consequence of it, Jameson gave the amazing order that Andre should be sent back to Arnold! No comic opera contains a passage more ludicrous than this. Fortunately for the world of sane human beings, there was at the post a certain Major Tallmadge, who, though second in command, was first in common sense by an infinite degree above the lieutenant-colonel; and he insisted upon Andre's being retained at Old Salem. He was, however, allowed to write to Arnold. The letter reached the latter a few hours before the expected arrival of Washington from Hartford; and the traitor had but just time to escape.

Washington could not comprehend the scope of what had happened, till a letter from Andre enlightened him. He strove to excuse himself for having "been betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise," and begged, though "unfortunate," he might be branded with nothing dishonorable, since, he declared, he was "involuntarily an impostor." This was lying, not in the service of his country, but for personal safety only, and at the expense of his fellow conspirators. He hoped to be exchanged; and had the shameless effrontery to mention Gadsden of South Carolina, one of the most stainless and high-minded patriots in America, who had been captured at the surrender of Charleston, as a fit person to be exchanged for him. Should he be executed, he insinuated, a like fate would be inflicted upon Gadsden and other men of his caliber.

He was brought to headquarters at once; his guilt was established on his own confession; a court-martial of the most honorable men in the army tried him, and passed sentence of death unanimously; the sentence was approved by Washington on the last day of September, and he directed that the execution take place the next day. But Andre, who had not hesitated to prostitute a flag of truce, to pledge his word of honor that his mission was of a private nature exclusively, and to put himself on a par with men of honor and patriotism, did not, it appeared, think it becoming his high character to be hanged; he thought he ought to be shot, if he must be killed at all. But unfortunately for him, the British, ever since the war began, had used the gallows, and the gallows only, upon every possible occasion; and hundreds of Americans, guilty of no crime, whose shoes Andre was not worthy to unlace, had died on it at English hands. Hanged, therefore, Andre must be; and hanged accordingly he was, to the hearty satisfaction of the most elementary justice. True to his character, if to nothing else, he acted out his little scene on the scaffold; informed the spectators that he was "reconciled to his fate, but not to the mode," and begged them to "witness to the world that I die like a brave man." He died the death of dishonor which he richly deserved. Sickly sentimentality demands that we "let his misfortunes cast a veil over his errors: the temptation was great!" A man with no honorable traits of character found an opportunity to do a congenial deed; and he did it. His misfortune was the misfortune of all other criminals who have not the luck to cover their tracks—he was found out. It is true, he was an English gentleman and soldier; and if English gentlemen and soldiers are proud of him as their peer, it is not for us to grudge them that privilege. His effigy is in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST

GREENE, WASHINGTON, AND CORNWALLIS

THE Declaration of Independence was not a declaration of Union. The States had to learn by experience that there can be such a thing as too much independence. The lesson cost an immense sum of money, and nearly cost them their emancipation from England; but nothing less than a desperate war against all manner of odds could have hammered it home. The various governments of the States were as nearly perfect as free governments could be; while the government of the confederacy, as exercised by Congress, was the feeblest, and therefore one of the worst, possible. The States were naturally slow to perceive that this badness of the central government could only be remedied by their own action in voluntarily intrusting it with greater powers, at the sacrifice, apparently, of some measure of their own independence. The individual citizen was amenable to the government of his own state, but not to the authority of Congress; and this was a state of things which could not fail to produce essential weakness of the body corporate. Mutual jealousies must be put aside, the best men of the country must take their seats in Congress, and the confederacy must obey their laws, or the whole structure would collapse. Vergennes saw this, but he said that while, during the war, it was essential that the union of the states should be as nearly perfect as possible, yet afterward, "the general federation will have much difficulty in maintain-

ing itself, and will perhaps be replaced by separate confederations. Should this revolution occur, it will weaken the United States, which have not now, and never will have, real and respectable strength except by their union. But it is for themselves alone to make these reflections. We have no right to present them for their consideration, and we have no interest whatever to see America play the part of a power. Nothing can be more conformable to our political interest than separate acts by which each state shall ratify treaties concluded with France; because in this way every state will be found separately connected with us, whatever may be the fortune of the general confederation."

Washington comprehended this as clearly as the French diplomat did. "Unless Congress are vested by the several states with powers competent to the great purposes of war," he wrote, "or assume them as a matter of right, and they and the states respectively act with more energy, our cause is lost. By ill-timing in the adoption of measures, by delays in their execution, or by jealousies, we incur enormous expenses and derive no benefit from them. One state will comply with the requisition of Congress, another neglects it, a third executes it by halves, and all differ either in the manner, the matter, or so much in the point of time, that we are always working up-hill, and are unable to apply our strength or resources to any advantage. I see one head gradually changing into thirteen, one army into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, consider themselves dependent on their respective states."

Boston supported Washington's argument by its convention of August, 1780. There, a beginning toward a real federal constitution was made. They resolved "that the union of these states be fixed in a more solid and permanent manner; that the powers of Congress be more clearly ascertained and defined; that the important national concerns of the United States be under the superintendency and control of one supreme head; that it be recommended to the states

to empower their delegates in Congress to confederate with such of the states as will accede to the proposed confederation; and that they invest their delegates in Congress with powers competent for the government and direction of all those common and national affairs which do not or cannot come within the jurisdiction of the particular states."

This wise proposition came under the notice of Hamilton, who, being of West Indian birth, had no state prejudices, and whose respect for the virtue of mankind was not so unquestioning as to blind him to the value of measures which might support it. He believed in a strong central power. He advocated a convention of all the states to conclude upon federation. "The sovereign of an empire under one simple form of government has too much power; in an empire composed of federated states, each with a government completely organized within itself, the danger is directly the reverse. Congress should have complete sovereignty in all that relates to war, peace, trade, finance, foreign affairs, armies, fleets, fortifications, coining money, establishing banks, imposing a land-tax, poll-tax, duties on trade, and the unoccupied lands. It should provide perpetual revenues, productive and easy of collection, which, together with duties, would give it a substantial existence. Where the public good is evidently the object, more may be effected in governments like ours than in any other. Free countries have ever paid the heaviest taxes: the obedience of a free people to general laws, however hard they bear, is ever more perfect than that of slaves to the arbitrary will of a prince. But the idea of an uncontrollable sovereignty in each state will defeat the powers given to Congress, and make our union feeble and precarious." He also urged the appointment of officers of foreign affairs, of War, of the Navy, and of the Treasury; and wished the army to be placed under the immediate control of Congress.

The time for some sort of reorganization was come: as Washington remarked, "We have lived upon expedients till

we can live no longer." In May of 1780 there had been a mutiny of Connecticut troops, who had been without pay for nearly a year, and with little food or clothing, and they had only returned to duty at Washington's personal entreaty, reenforced by the appearance of the enemy. In January of the next year some Irish troops mutinied at Princeton, and were only reduced to obedience by the native-born soldiers of the army. "Human patience has its limits," wrote Lafayette; "no European troops would suffer a tenth part of what the American troops suffer. It takes citizens to support hunger, nakedness, toil, and the total want of pay, which constitute the condition of our soldiers, the hardiest and most patient that are to be found in the world." The women of America made clothes for them; private individuals in towns clubbed together to provide them with food; but nothing like a general organization for their subsistence was forthcoming. Hamilton was sent to France to raise loans, yet America, in proportion to her population, was at that moment richer than France. The republic seemed a form of government destined to fail.

New York had been the first of the states to surrender her claim on unoccupied lands in favor of the union; Virginia followed her example. It was resolved in Congress to vest a power in that body to levy a duty of five per cent on importations; and on the 1st of March, 1781, the assent of the states to this resolution was obtained. Washington then urged upon some of the most eminent statesmen the expediency of a law by which a refractory or delinquent state might be coerced. "The present temper of the states is friendly to the establishment of a lasting union; the moment should be improved; if suffered to pass away, it may never return; and after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpations of Britain, we may fall a prey to our own follies and disputes." In consequence of this letter, an amendment to the articles of confederation was introduced in Congress, "to give to the United States full authority to

employ their force, as well by sea as by land, to compel any delinquent state to fulfill its federal engagements." This amendment was drafted by Madison and approved by Jefferson; but the time for its acceptance had not yet come.

France was coming to the end of her resources for continuing the war, and it was evident that the campaign of 1781 must be the final one. The Jesuits, who had been expelled from France and Spain, made overtures to North to assist him in attacking America on the west, on condition of their being left free to establish the Catholic religion there; but before North could act upon this suggestion, other events intervened. Adams was sent as envoy to Europe to negotiate regarding terms of peace; but as he said of himself, he was better fitted to make war than peace; and he committed various faults of taste and etiquette, among them, that of endeavoring to usurp the place of Franklin as minister to France. Vergennes suggested that some more amenable person be substituted for him; and associate envoys were later appointed. Six million livres were advanced by France to the States, but much of it was foolishly expended. After much discussion, it finally transpired that America would require to be assured against infringement of her western boundaries, and would demand a share in the fisheries. But unless the coming campaign showed much better results than the last one, she seemed likely to illustrate the old adage about counting the eggs before they hatch out.

Gates had slighted Morgan in his report of the surrender of Burgoyne, to which Morgan had largely contributed; but after his flight before Cornwallis, he experienced a change of heart, and made him commander of a specially selected corps of cavalry and riflemen. A few days after this, Gates was superseded by Greene at Washington's request; Greene having resigned his office as quartermaster-general, when Congress resolved to pay him a salary instead of allowing him to absorb vast commissions, while the soldiers starved.

Greene had his faults, and they were serious ones; but he was a good soldier, comparatively speaking. Under his control were now placed all the troops in and south of Delaware, subject to the supreme control of Washington. Henry Lee, with three hundred and fifty light cavalry, was detached by Washington for the southern service. Gates had already gathered together twenty-three hundred men.

The first movement of the new campaign was made by the British. Colonel Cunningham with a hundred and fifty tories and negroes attacked a house in which were some thirty Americans under Colonel Hayes, who, after having been fired on for three hours, the house being in flames, surrendered upon the terms, which were reduced to writing, that they should be treated as prisoners of war until exchanged. But as soon as they marched out, Cunningham hanged Hayes and his second in command to a tree, killed several other prisoners, and bade his men follow his example. One of the tories, who was personally acquainted with many of the Americans, went among the bodies after the massacre, and stabbed with his sword those who were not yet dead. This is but a typical instance of the manner in which the English conducted the war.

Greene established a "camp of repose" for his army in a fine country at the headwaters of the Pedee; but detached Morgan for minor operations against the enemy. Morgan was at that time the best officer of light cavalry in the world. His successes made Cornwallis uneasy, and he sent Tarleton against him. Morgan was at the moment in a tract where food and forage were unobtainable; and his requests to Greene that he be allowed either to pass into Georgia or rejoin the main army were refused. He was now between the main army of Cornwallis and Tarleton's light horse. Tarleton had twelve hundred men, and on the 16th of January, 1781, was near Cornwallis. Morgan's whole force was about nine hundred, including militia levies. His camp was at the Cowpens, seven miles west of Broad River and five miles

south of the North Carolina boundary, in the northwest corner of the state.

Before dawn on the 17th of January, he prepared for battle in a wood, without undergrowth, between two brooks, with a little ridge between them, on which, after giving his men their breakfast, he posted his best troops: his scouts having informed him that Tarleton was drawing near. Virginia riflemen, on each wing, adjoined the Maryland light infantry in the center. As reserve, were William Washington and his cavalry. Pickens guarded the approaches with volunteers, and a hundred sharpshooters skirmished on the right and left flanks.

Tarleton appeared about eight o'clock, with two regiments in line, artillery in front, himself with two hundred and eighty cavalry in the rear, and two hundred light troops on the flanks. Their charge was met by a heavy fire, first from the skirmishers, then from Pickens's men; and after retiring thirty yards, they formed and fired again, every shot well aimed. At the same time, the sharpshooters opened on the British from each flank; they wavered; the Americans charged with the bayonet, and the enemy fled like deer, leaving their arms behind them, and they never rallied. William Washington attacked Tarleton's cavalry, and they too turned and ran, Tarleton betraying great cowardice. The pursuit continued four and twenty miles. Of the British, three hundred men were killed and wounded, and ten commissioned officers were killed; five hundred privates and twenty-nine commissioned officers were taken prisoners. In addition there were captured eight hundred muskets, a hundred dragoon horses, thirty-five wagons, two field-pieces, and two standards, showing how headlong had been the flight of these English veterans before a force smaller than theirs by one-fourth, and without guns. The entire baggage of the British, an enormous train, was destroyed. This battle is worthy of especial notice for the admirable firmness and efficiency of the Americans, who knew their leaders and

trusted them. Cornwallis declared that this "unexpected and extraordinary event" would produce incalculable consequences. Morgan, after the pursuit was over, crossed Broad River with his prisoners and the captured arms and thus eluded Cornwallis. The fame of the victory resounded over the whole country, and Morgan received the thanks of Congress and the praises of all. The superiority of American troops, when properly handled, to the best regulars of Europe, was conclusively established. The total loss of the Americans was twelve killed and sixty wounded.

Cornwallis thought that his best chance of safety lay in pushing forward across North Carolina and Virginia until he could join Clinton on the Chesapeake. In order to march light, he destroyed his baggage and wagons. Heavy rains made the fords impassable and occasioned delay, and the Americans disputed the crossings and inflicted heavy loss. At the settlement of Salem, inhabited by non-combatant Moravians, he encamped on the 9th of February; the commands of Morgan and Greene effected their junction on the same day at Guilford Court House, twenty-five miles distant. But Morgan, who had been made general, was forced to take leave of absence, being incapacitated by fever and rheumatism. He was never able to return to active duty, and thus America lost one of her ablest and noblest soldiers, in whose record there was not a flaw.

The American army being still too weak to engage the enemy, Greene accomplished a careful and soldierly retreat into Virginia. The men were in excellent spirits, and Greene approved himself thoroughly competent to take care of them. At Hillsborough in North Carolina Cornwallis issued a proclamation calling loyalists to his standard, and a large number of them rose accordingly. But Pickens fell upon them and slaughtered them, and Tarleton, appointed to protect them, fled. Cornwallis now tried to force Greene to a general engagement; but the latter avoided it, while awaiting re-enforcements. They reached him on the 14th of March,

raising his total force to sixteen hundred men, with two thousand militia, thus outnumbering the British almost two to one. But Greene himself was nearly worn out from many days' lack of sleep and constant exertion; and after the battle, which was one of the most stubbornly fought of the war, he fainted from sheer exhaustion. The British never fought so well as on this day, and though they remained on the field at the end, they lost almost twice as many men as the Americans.

The battle took place on the 15th of March, 1781. Greene's army occupied a hill surrounded by smaller hills and covered with forest. He made three lines of battle, one behind another, at such a distance apart that none could support another; and thus Cornwallis would engage three armies, each inferior in numbers to his own. Instead of placing his militia in reserve, as was Washington's rule, he placed them in front. It was this that was one of the main causes of his defeat, since the green troops lost the advantage of their fine position by unsteadiness, whereas the seasoned troops would have held it until Cornwallis's attack was repelled. Cornwallis advanced with the bayonet, and the North Carolina militia fled while the enemy were still a hundred and fifty yards away, hardly firing a shot. The second position was carried with much more difficulty, and with heavy loss. From the third line, the British were beaten back, and Webster, leading the attack, killed. The second battalion of the guards broke through a Maryland regiment, but were in turn hurled back with great slaughter by Colonel Washington, and the first battalion of guards suffered a like fate. But just then a Hessian reserve came up, and drove back the Americans. Two regiments of Virginians were near, and had not yet been used; but Greene, instead of sending them forward, and thus retrieving the day, used them to cover his retreat, and left his cannon on the field. But even as it was, Cornwallis, though technically victorious, was actually defeated, and leaving his wounded behind him, began a hasty

retreat. He was pursued as far as Deep River, the bridge over which he destroyed after crossing it, and on the 7th of April he arrived with his shattered force at Wilmington. Thence, in opposition to the plans of Clinton, his superior, he left for Virginia.

Greene, meanwhile, crossed into South Carolina, and advanced on Camden. At Hobkirk Hill he was surprised by Rawdon and defeated, each side losing three hundred men. Marion, just before this, had captured the chief British fort on the Santee by building a high log tower from which the garrison could be picked off by sharpshooters. Camden was made untenable by this capture, and was abandoned on the 10th of May, after being partially destroyed by the retiring British. Sumter took Orangeburg the next day, and Marion captured Fort Motte: Nelson's Ferry was evacuated, Fort Granby surrendered with three hundred men, and the garrison of Georgetown retreated to Charleston. The British now held only Augusta and Ninety-Six.

The latter place was besieged on the 22d of May; it was strong and well-fortified and the garrison was commanded by a good officer. Before Greene had made any impression on it, Rawdon started to relieve it; and Greene, forgetting prudence in the desire for success, ordered a storming party to effect a lodgment. There was no breach in the walls, and the attacking force was destroyed, one in three being killed and twice that number wounded. Greene gave up the siege and retreated northward. It was his fate uniformly to just miss success. Ninety-Six was evacuated, and Rawdon tried to establish a post on the Congaree, but was prevented by Greene and retired to Orangeburg, where he was strongly re-enforced; but was hampered by fugitive loyalists with their families. Though stronger in numbers than the Americans, Rawdon fell back without giving battle to Charleston, and sailed for England, after taking prisoner and illegally hanging Isaac Hayne. This act put an ineffaceable stain on

his name, which could ill bear the burden. He was taken prisoner by the French on his way home.

The British were now at the junction of the two rivers Congaree and Wateree. They fell back before Greene and made a stand at Eutaw Springs, where, early in the morning of September 8th, Greene moved to attack them. Marion and Pickens commanded his wings in front; Sumter led his second line, with Campbell and Otho; William Washington's cavalry was in reserve. The British were routed and many killed; but a party threw themselves into a brick house, and shot down the Americans who brought up cannon against them. Greene rashly ordered Washington to attack another party which had formed in a thick wood; the cavalry could not penetrate it, and Washington was wounded and taken prisoner. Greene had won his first battle and lost his second; the losses in killed and wounded were about five hundred a side; but the Americans also took five hundred prisoners. The best troops on the side of the English were Irishmen; though Ireland owed to the final success of the American cause her own rights in trade and legislation. Greene remained on the field prepared to renew the battle the next day; but the British retreated during the night, leaving their wounded and destroying their arms. "We fight, get beaten, and fight again," he remarked, exactly and tersely describing his operations: in less than a year he had cleared three states of the enemy, with the exception of the towns of Charleston and Savannah. He was rewarded by enormous grants of land and money from the states in question.

Benedict Arnold's first exploit as a traitor in arms against his countrymen was the burning of Richmond, which had refused his offer of clemency if he might seize its stores of tobacco. A plan of Washington's to capture him by a combined movement of a land force and the French fleet failed owing to accidents. Lafayette and Phillips effected a junction about the first of May, 1781, before Richmond; but Phillips died of fever, and re-enforcements were delayed by

lack of equipment. Cornwallis sent Arnold back to New York, whence Clinton dispatched him against his native state, Connecticut. He plundered and burned New London, and Colonel Ledyard and a hundred and fifty militia surrendered Fort Griswold, across the river, after a brave defense. Bromley, the British commander, ran Ledyard through the body with his sword, and the rest of the garrison was slaughtered, with the exception of forty who were taken prisoners. After this exploit, the British decided that they had enough of Arnold, and he retired to England, a stench in all men's nostrils, and died in London at the age of sixty, after seeing his country victorious and prosperous.

Cornwallis had arrived at Petersburg on the 20th of May, and immediately marched against Lafayette, whose youthful inexperience seemed to offer an easy mark. But Lafayette was possessed of an old head on young shoulders, and of a gallant and brave heart. He could not engage Cornwallis with his small force, but he outmaneuvered him, until he was joined by Anthony Wayne; Cornwallis halted at Hanover Court House, and sent out Tarleton in one direction and Simcoe in another. The former captured seven members of the Virginia legislature, but just missed Jefferson; Simcoe destroyed stores at Point of Fork. Cornwallis interposed his troops between Lafayette and the Court House at Albemarle, where the magazines were established; but the Frenchman gained them by a secret road and intrenched himself strongly. At Williamsburg, Cornwallis was disconcerted by orders from Clinton to send three thousand men to New York, where an attack from Washington was feared. Washington had no such intention, but had caused dispatches conveying such an impression to fall into the hands of the British. His real purpose was to make an attack on the English force in Virginia with the assistance of the French fleet and army. Cornwallis was forced to comply with his superior's order, but it brought the enmity between the two men to its height. The arrival of troops

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from England enabled Clinton to countermand the dispatch of Cornwallis's men before it had been accomplished; but the feud remained.

A plan laid by Cornwallis to surprise Wayne by making him suppose that a large body of troops was really but a small detachment was brought to naught by Wayne's audacity, who charged with such assurance that the British hesitated, fancying he must be himself supported by unknown re-enforcements; and before the mistake could be discovered, Wayne was actually succored by Lafayette. Cornwallis, after inflicting damage throughout Virginia to the amount of about three million pounds, but failing in all the strictly military aims he had in view, established himself at Yorktown and Gloucester and fortified his army there.

The time was now come for the final operation of the war. Clinton had been completely deceived as to Washington's intentions, and of course Cornwallis shared his delusion. The American army was supplied with necessaries by the generosity of Morris, who pledged his credit for nearly a million and a half dollars, and borrowed twenty thousand more from the French general Rochambeau. Even after the march southward had begun, Clinton, relying on the intercepted dispatch, thought it was but a feint to mislead him. Count de Grasse, with the French fleet, arrived in the Chesapeake from the West Indies the last of August; and a week later engaged the English fleet and defeated it, allowing opportunity for the transports with the siege artillery to come in. The allied French and American troops, sixteen thousand in number, were meanwhile marching to the same point, received everywhere along the route with acclamations of affection and joy. The whole command was united under Washington, greatly to the credit of French magnanimity. On his way south, he rode in advance with Rochambeau and Chastellux in order to have time to spend three days at his home at Mount Vernon, which for six years

he had not seen. On the 28th of September the allies encountered the British outposts and drove them in: the siege was begun, and Washington fixed his headquarters under a mulberry tree, and slept with his head pillowed on its outcropping root.

The allied armies were now divided, the French taking the left side of the approaches to the city, and the Americans the right. Within a week, trenches had been opened within six hundred yards of the enemy, and the bombardment was kept up night and day. Cornwallis replied stoutly, but he was under no illusions as to the peril of his position. Only in response to the insistence of Clinton and Germain had he, in opposition to his own judgment, undertaken the defense of the place. Portsmouth, further south, would have offered the advantage of communication with the Carolinas; Yorktown was only tenable on condition of being supported by the fleet, which had been driven away. Clinton had eighteen thousand men in New York; but either he did not realize his rival's danger, or he was indifferent to it. The end came while he was still inactive.

Yorktown was a small village on the north side of the long tongue of land which separates the York River from the James, and which is at this point about eight miles wide. The river banks are high, and the river deep. On the opposite side of the York, about a mile across, was Gloucester. The fortifications of Yorktown consisted of earthworks, in the shape of redoubts and batteries, on the right, with a stockade supporting a high parapet in the rear, and in front, a redoubt commanding a marshy ravine. A stockade and batteries defended the extension of the marsh along the center; the left had two small redoubts, in front of which the ground was level with the works, or cut up in narrow gorges. As Cornwallis had written to Clinton, the place was "in no state of defense." But the time for escape had gone by.

Before the siege began, Cornwallis abandoned the outer defenses, and concentrated himself within. French dragoons

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under De Lauzun, with marines and Virginia militia, hemmed in the force at Gloucester on the other side of the river; and an attempt at a sortie by Tarleton was promptly crushed by De Lauzun, Tarleton himself barely escaping. The allied armies were full of gayety and confidence, but gloom dwelt upon the British. An English frigate of forty-four guns and three transport ships were set on fire by red-hot shot from the French cannon on the 10th of October. On the 11th, a parallel was opened three hundred yards from the lines of the English, and on the fourteenth breaches were made in two redoubts on the right, and Hamilton led a storming party against that on the York River, while De Deux Ponts and De L'Estrade headed the French attack on the other. At a signal, both parties advanced in silence; the American party entirely surrounded the redoubt and captured it and its defenders with a loss to the latter of but eight killed and wounded. The French were delayed in their advance by a stout abattis and palisade; and though they carried the redoubt in less than ten minutes, they lost over a hundred men. The victory was complete, and was celebrated with fraternal rejoicings. "The work is done, and well done," said Washington, who, with Lincoln and Knox, had watched the combined assault, under some risk from bullets, spent or otherwise. The friendly emulation between the French and the American troops was advantageous to the success of both. On the same night, both redoubts were included in the line of the second parallels; and a sortie on the night of October 16th was driven back, after three or four guns had been ineffectually spiked. The next day Cornwallis made up his mind that he must surrender.

Officers from both sides met on the 18th to arrange terms —Laurens and De Noaille for the Americans and French, and two of corresponding rank for the English. The same conditions were imposed upon Cornwallis as had been given to Lincoln when he surrendered Charleston. The soldiers were to be prisoners of war, but loyalists must be dealt

with by American law: private property should be respected, except plunder and runaway slaves; all public property must be surrendered. Seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven of the best soldiers of the British army, and eight hundred and forty sailors, were included in this capitulation, without counting the three hundred and fifty who had fallen during the siege. Two hundred and forty-four iron and brass cannon were given up. Cornwallis betrayed his boorishness by deputing the delivery of his sword to his subordinate O'Hara, and many of the common soldiers evinced the like temper by trying to break their arms as they stacked them. There was nothing in the conduct of the men or officers of the invading army, either before or during the surrender, which entitled them to the consideration which they nevertheless received. Their inherent brutality was apparent both in war and in defeat. In apportioning the booty, the Americans received the land forces and stores, while the ships and sailors went to the French. There were nine thousand Americans of the besiegers, and seven thousand French. However selfish may have been the policy of the French government in helping America, the genuine cordiality and generosity of the troops who did the helping can never be impugned. They were more American than the Americans.

On learning of the surrender, Congress went to church to thank God, and Philadelphia blazed with illuminations. Honors were showered upon Washington and the other leaders, French and English. Lafayette was loved in America and "venerated" in France. Franklin wrote to Washington that this success brightened "the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity." In England, the news came like the voice of doom to Lord North, drove Germain from the cabinet, rejoiced Fox and the opposition in general, and elicited from the bewildered fool on the throne the declaration that "no difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America." It was presently to be revealed to this poor

creature that the time had gone by when either English or Americans would wait for his consent. Public opinion in England was all for peace, and it only remained to consider the terms which the allies were willing to accept.

But the discussions of cabinets and diplomats are even more long-drawn than the operations of war; and though all the persons concerned in the negotiations now to be undertaken desired peace, many months must pass before they could agree on the details of the pacific object. Robert Livingstone sent word to Franklin that peace must include the right to the fisheries and the Mississippi boundary, which coincided with Franklin's views; Congress was of the same mind, but found it inexpedient to say so authoritatively just at present. Meanwhile John Adams in the Netherlands had by his determined front and indefatigable persistency brought about the acknowledgment by that power of the separate existence of America as an independent nation. Spain, in terror over the danger to her power, and hating America, would do nothing; but, as Franklin remarked, she had been four years debating what to do: "give her forty, and meantime let us go about our own business." The House of Commons finally voted against the continuance of the war, and Lord North announced the retirement of himself and of the worst ministry that had ever misrepresented Great Britain; and much to the grief of the king, he was compelled to accept Lord Rockingham as North's successor. Lord Shelburne and Franklin made mutual friendly advances looking toward the conclusion of a peace, and the former appointed Oswald, a man of intelligence and liberality, to communicate his ideas to the American statesman. But Fox, a member of the new cabinet, was anxious to pick a quarrel with Shelburne, and dispatched a young friend of his own, Grenville, to Paris, to negotiate a peace with America apart from France. This Franklin of course declined to do; but he educated Grenville by conversing with him, and showing him the true position of America. Rockingham dying on the

1st of July, 1782, Shelburne became first lord of the treasury. He accepted the post on the understanding with the king that peace with independent America was to be consented to. He was one of the most sensible and liberal men in England, and his influence was wholly favorable to America. Fox lost a great opportunity, and seriously injured the cause of reform in England, by selfishly and short-sightedly opposing him. Burke, also, was violently hostile to Shelburne, whose ministry, he declared, would be "fifty times worse than North's; his accursed principles were to be found in Machiavelli, and but for want of understanding he would be a Catiline or a Borgia." Shelburne contented himself with remarking that "nothing was further from his intention than to renew the war with America"; and to Oswald in Paris he wrote, "We have adopted Dr. Franklin's idea of the method to come to a general pacification by treating separately with each party. I beg him to believe that I can have no idea or design of acting toward him and his associates but in the most open, liberal and honorable manner." Franklin, suspecting that Shelburne, for the very reason of his honesty and open-mindedness, might not remain minister long, lost no time in entering upon details with Oswald. In going over the articles of peace, he explained to him that Congress could not and would not grant reinstatement to loyalists, and that the claim of British merchants for debts incurred before the war might be set off against the systematic and wholesale destruction of American private property by the English armies. Shelburne accepted these conditions.

Parliament performed with some natural awkwardness the task of framing the bill empowering the king to treat for peace with the "thirteen colonies," whose independence it acknowledged by implication, but not explicitly. In forwarding the commission to Oswald, Shelburne wrote:—"I have never made a secret of the deep concern I feel in the separation of countries united by blood, by principles, habits, and every tie short of territorial proximity. But I have long

since given it up, decidedly though reluctantly; and the same motives which made me, perhaps, the last to give up all hope of reunion make me most anxious, if it is given up, that it shall be done so as to avoid all future risk of enmity and lay the foundation of a new connection, better adapted to the temper and interest of both countries." The diplomacy of a hundred years has added nothing to the soundness and equity of these views.

There was perfect understanding between Shelburne and Franklin, and had the negotiations been left to them, the desired result would soon have followed. Unfortunately, Jay had been sent over as a colleague of Franklin, and his narrow and carping brain could not comprehend the true exigencies of the situation. Knowing that the coming assembling of Parliament would overthrow Shelburne, and with it the prospect of success in the negotiations, he began to institute senseless objections calculated to spoil all that Franklin's wise care had attained, and to inflict additional loss and distress upon his country. He demanded that, before anything else was done, the king should declare America independent by proclamation. He caviled at the letter and ignored the spirit. In all respects he acted like an ill-conditioned schoolboy with a grudge which he fancied he could work off, and from which he hoped to gain some personal distinction. He made Shelburne the object of vulgar suspicions, misquoted history in support of his foolish contentions, and but for the patience and watchfulness of Franklin, would probably have plunged the two countries into war once more.

The war, indeed, was still lingering along, though no actions of importance were to occur. Washington had gone back to the Hudson; Greene had been joined by Wayne in the south; Rochambeau was in Virginia. The French fleet returned to the West Indies, where De Grasse was to meet defeat at the hands of Rodney. Partisan warfare, of a petty but most barbarous kind, was waged by bands of

tories and British in the southern states. It is useless to repeat the revolting details of these wanton murders, outrages, and robberies. When Shelburne came to power, they ceased; prisoners were well treated, and brutalities were discouraged. Wayne drove the British in Georgia from one post to another until he had them shut up in Savannah, which was also evacuated in July, 1782, and the remains of the British force took refuge in Charleston. In South Carolina the assembly, under Rutledge as governor, passed a law of banishment against belligerent loyalists; though the noble Gadsden, who had suffered cruel wrongs from the enemy, counseled his countrymen to forget and forgive. The last man killed in the war of the Revolution was a Maryland officer named Wilmot, in a skirmish at James Island, about the end of 1782.

In civil affairs, Robert Morris attempted to solve financial problems by the foundation of a national bank, in imitation of the Bank of England. The bank was incorporated in January, 1782, though its legality under the constitution was in some doubt. It was not trusted by the people at large, but did a profitable business in the region round Philadelphia. Morris was a believer in strong central power, and advocated its establishment. He likewise proposed a scheme for paying the interest on the public debt. But he was more energetic than judicious, and his plans resulted in no solution of the difficulties.

One of the odd episodes of this anomalous period was the proposal of a foreign-born officer, Nicola, to Washington, that he should become king of America. To his letter Washington replied:—"No occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed; and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then,

if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature." Washington was not a graceful writer; but he showed in this letter that it is possible for a public man, even when not endowed with literary genius, to decline a proposed appointment in such a manner as to leave no doubt whatever of his meaning.

Hamilton had been appointed New York revenue collector at the instance of Robert Morris, chiefly in order that he might influence the legislature of that state to support the financial views of Congress. In consequence of his suggestions, his father-in-law, Schuyler, caused a committee to report "that the radical source of most of the public embarrassments was the want of sufficient power in Congress to effectuate the ready and perfect co-operation of the states: that the powers of government ought without loss of time to be extended; that the general government ought to have power to provide revenue for itself: that the foregoing important ends can never be attained by deliberations of the states separately; but that it is essential to the common welfare that there should be a conference of the whole on the subject; and that it would be advisable to propose to Congress to recommend, and to each state to adopt, the measure of assembling a general convention of the states, especially authorized to revise and amend the confederation, reserving a right to the respective legislatures to ratify their determinations." In pursuance of this recommendation, Hamilton was elected member of Congress from New York. The sentiment for union was felt throughout the states, and there was a fair prospect of the success of measures undertaken to secure it. Congress adopted in the summer of 1781 the device of the eagle and stars with the olive branch and the thunderbolts as the national emblem, and the motto, E Pluribus Unum. If for no other reason, union was imperative for the sake of revenue reform. The budget for

1783 was figured as at least nine millions, and Rhode Island, which paid a larger proportion of its quota than any of the other states, paid but one-sixth of the amount due; while several southern states paid nothing whatever.

Spain was delaying peace by the absurdity of her requirements; she wanted both banks of the Mississippi, and all west of it. Vergennes wished the United States to remain manageably weak; he wanted the Canada boundary to fall as far south as possible, and that England should possess the country between the Alleghanies and the great river. England herself, on the other hand, was avowedly prepared to go any reasonable lengths to secure peace with America and all other nations, even agreeing to a modi-concession to Jay's stipulations; but Jay insisted on the letter of his demand, and thereby prevented the concession of other more important provisions of the treaty. Jay had been a warm advocate of the triple alliance of America, France and Spain; but on discovering the true hostile attitude of Spain, he became unreasonably suspicious of all propositions. Without authorization from America or consultation with Franklin, he intimated to Shelburne that if England would oppose the Spanish demands as to the Mississippi, England should have equal rights to its navigation. The delays of which he was the cause gave time for the complaints of refugees and creditors of the states to become troublesome; and the king was declaring that "if ruin should attend the measures that may be adopted, I may not long survive them."

At this point, Adams came from his success in the Netherlands to join the peace commission in Paris. He approved of paying the debts incurred before the war, though they had already been offset by British confiscations of the property owed, and by British destruction of the estates which should enable money to be earned. He also favored the rehabilitation of refugees; but here Franklin interposed, calling attention to the intestine disturbances which such a course must produce. The commissioners on both sides were anx-

ious to conclude the treaty before the meeting of Parliament, whose discussions might upset everything. Mutual concessions were agreed to, on the whole in favor of the Americans. Slavery was recognized, but free negroes were regarded as citizens. Subject to the terms of peace between Great Britain and France, the treaty of peace between the United States of America and Great Britain was signed by Franklin, Adams and Jay for the former, and by Oswald, Fitzherbert and Strachey for the latter, on the 30th of November, 1782. It had been imperiled by the ignorance or indiscretions of Jay and Adams, and saved by the wisdom and foresight of Franklin; on the whole, it was a worthy document, and honorable to both England and America. The principles upon which it was based were of at least as much value to the future of England, as a great colonizing power, as they were to the immediate prosperity of America. The principle of taxation of colonies by Parliament was extirpated; the way was opened for the abolition of trade monopolies. England had never gained a victory which more benefited her than did her defeat by America. As for America, she had, by her successful resistance to the despotism of an English political clique, conquered for herself the whole world. She had developed and disseminated her ideas, and made possible the liberty of mankind. Her occupation of the western continent, and her consequent enormous prosperity, were but a question of time. Those who best knew the spirit of the American people were those who looked for the speediest realization of these results.

The views of Europe as to the terms of peace were various. The king of France was piqued to hear that it had been signed; he had never digested the idea that America could be a separate entity. Vergennes declared that the English had bought rather than made it; "their concessions exceed anything I had thought possible." George was plunged in inconsolable woe. Few persons thought that America would long hold together, in spite of the

good terms she had secured. Meanwhile negotiations for the general European peace went on. Spain wanted Gibraltar, but England would not even consider the return of that famous rock, and Spain had once more to accommodate herself to the chronic attitude, characteristic of her in these latter ages, of claiming everything without having the power to hold anything. France obtained the concession of her very moderate demands. The utmost cordiality prevailed between her and England, now that the fisticuffing was over; and aspirations were pronounced that "the name of war be forgotten forever." Nations, especially those which are governed by kings, are very much like children.

In the debate upon the restoration of intercourse with America, which ensued upon the assembling of Parliament, Fox, though asked to enter the Shelburne cabinet, refused, and allied himself with North and Germain in the opposition. Shelburne, in the course of a speech in the debate, formulated the best spirit in England at that day. "Monopolies, some way or other, are ever justly punished. They forbid rivalry, and rivalry is the very essence of well-being in trade. All Europe appears enlightened and eager to throw off the vile shackles of oppressive, ignorant, unmanly monopoly. It is always unwise; but, if there is any nation who ought to be the first to reject monopoly, it is the English. Situated as we are between the Old World and the New, and between southern and northern Europe, all that we ought to covet is equality and free trade. Let every market be open; let us meet our rivals fairly and ask no more; telling the Americans that we desire to live with them in communion of benefits and in the sincerity of friendship."

In spite of Shelburne's intelligent honesty, aided by the remarkable eloquence of the younger Pitt, then twenty-four years old, the vote was against the ministry, and Shelburne resigned. The iniquitous coalition of North and Fox resulted, after delay and dissensions, in the acceptance of office by the

Duke of Portland, as a figure head, with Fox handling the reins, and North in a subordinate position. Such a combination contained the seeds of dissolution within itself. To add to its ill omens, the king was now as frantically hostile to North as he had before been devoted to him. And Fox had lost his influence with the country when he abandoned his principles. What is of consequence to our history is, that Fox proposed to leave the old Navigation Acts in full force, while America should be allowed to establish no Acts of her own; but should continue to pay duties in British ports on her own produce, and receive British produce and manufactures duty free in her own ports. A proclamation in council restricted trade between the States and the British West Indies to British-built ships owned and navigated by British subjects. By doing this, England gave up the use of ships built in America, which had heretofore furnished most of the vessels of her carrying trade; and forbade natural trade between near neighbors. But for America, though ostensibly a disadvantage, it was ultimately a benefit, in prompting her to create an efficient government. "Everything conducive to union and constitutional energy should be cultivated," said Jay. "The British ministry will find us like a globe—not to be overset. They wish to be the only carriers between their islands and other countries; and though they are apprised of our right to regulate our trade as we please, yet they flatter themselves that the different states possess too little national or continental spirit ever to agree to any national system. I think they will find themselves mistaken." The mistake was widespread. Dean Tucker said that "the mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans indicate that they will have no center of union and no common interest; they will never be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever." Lord Sheffield thought that the American states need not be feared by England as a nation. "The confederation does not enable Congress to form more than general treaties; when

treaties become necessary they must be formed with the states separately." And it became a matter of regret to England that she had made any treaty with the States as a whole. But Vergennes supported the American commissioners, and the final treaty of peace was signed on the 3d of September, 1783.

One after another, the European states welcomed the new nation to their comity; Sweden being the first to suggest a treaty, which was concluded on the basis of "the most favored nation." Frederick of Prussia was sceptical as to the possibility of the endurance of a continental republic; but he desired to exchange the benefits of friendship with the States. Joseph of Belgium also made overtures, but the relations between the two countries did not develop, owing to the timidity of the Belgian merchants in allowing extended credits, and to the closing of the Scheldt. Denmark's approaches were hampered by questions of violations of neutrality during the war. Russia was too much occupied in the East to allow of present negotiations; but the two nations were friendly. Holland made cordial advances, and favorable treaties were concluded with her. Spain was suspicious and malicious, but resigned herself as best she might to the unwelcome propinquity of her possessions to the republic. France quietly watched the progress of constitutional principles in the States, without feeling either faith or desire that they should succeed; though individuals like Lafayette were solicitous that a strong government should be established.

The rejoicings which the news of the peace had caused in America were overshadowed by the state of the army. A committee from them, consisting of General Macdougall and others, had addressed Congress in January, 1783, setting forth their grievances. "Shadows have been offered to us," they said, "while the substance has been gleaned by others. The citizens murmur at the greatness of their taxes, and no part reaches the army. The uneasiness of the soldiers at

the want of pay is great and dangerous. We entreat that Congress, to convince the army and the world that the independence of America shall not be placed on the ruin of any particular class of her citizens, will point out a mode of immediate redress." Never was a demand more just. The superintendent of finance declared he had no money in hand, and that other demands were equally pressing. Macdougall affirmed, on the other hand, that "the army was verging to that state which makes wise men mad." Madison presented a resolution for a general revenue: "the idea," he said, "of erecting our national independence on the ruins of national faith and honor must be horrid to every mind." It had been noticed that the members of legislatures always paid themselves in full before adjourning, and voted the salaries of the civil lists, while the army was as regularly left unpaid. After much acrimonious debate, Congress agreed, on the 12th of February, to raise a general revenue; but this was not equivalent to money in hand. "With the exception of miracles," wrote Gouverneur Morris, "there is no probability that the states will ever make such grants unless the army be united and determined in the pursuit of it." "If the constitution is so defective," said General Knox, "why don't you great men call the people together and tell them so?" Congress remained seemingly paralyzed. In March, an anonymous communication, of which Gates was the author, was circulated among the army officers. After recapitulating their injuries, it went on, "If you have sense enough to discover and spirit to oppose tyranny, whatever garb it may assume, awake to your situation. If the present moment be lost, your threats hereafter will be as empty as your entreaties now. Appeal from the justice to the fears of government; and suspect the man"—meaning Washington—"who would advise to longer forbearance."

A copy of this able incitement to mutiny reached Washington on the morning of the day on which the meeting to consider it was to be held. In general orders he dis-

approved the irregular call, and appointed a meeting five days later, "to devise what measures ought to be adopted to attain the just and important object in view." This frightened Gates; and during the interval, Washington prepared his course. When the officers met, on the 15th of March, Gates took the chair; but of a sudden it was discovered that the commander-in-chief was present. There was dead silence until he rose, with an apology to his "brother officers," to speak. He remarked that the circular could have proceeded from none but a British emissary. He reminded them that his constant presence amidst them in the field, as the companion and witness of their distresses, should prove his sympathy with their interests. But he pointed out that any forcible measures on their part to get redress at once, must put off satisfaction. They must rely on the faith and purity of intention of Congress, though its action might be unavoidably delayed. "Let me entreat you, gentlemen, not to take measures which, in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dignity and sully the glory which you have hitherto maintained. Let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wickedly attempts to open the floodgates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire with blood. You will thus give one more proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will afford occasion for posterity to say: 'Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'" He then took up a letter from a member of Congress to read to them; but after the first few lines, fumbled in his pocket for his spectacles, which, he said, in apology, he had so lately purchased that this was the first time he had worn them in public: "I have grown gray in your service," he added,

with grave simplicity, "and now find myself growing blind." After reading the letter, which promised that the army should be justly dealt with, he bowed, and left the room.

Perhaps no single episode in our history is more impressive and touching than this. No comment, however eloquent, can add anything to its homely grandeur and pathos. It was the last time that Washington led his faithful troops to victory—the victory over themselves. They passed a resolution expressing their unshaken trust in the justice of Congress, and their abhorrence and disdain of the infamous circular; and adjourned. Such an army was worthy to free America, and be led by Washington.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND

THE CONSTITUTION

UT what could Congress do? Its treasury was empty: it had never been otherwise. It could vote money to pay the soldiers, and it did so; but it could not accomplish the payment. All it had was paper notes worth one-eighth of their face value, ostensibly due in six months; and unknown quantities of unreclaimed land in the west, which had been relinquished to the Union by the several states which had claimed them. Empty pockets and hungry stomachs could not be replenished by this means. But the army, having adopted its course, steadily adhered to it. Instead of ravaging the country and destroying the work which it had protected, it took what was offered and quietly retired. The officers accepted five years' full pay in promises in lieu of half-pay for life; and established the order of the Cincin-

nati, for the support of widows and orphans, and the preservation of the Union. The rank and file went home penniless, and many of them moved to the west, taking noble ideals with them. America was safe.

On the 19th of April, 1783, eight years after the battle of Lexington, peace was proclaimed in the States. Washington took the occasion to write a letter, intended for circulation throughout the country, north and south, which he termed his "legacy" to his countrymen, in which he eloquently and forcibly advocated union and fidelity to engagements. The effects produced by this document were beneficent and widespread. Legislature after legislature read it, and acted in accordance with its suggestions. In an address to the army, Washington gave them their meed of praise, and contemplating their dispersal over the new lands yet to be settled, adjured them to observe in their lives the principles which they had so nobly defended in the field. A secure union, the suppression of state jealousies, more power in Congress, and the consequent creation of a permanent revenue, were the pressing needs of the time; apart from these, the country gave every promise of prosperity. Thousands of loyalists from all sections had moved to Nova Scotia, where the British government granted them sums of money aggregating fifteen and a half million dollars. It might have been better to have gradually absorbed these persons into the population; but the immediate discomfort of their presence was too irksome; nor were they themselves willing to wait for the gradual healing of differences which time might have brought about. On the other hand, most of the prisoners of war who were Germans chose to remain in the country, and formed, with German emigrants, the nucleus of the vast German population which has proved itself so valuable in America.

Savannah and Charleston had been evacuated; and all the British troops had been collected in New York. On the 25th of November, 1783, in chilly weather, the redcoats and

the refugees embarked in boats and were put over to Staten and Long Islands, from which they were to take ship for England or Nova Scotia. On the morning of the same day, General Knox with some American troops from West Point entered the Bowery, and early in the afternoon occupied Fort George on the Battery. They were joined there by Washington and his suite. On the 4th of December, Washington met his officers at an inn near the Battery to bid them farewell. The scene cannot be better described than in the words of the historian Bancroft:—"The thoughts of the eight years which they had passed together, their common distresses, their victories, and now their parting from the public service, came thronging to every mind. No relation of friendship is stronger or more tender than that between men who have shared together the perils of war in a noble and upright cause. The officers could attest that the courage which is the most perfect and the most rare, the courage which determines the man, without the least hesitation, to hold his life of less account than the success of the cause for which he contends, was the habit of Washington. Pledging them in a glass of wine, he thus addressed them: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. May your latter days be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious. I shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' With tears on his cheeks he grasped the hand of Knox, who stood nearest, and embraced him. In the same manner he took leave of every officer. Followed by the company in silent procession, he passed through a corps of light infantry to the ferry at Whitehall. Entering his barge, he waved his hat to them; with the same silence they returned that last voiceless farewell, and the boat pushed across the Hudson. A father parting from his children could not excite more regret nor draw more tears."

His journey to Annapolis, where Congress was now assembled, was marked at every stage by the affection and

reverence of the people. He was received in full assembly, and the galleries of the hall were crowded. He had come to resign his commission as commander-in-chief, which he had assumed under the elm at Cambridge so long ago. He spoke with profound emotion; and was answered by Jefferson.

"Sir," said the latter, "the United States in Congress assembled receive with emotions too affecting for utterance the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and while it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have persevered till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety and independence. Having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and to those who feel oppression, with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, you retire from the great theater of action; but the glory of your virtues will continue to animate the remotest ages. We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching Him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation."

The order in council of Great Britain to restrict the carrying trade to the West Indies to English-built ships could be met only by a united policy in the States; since no one of them could afford to exclude British ships from its ports unless all the rest would do so. Virginia was the first of the states to call for resistance. Its legislature empowered Congress to act. A proposal was adopted that Congress, with the assent of nine states, might prohibit foreign commerce for fifteen years. A majority of Congress decided

that the United States formed one nation. Equality and reciprocity in commercial treaties were proclaimed. A commission consisting of Adams, Franklin and Jefferson was appointed to negotiate treaties during the ensuing fifteen years. Jefferson submitted a plan for the division into ten states of all the relinquished western lands, and suggested a north and south line to stay the western extension of slavery. He also proposed that slavery be abolished at the end of the century. This was voted down by a majority of "an individual vote." Two years afterward, Jefferson wrote, "The voice of a single individual would have prevented this abominable crime; heaven will not always be silent; the friends to the rights of human nature will in the end prevail."

In 1786, the decimal system of coinage, based on the dollar, was adopted, and a mint was established. The war had cost the States one hundred and forty million dollars. Congress had issued altogether about two hundred and thirty-six millions in paper, the value and circulation of which had ceased. Eight million dollars had been borrowed abroad; Adams paid Holland's claims by a lottery; France generously wrote off the interest on her bill. But though the country was rich, the United States was bankrupt.

The remedy could come only from the people. As the citizens of the various states discovered by experience the disabilities to which they were subjected by the present lack of system, they began to clamor for efficient reform. Congress must be allowed greater powers over the commercial regulations of the country. New York, Pennsylvania and Boston advocated duties on British trade. "Peace," said Massachusetts, "has not brought back prosperity; foreigners monopolize our commerce; the confederacy is inadequate to its purposes; from national unanimity and national exertion we have derived our freedom: the joint action of the several parts of the union can alone restore happiness and security." This was a change of heart, wrought by experi-

ence, from the time, two years before, when Boston had clamored for absolute state sovereignty.

But before the real reform could come, the need for it must be effectively brought home to all and sundry; the attempt to bring it about through Congress must be made, and fail; and the selfish prejudices of states and individuals must be overcome by the certainty that a choice must be made between the cherishing of such prejudices and the utter crumbling to pieces of the union. The long battle was fought both at home and abroad. Adams, in England, could not come to an agreement with Pitt, unless he would consent to admit England to commercial privileges denied to France. The laws relating to religion were gradually abrogated in the interests of freedom, Virginia taking the initiative: but the hopeless confusion caused by paper money in the several states could be modified only by frugality and industry. But how was action affecting the whole of the states to be initiated? Congress could enact requisitions, but could not carry them into effect until each and all of the thirteen states had agreed to them. The only hope was in a convention of the states, free to take any course which might seem to it for the best. Virginia invited such a convention to be held at Annapolis; but it was not fully attended. But the commissioners present represented the necessity of revising the federal system, and recommended another meeting, preferably to a discussion in Congress, "where it might be too much interrupted by ordinary business, and would, besides, be deprived of the counsels of individuals who are restrained from a seat in that assembly. The crisis is arrived at which the people of America are to decide the solemn question whether they will reap the fruits of independence and of union, or whether, by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they will renounce the blessings prepared for them by the revolution." The appeal did not come too soon; the disorders caused by vicious conditions in some parts of the country

were already suggesting the possibility of civil war. In Massachusetts a large body of citizens, under the leadership of Daniel Shays, organized, and openly opposed the government, and were only put down by a greatly superior force of militia under Lincoln. This happened only three years after the peace of the Revolution. The states accepted the call to a convention in May, 1787, with the exception of Rhode Island. What was to be the outcome none knew. "Shall we have a king?" asked Jay. England had hopes of placing a member of the House of Hanover on an American throne, and was anxious lest America might prefer a French Bourbon. If the convention should fail to decide on anything, it was plain that at least three separate confederacies must emerge. Before the convention met, Madison prepared a draft of a constitution, as a basis for discussion. He stipulated that the new dispensation must be ratified by the people of all the states, so that it might be superior to state legislatures; and he tried to steer between a homogeneous republic without states, which was impracticable, and state sovereignty, which was incompatible with effective government.

On the 14th of May, the delegates began to ride into Philadelphia, from their respective homes in all parts of the country, grave with the consciousness of the solemn responsibility which they had undertaken. Washington was escorted into town with public honors. He was in favor, not of an amended confederacy, but of "probing the defects of the constitution to the bottom, and providing a radical cure." The other delegates from Virginia stood with him, and their agreement was a strong element in the deliberations; many of the others being doubtful, and many prejudiced in favor of mere amendments. On the 29th of May, most of the delegates being present, Randolph of Virginia addressed them, calling attention to the "prospect of anarchy from the inherent laxity of the government. As the remedy," he added, "the government to be established must have for its basis the republican principle."

He then read fifteen proposed articles of a constitution, and debate upon them began. Within a fortnight the committee of the whole had passed upon them all, and had adopted the majority of them, with only minor changes, which were in the way of improvement. But there remained certain points on which delegates were opposed, and it was the contests on these which comprised the real perils of the convention.

The long and sometimes ardent debates on point after point should be studied by all political investigators; for the perfect flower of the Constitution can be appreciated and understood only by watching the processes of its growth. It is often surprising to note the manner in which the future conditions of the country, especially as modified by the slavery question, were foreseen by the debaters; and on the other hand how far the convention went astray in other anticipations, such as of the preponderance of population in the South. Upon the whole, the discussion was carried on in a manly and patriotic spirit, with acumen and breadth of view; the chief conclusions which were recorded have stood the test of time. The Constitution as we have it is partly an inheritance, partly a compromise, and in a limited sense only can be regarded as in any part a creation; yet as a whole it is a creation of the most important kind. Old elements in a new combination produced by spiritual chemistry a substance different from any that had heretofore existed. But the result was achieved only at the cost of many mutual sacrifices; and more than once the threads of connection which held the convention together were worn so thin that it seemed as if they must needs part. But again and again the members recalled it to mind that, should they fail in providing a regimen of life for their country, the attempt would probably never after be renewed; and this gave them courage and temper to go on. At times, too, the perplexities appeared too great to admit of solution, and a temporary expedient had to be adopted. In the end, however, the work

was done, and it was a fitting sequel to that which delivered the country from the tyranny of King George.

The fear of trouble between the small and the large states, which had at first threatened, was seen later not to be the real point of peril; the country divided on the slavery line. The small states were secured by their equal footing in the Senate Chamber; but the prosperity of slavery depended on whether the South or the North should control its continuance and extension. All matters relating to this subject were settled, as well as discussed in all their bearings, in after years; and we need not do more than refer to this early agitation of them. Virginia was at this time more pronounced than almost any of the states in her disapproval of slavery, and North Carolina supported her; had these states maintained this attitude, the act of secession would have had a different history. But in 1787, the Peculiar Institution had not wrought upon the proprietors of it the full effects which were visible in 1861.

Another difficult task was the drawing of the distinctions and limits of the state and central powers; it was necessary to preserve the state in full vigor, without in any degree detracting from the absoluteness of the central government on all questions proper to it. But though an agreement was reached in the convention, the divergence of opinions as to the just proportions of power created the two great parties which have ever since, under one or another name, controlled the country. Had state divisions been abolished, it is hardly conceivable that the Republic could have endured; but the existence of the states gave more trouble to statesmen in quest of a stable and efficient government than did any other problem. Had all the states been of the same size and general topography, inhabited by the same number of persons in each, engaged in the same industries, and with similar traditions—it would have been easy to frame a government for them and put it in operation. But inasmuch as the extreme opposite of all these conditions existed, the obstacles were continuous and formidable.

Early in the deliberations New Jersey proposed that the work of the convention should be restricted merely to revising the old articles of confederation; that the Congress should be a single body, and the executive should consist of three persons, removable by Congress; that Congress should derive revenues only from duties, stamps, and the Post Office. Connecticut, on the other hand, wanted a strong central or "national" government. It was finally agreed that the Congress should consist of two branches—the House of Representatives, elected by the people, and the Senate, elected mediately through the legislatures; the latter to hold office for six years, the former to be elected every two years. The Executive was to be single, his tenure of office to be for three or four years; he was subject to impeachment for cause, and was to have a veto on bills, which would then have to be passed by a two-thirds majority of the whole Congress, in order to become laws. The judiciary branch was to be independent, and was to be the final interpreter of the laws. This is an outline of our system of government as it now exists. But it had yet to be subjected to almost interminable criticism and opposition from the several states, before it could gain acceptance.

Gouverneur Morris, a man of ability, wit, and penetration, but too much inclined to hasty action, and somewhat cynical in his views, wanted the Senate to be appointed for life by the executive; but this was voted down. He then enunciated the proposition that property, not liberty, was the main object of society: "the savage state is more favorable to liberty than the civilized, and was only renounced for the sake of property. A range of new states will soon be formed in the west. The rule of representation ought to be so fixed as to secure to the Atlantic states a prevalance in the national councils." Randolph replied that if new states made a part of the union, they ought to be subject to no unfavorable discriminations. But the point, at present, was to secure equality between the southern and northern representations.

Differences led to the withdrawal of Lansing and Yates, of New York, who thus enabled the south to determine the commercial policy of the union. Morris, with Rufus King, still harped on the supposed dangers from the west, which, they said, would be settled by persons of inferior culture, and would yet in time control the country. Sherman replied that "our children and grandchildren will be as likely to be citizens of new western states as of old states: we are providing for our posterity." Question arising as to the degree in which slaves should appear in estimates of population, Morris said, "I am reduced to the dilemma of doing injustice to the southern states, or to human nature, and I must do it to the former; I can never agree to give such encouragement to the slave trade as would be given by allowing them a representation for their negroes." The division seemed to threaten danger; and Morris proposed to levy taxes in proportion to representation. But when the South refused to be driven from its position by this device, Morris limited his suggestion to direct taxation only. This was agreed to, but injudiciously, inasmuch as it prevented the United States from getting full revenue from real property. North Carolina now refused to confederate unless the negroes were rated as three-fifths; and Randolph said, "I lament that such a species of property exists, but as it does exist, the holders of it will require that the representation allowed for slaves should be embodied in the Constitution." Rufus King replied, "The southern states threaten to separate now in case injury should be done them. There will be no point of time at which they will not be able to say, 'Do us justice, or we will separate.'" "Southern gentlemen," remarked Morris, "will not be satisfied unless they gain a majority in the public councils. The consequence of a transfer of power from the maritime to the interior and landed interest will be an oppression of commerce." Butler retorted that the south wanted security that their negroes be not taken from them. Wilson said that the majority, wherever found, would rule

in any case. "If numbers be not a proper rule, why is not a better pointed out? Property is not the sole or primary end of government and society; the improvement of the human mind is the most noble object. With respect to this and other personal rights, numbers are surely the natural and precise measure of representation, and could not vary much from the precise measure of property." Finally, the resolve to found representation on numbers only was adopted.

The south was acting under a misapprehension. It thought that emigration would come chiefly its way, and therefore wished for representation according to population, and resisted an equal vote in the Senate. As a matter of fact, the equal vote in the Senate turned out to be its only means of contending with the north, and when the House of Representatives numbered more northern than southern men, slavery was doomed.

A noticeable result of the resolve to give all states an equal vote in the Senate was to enlist the smaller states on the side of a strong central government. Hitherto, in spite of the demonstration that diversity of interests would prevent the larger states from acting together against the smaller, they had feared tyranny.

In the course of the discussion as to the Executive, Elbridge Gerry wished to secure the interests of property by providing that the Executive should have a property qualification; upon which Gouverneur Morris tellingly replied, "If qualifications are proper I should prefer them in the electors rather than the elected." Dickinson, who was always ready with sentiments, added, "A veneration for poverty and virtue is the object of republican encouragement." The Convention at no time advocated a property qualification for any public office.

The question finally arose, how was the Constitution to be ratified: by the legislatures of the various states, or by the people? Ellsworth and some others thought the legislatures should do this; but it was answered that one legislature

might undo the acts of a preceding one, whereas a ratification direct from the body of the people would be irreversible. By a vote of nine states against Delaware, it was resolved that the ratification should be performed by an assembly in each state chosen by the people specially for that purpose.

Rutledge, the foremost statesman of the country south of Virginia, was then chosen chairman of a committee to prepare and report on the form of the Constitution; the other members were Gorham, Ellsworth, Wilson, and Randolph. The Convention now adjourned from the 26th of July to the 6th of August. "I trust," wrote Monroe to Jefferson, "that the presence of General Washington will overawe and keep under the demon of party, and that the signature of his name to the result of their deliberations will secure its passage through the union."

In due season, the revised draft of the Constitution was submitted to the Convention, which then proceeded to discuss it anew. The speech of Gouverneur Morris on the question of admitting slaves to representation is worth remembering. He moved that there should be no representation but of free inhabitants, and said:—"I never will concur in upholding domestic slavery. It is the curse of heaven on the states where it prevails. Travel through the continent, and you behold the prospect varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery. Upon what principle shall slaves be computed in the representation? Are they men? Then make them citizens and let them vote. Are they property? Why, then, is no other property included? It comes to this—that the inhabitant of Georgia and South Carolina who goes to the coast of Africa and tears away his fellow-creatures from their dearest connections and damns them to the most cruel bondage, shall have more votes in a government instituted for the protection of the rights of mankind than the citizen of Pennsylvania or New Jersey who views with horror so nefarious a practice. And what is the compensation to the northern states for a sacrifice of right and

humanity? They are to bind themselves to march their militia for the defense of the southern states against those very slaves of whom they complain. They must supply vessels and seamen in case of foreign attack. The legislature will have indefinite power to tax them by excises and duties on imports, both of which will fall heavier on them than on the southern inhabitants. On the other side, the southern states are not to be restrained from importing fresh supplies of Africans, thus increasing the danger of attack and the difficulty of defense; nay, they are to be encouraged to it by an assurance of having their votes in the national government increased in proportion; and are at the same time to have their exports and their slaves exempt from all contribution to the public service. I will sooner submit myself to a tax for paying for all the negroes in the United States than saddle posterity with such a Constitution." The case was vigorously stated; but the motion was lost by a majority of ten against one (New Jersey).

As to paper money, Morris wished to deny permission to emit bills on the credit of the United States; for if the states had credit they were unnecessary, if not they would be useless. Mason preferred not to tie the hands of the legislature; but the vote went against conceding authority to issue bills of credit by nine to two. "No state shall emit bills of credit: no state shall make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." Such were the words which were intended to put a final end to the existence of paper money in America.

There had been of late plans for grouping several states in such a manner that they might act in a measure independently of the rest; this was explicitly forbidden by the clause—"No state shall enter into any agreement or compact with any other state." But on the other hand intercitizenship was recognized: "The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." The individual was free. The defect, the

inconsistency, the weakness of the Constitution was the slavery question. The south frankly intimated that if the right of any state to import slaves were refused, the states which imported them would secede from the union. They denied that any moral or religious criticism applied; it was a matter of business. If let alone, they said, they would, very likely, put an end to the practice themselves. The Constitution however gave power to prohibit the importation of slaves in new states, and in existing states at the end of the year 1807. Rather than sacrifice the union, the northern members of the Convention agreed to accept this compromise; but some of the best minds on both sides of the slave line foresaw the ultimate result. Meanwhile, emancipation by taxation of slaves was guarded against by the clause, "No capitation tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census."

An interesting discussion was aroused by the difficulty of devising means for the creation of a President—an officer hitherto unknown in governments. The manner of his choice, the length of his incumbency, and his re-eligibility were to be decided, as well as the extent of his powers. Some wished him to be chosen directly by the people; others by an electoral college; others by the states. The suggestion that he be chosen by the national legislature was negatived by the consideration that in that case he would tend to become their creature. The electoral college was thought to be too complex and expensive a scheme; election by the people would be election by lot. Williamson declared that America would sooner or later have a king, and in order to postpone that consummation, preferred a triple executive. Dickinson proposed thirteen candidates, one to be chosen by each of the thirteen states, and from this number he would have the legislature choose the President. Morris said, "Of all modes of appointing the executive, an election by the people is the best: by the legislature, the worst. I prefer a short term, and re-eligibility, but a different mode of election."

The mode which he preferred was by electors. A com-

mittee to whom the subject was assigned reported that the presidential term should be four years, and that the election should be by electors appointed in each state, equal in numbers to the national Congress. The method of election was then specified. Of this plan, Wilson remarked that "it gets rid of cabal and corruption, and clears the way for the re-eligibility of the President on its own merits." Difficulty was found in providing that the small states should have an equal chance with the large ones of furnishing a president; and another danger was seen in the possible aristocratic influence of the Senate over the choice of the executive. Patience and intelligence of a high order were required to find a way through these obstacles. The powers vested in the President were defined; he was not permitted to prorogue or dissolve the legislature; but to insure against the too great predominance of the latter, he was to have a veto on their acts which could be overridden only by a three-fourths vote. The question of a privy council was much debated; some proposed that there should be none; but "the Grand Seigneur himself has his Divan," remarked Mason. But of what persons was the council to consist? This could not be decided at that time.

The debate on the judiciary branch of the government has less general interest, and was marked by less divergence of opinion. Finally, the Convention agreed that "This Constitution shall be laid before the United States in Congress assembled; and it is the opinion of this Convention that it should be afterward submitted to a convention chosen in each state, under the recommendation of its legislature, in order to receive the ratification of such convention." But before the great instrument went forth, it was carefully rewritten by Gouverneur Morris, who was a master of terse and pregnant style; and its clauses arranged by a committee of which he and Johnson, Hamilton, Madison and King were members.

When all was done, Randolph, governor of Virginia, re-

fused to sign the Constitution, not, as he explained, because he meant to oppose it hereafter, but in order to "keep himself free to be governed by his duty." Franklin said, "Several parts of the Constitution I do not at present approve; but I am not sure that I never shall approve them. It astonishes me to find this system approaching so near perfection. I consent to this Constitution because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument." Morris said, "I too had objections, but considering the present plan the best that can be attained, I shall take it with its faults. The moment it goes forth, the question will be, 'Shall there be a national government or a general anarchy?' " Hamilton added, "I am anxious that every member shall sign. A few by refusing may do infinite mischief. No man's ideas are more remote from the plan than my own are known to be; but is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on the one side, and the chance of good on the other?" But Randolph, with Mason and Gerry, refused their names. "I expect civil war," said the latter. "In Massachusetts there are two parties, one devoted to democracy, the worst, I think, of all political evils; the other as violent in the opposite extreme. From the collision of these two, confusion is greatly to be feared."

These faint hearts only effected their own discredit. On that September day, as man after man came forward to affix his name to the great sheet of engrossed parchment, each may have felt that he was helping to build a monument more enduring than brass, and loftier than mountains. "The members were awe-struck at the result of their councils; the Constitution was a nobler work than any of them had thought it possible to devise." The same evening (September 17, 1787) they adjourned *sine die.*

The Convention having done its work, the People were to express their opinion upon it. There is something sublime in this spectacle, though the idea of it has long since become familiar to us and to the rest of the world. How short a time since, the people of a country neither had, nor could hope to have, any voice in determining the manner in which they should be governed: only of late had they acquired even so much as the doubtful right to protest when they were governed scandalously amiss! Now, we see them quietly taking their place as sovereigns; and, as sovereigns, determining the conditions by and on which their sovereignty should be exercised.

Congress found something to say against the Constitution; as could hardly be avoided, since its adoption must be the signal of Congress's decease. They had however learned by bitter experience their own inefficacy; they had recommended the Convention; and all they could finally do, now, was to recommend, in a neutral spirit (though there was a majority in favor of positively advocating its adoption), that it should be submitted to conventions appointed for its consideration in the several states. These conventions were called together, and did their work, in about a year from the date of the adjournment of the Convention; in that time, nine out of thirteen states had ratified it, by various majorities, ranging from unanimity to a majority of nine to eight. New York and North Carolina resisted long, owing to local causes; and the last to give its voice was Rhode Island. But the adhesion of each fresh state helped that of the rest; Massachusetts exercised a powerful effect, and Virginia, after holding the fate of the union in the balance for some months, finally met and defeated her opposition, of which Patrick Henry was the most eloquent, though not the most weighty member. New Hampshire had preceded Virginia by a few hours only. Pennsylvania, aided by her honored Franklin, then over eighty years of age, had early joined the honorable company, stimulated by the example of Delaware, whose vote

had been unanimous. Georgia had been among the most ardent of the supporters of the Constitution; and South Carolina had delighted her veteran patriot Gadsden, who had been on the right side in every question which had agitated the country since before the Revolution began, by her generous adhesion. Connecticut gave a large majority, after wise discussion; and at no time and in no place was there serious danger that the verdict of the country as a whole would be other than favorable to the new government.

It is noticeable, indeed, that none of the arguments advanced against the Constitution had any vital significance: almost all of them had already been considered by the Convention, and provided against. The rest were trivial. One of the amendments widely suggested was the introduction of a Declaration of Rights. The reply, offered in various forms, was to the effect that no specific declaration of the kind was needed, in an instrument proceeding from the people themselves. "A limited government can exercise no powers not specially granted to it," said Wilson; and Bowdoin of Massachusetts added, "the whole Constitution is a bill of rights." Other objections related to the preponderance of power of one part of the country over another, and to the handling of the slavery question. A treaty stupidly advocated by Jay with Spain, by which, in return for commercial privileges, the latter was to be allowed exclusive navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years, threatened to make trouble, because the South feared its adoption by the North in opposition to her interests; but the danger passed. There were some purely selfish attacks, as for example, when Patrick Henry, assuming to speak for Virginia, said, "The other states cannot do without us, and we can dictate to them"; and again, "Old as I am, I may yet have the appellation of a rebel; but my friends will protect me." But Henry was perhaps less in earnest than he seemed to be; he accepted the result amiably enough when it came. He was a good champion of liberty, but not a wise statesman. The bitterest

foe of the Constitution was Richard Henry Lee, who was never weary of promoting intrigues, not always honorable, against it. Mason was honestly distrustful; Randolph was won to the cause of the supporters. John Adams of Massachusetts spoke in favor of the Constitution, adding, "It appears to be admirably calculated to cement all America in affection and interest as one great nation. A result of compromise cannot perfectly coincide with every one's ideas of perfection, but as all the great principles necessary to order, liberty and safety are respected in it, and provision is made for amendments as they may be found necessary, I hope to hear of its adoption by all the states." Jefferson admitted that he was no friend to a very energetic government, believing it would be always oppressive; but "it is my principle that the will of the majority should prevail; if they approve, I shall cheerfully concur. The Constitution," he added, "is a good canvas on which some strokes only need retouching. I am not of the party of federalists, but I am much further from that of the anti-federalists." Washington wrote, "There is no alternative between its adoption, and anarchy. All the opposition to it that I have seen is addressed more to the passions than to reason." Wilson, speaking of the powers intrusted to Congress, said, "It is necessary to mention a kind of liberty which has not yet received a name: I shall distinguish it as Federal liberty. The states should resign to the national government that part only of their political liberty which, placed in that government, will produce more good to the whole than if it had remained in the several states. While they resign this part of their political liberty, they retain the free and generous exercise of all their other faculties, so far as is compatible with the welfare of the general and superintending confederacy."—"This system is not a compact; the introduction is not an unmeaning flourish; the system itself tells you what it is—an ordinance, an establishment of the people." In South Carolina, Rutledge, answering Lowndes, who with

what seemed treasonable motives had opposed ratification with all his powers, said that all the latter's alleged grounds of opposition were mere declamation; that his boasted confederation was not worth a farthing; that if such instruments were piled up to his chin they would not shield him from a single national calamity; that the sun of South Carolina, so far from being obscured by the new Constitution, would, when united with twelve other sums, astonish the world by its luster. Madison pointed out that the Constitution in part was a consolidated union, and in part rested so completely on the states that its life was bound up in theirs. The powers of Congress were not so much an augmentation of powers as a change made necessary in order to give efficacy to those vested in it before. Virginia and New Hampshire ratified the Constitution on the 21st of June, 1788. New York, after an obstinate resistance, acceded on the 26th of August of the same year; North Carolina followed in 1789, and Rhode Island was last in 1790.

Throughout this long and critical period, the influence of Washington had been felt, and was beneficently operative; not so much by what he said and wrote, as by what he was and had been. He was trusted by the whole people as was no other American of his time; he had been first in war, and he was inevitably first also in peace. He was the center toward which all lines converged, and which held the entire community in structural unity. The power of character has seldom, in the history of the world, been so strikingly illustrated. It never can be known how many of the supporters of the Constitution, wavering in their opinion, had their uncertainty relieved by the reflection that Washington would be the country's safeguard. Congress might be distrusted, or the wisdom of some of the provisions of the Constitution, or a man might distrust himself; but there was none who did not trust Washington, and while he should live, no danger could appear vitally serious.

The Constitution carries out that principle of the freedom

of the individual which had its first expression in the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers. Self-government is a simple thing for a man, or for a community of a few men; but the problem of self-government becomes more difficult and complex as population increases, up to a certain limit. Beyond that limit, either self-government must cease, or a plan must be devised by which it can be carried on safely and efficiently under any conceivable expansion of conditions. No such plan had been seen in operation in the world until the American Constitution was created. History might furnish materials, but not the design. Even the makers of it builded better than they knew; because none of them had foreseen from the beginning what its final form would be; they had worked from point to point, and their only means of assuring the success of the complete edifice was in making each constituent part of it sound and just. God guided them, by inspiring into their work a true principle of life, as He inspires it into natural things; so that when at length they had done their duty as best they knew it, and retired from the work of their hands, they beheld with surprise a beautiful and symmetrical temple rising against the blue of heaven. As the artist who has created true beauty feels that it is not his, but is beyond him, so the makers of the Constitution felt, when they humbly marveled at what they had been the instruments of bringing to pass.

The Constitution frees the individual in the practice of his religion; and but for the temporary deformity of slavery, frees him in labor also. It enables him to make his own laws, and to select those who shall execute them. Whatever he wants, he may have; provided only that, in this freedom of his, he do not interfere with the equal freedom of his fellow. "Have not I a right to sit by your fire?" asks the frontiersman, approaching the lonely camp of the other. "Yes," is the reply, "so long as you don't interfere with my right to sit by it alone." Freedom must not mean selfishness. The people of the United States are a very different

thing from the people of America. They are not an inchoate mass of persons on the one side, and a government, which must needs be autocratic, on the other; but they are an organization of societies of individuals, called states, subdivided into smaller societies, also self-governing, down to the single family. The boundaries of the lesser are never overridden or obliterated by the larger, but on the contrary give them their pattern. The majority rules, but it can never tyrannize, because the majority is made up of numerous minorities each and all of which have their separate voice in the grand chorus. If it be found, on thorough experience, that any provision of the Constitution is incompatible with the permanent welfare of any reasonable and lawful component part of the body corporate, means are arranged to so modify or amend it as to reconcile the good of the part with that of the whole. Just complaints must always have their weight; despotism and revolution are impossible, where constitutional means of improvement are ever available. The only condition required of the individual, in order to secure justice, is that he shall always take his proper part in the government; and wherever the United States has failed to insure the good of the community, in whole and in part, it is where this condition has not been observed. When the individual prefers to attend to his private and selfish concerns, to the neglect of his civic duties; and has delegated these to professional "politicians," harm has resulted. But it is a harm which can always be cured by reverting to civic duties; and we have seen not once but many times how abuses have been corrected, when they had proceeded so far as to awake the people to their enormity.

We are now to follow the progress of the states in their gradual development under the Constitution, noting the causes of their grand and uniform success, and of their minor and transient failures.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD

THE FEDERALISTS

IF the creation of the Constitution was a novel proceeding, putting it into execution was no less so. All other governments had grown up gradually and insensibly; this was the first which had ever sprung fully equipped from the brains of men, and begun its operations in a day. Hamilton, writing in the periodical known as "The Federalist," while the Constitution was under examination by the state conventions, had said, "The establishment of a Constitution, in time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy, to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety." It had been successfully accomplished; and the next step was as easily taken. On the 13th of September, Congress, after deciding that the home of the new government should be in New York, appointed January of the coming year 1789 for the choice of electors for President, and the fourth of the following March for the beginning of governmental operations. The electors were each to vote for two persons; a majority of the whole votes was to elect the President; the Vice-President did not require this majority. The sixty-nine votes all named Washington for the great office; Adams was chosen to the second place by thirty-four votes. The news was brought to Washington on the 14th of April, 1789, and two days later he set out on his journey to New York. As on his previous journey to Mount Vernon, after laying

aside his commission as general, the people came out to meet him and honor him on the way. At Georgetown, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Trenton he found love and praise and prayers for good fortune awaiting him, and maidens to strew flowers in his path. That these proofs of devotion and confidence gave him happiness cannot be doubted; but they did not prevent him from being almost painfully sensible of what he deemed to be his imperfect fitness for the responsibility. "But," said he, "be the voyage long or short, although I may be deserted by all men, integrity and firmness shall never desert me. I hold it of little moment if the close of my life be imbittered, provided I shall have been instrumental in securing the liberties and promoting the happiness of the American people." Evidently he foresaw difficulties, as did Madison, "first between federal and anti-federal parties, and then between northern and southern parties"; nevertheless he said, "the most gracious Being, who has hitherto watched over the interests and averted the perils of the United States, will never suffer so fair an inheritance to become the prey of anarchy or despotism." We shall not readily find another instance of a ruler mounting the seat of his authority, who grasped the reins of power in this spirit. But nothing was lacking to the lofty simplicity of his attitude. And it was in harmony with it that the House refused to adopt the suggestion of Adams and Richard Henry Lee, that he be addressed as "your Highness." He was their fellow-citizen, chosen to execute the people's will.

In 1789, a building called Federal Hall stood on Wall Street, facing Broad Street; and it was here, as the bronze statue before the portals of the sub-treasury reminds us, that the President took the oath of office. A great crowd filled the spaces before the building; to Robert Livingstone fell the distinction of administering the oath. After it had been taken, "Long live George Washington!" he shouted, "President of the United States." And the multitude responded with a mighty cry of joy and of godspeed. It was the 30th

day of April; we see that stately figure facing the great throng, and bending before their shoutings with uncovered head. When, again, shall so adequate a man fill a position so august? When shall a great people, great in its future and in its principles, receive with joy so unadulterated the assurance of the common weal?

In the Senate Chamber Washington addressed, with deep and manifest emotion, the assembly of the two Houses. He offered his supplications to "that Almighty Being who presides in the councils of nations, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people a government instituted by themselves. No people can be bound to acknowledge the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency. There exists in the economy of nature an indissoluble union between an honest and magnanimous policy and public prosperity. Heaven can never smile on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right. The preservation of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment trusted to the American people."

A French minister who was in the hall reported that "no sovereign ever reigned more completely in the hearts of his subjects than Washington in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Nature, which had given him the talent to govern, distinguished him from all others by his appearance. He had at once the soul, the look, and the figure of a hero. He never appeared embarrassed at homage rendered him, and in his manners he had the advantage of joining dignity to great simplicity."

Washington's words to Congress, so far as business measures were concerned, were brief; he evinced his hospitality toward amendments to the Constitution, and a desire to conciliate the people of all sections. But it was the scenic rather

than the business aspects of this Inauguration which were noticeable; there were fireworks at the Battery, with fire-drawn figures of Washington and the two Houses, as Fortitude, Justice and Wisdom, with Fame hovering above them; and much grave ceremony, due in part to an uncertainty as to how far republican forms should resemble monarchical ones. It was inevitable that the starch should gradually disappear from such functions. The natural personal dignity of Washington was so great that it was more than easy to adopt toward him an attitude of homage and subservience; and many persons in the community were eager to bow down and worship. Others, like John Adams, thought that it was wise to surround authority with the outward shows of majesty, however democratic it might remain inwardly. But the general sense of the people was opposed to such aids; and the French Revolution was not calculated to increase respect for them. We like to read of the social grandeur and brilliance of Washington's levees, and of his cream-colored coach and six; but we could only smile at such things now. Jeffersonian simplicity has passed into a popular proverb, while Washington's black velvet and pearl-colored silk are forgotten. The first President himself wished only to do what was right and becoming; much of his attention must be given to making precedents for his successors; and a great deal of honest difference of opinion might exist as to what the proper thing really was.

The members of the first House were good business men, and showed themselves well able to expedite business. The Senate was very conscious of its own importance, but was not otherwise remarkable. Some amusing brushes between them and the House occurred; but the latter maintained its dignity and equality. The first of the business measures discussed was, naturally, that of the tariff. The anti-Federals had waned in power and voice since the ratification, and were ready to support the administration; but they would become prominent again as soon as the Federals be-

gan to make mistakes. Meanwhile Congress worked to such good effect that twenty-seven acts were passed between the 1st of June and the 30th of September. The tendency of the tariff measures was to strengthen the country against the rest of the world, but to avoid yielding too much to local interests. Free trade was not contemplated. The first symptoms of the policy of protecting infant industries became visible. A discrimination against England in commercial matters was proposed, and aroused enough opposition to show that England already had a strong lobby in this country. The House favored retaliation against the domineering and insolent policy of the old country, but the Senate smothered the bill. An important detail was the creating of the several departments of the executive government; three were decided on: State, War and the Treasury. A Home department was suggested but not adopted. The Treasury was carefully organized so as to make dishonest practices difficult, and in fact it has been uniformly conducted ever since in an unexceptionable manner. Washington called upon Jefferson to take the portfolio of State; Knox was the War Secretary, and to Hamilton was given the Treasury. Randolph was appointed Attorney-General. The custom of holding Cabinet Councils was introduced insensibly as a measure of convenience; though small, this first cabinet was not devoid of animation, Hamilton and Jefferson, by the account of the latter, were often pitted against each other "like two cocks." Washington, while always desirous to take advice from those competent to give it, followed his own course after digesting it. His rule in choosing men for Cabinet and other positions was to require ability and honesty, but also conspicuousness; the latter attribute being in his opinion desirable to create confidence in the people, and perhaps also as tending to steady the incumbents, who had the more to lose by ill conduct. Salaries at this time were very small, and the total expenses of the government almost microscopic according to modern standards.

Territorial legislation had early attention; the system adopted by the United States in this direction was unique: instead of colonizing, they propagated themselves over their own domain. In two years, twenty thousand persons emigrated to the region of the Ohio. Of the numerous constitutional amendments which came up for judgment, the ten most important were adopted, thereby conciliating the anti-Federalists. On the other hand, there was already a leaning perceptible toward barring out the people from Federal councils. Men new to authority could not help feeling too much the augustness of their position. The Supreme Court was organized at this time, and John Jay was put at the head of it; but there was little for the court to do as yet.

In the summer, Washington was taken ill, and he promoted his recovery by taking a tour through the northern states, visiting Boston for the first time since he had compelled Howe to evacuate it. His reception everywhere was most cordial; he avoided passing through the still recalcitrant state of Rhode Island, but soon after this little community repented itself of its contrariness, and, with North Carolina, was received into the Union. In 1791, Washington toured through the southern districts; and at Philadelphia was greeted by the officials sent to receive him in a manner amusingly different from the customary inflated style. "Friend Washington, we are glad to see thee!" was the honest Quaker's word. The results of his two trips encouraged him with regard to the state of the country: the times were manifestly prosperous.

At the second session of Congress a great amount of business was transacted. A census was ordered; naturalization laws were passed, and patent and copyright legislation was done. But the most important event was the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton, whose financial genius is historic. No one seems to have expected that the United States would ever pay its debts; that they should compound with creditors for so many cents on the dollar was the best

that was looked for. But Hamilton took the stand of the highest integrity in dealing with debts, and his proposals were so bold that they took people's breath away. He demanded that the United States should not only pay its foreign debts with interest at once, but should assume all the state debts, besides liquidating the regular domestic claims. He estimated the state debts at twenty-five million dollars; in reality they afterward proved to be less than twenty-two, and part of this sum could have been set off against grants to the states. But Hamilton preferred to take on everything, rightly perceiving that not only would such a course greatly raise the credit of the country, but would also be an indissoluble tie to counteract the state-rights doctrine. After debate, and resistance on the part of some of the states whose indebtedness was small, his policy was approved. United States securities rose to fifty cents. There was a good deal of speculation, and buying up of old paper which had been supposed to be worth nothing. Bitter quarrels also occurred in Congress and elsewhere; and these were curiously mixed up with the bill to provide a place for the national capital; votes, it appears, might already be traded, one bill against another. Finally it was agreed to select a neutral region for the capital, on the Potomac; and during the ten year interval before this could be prepared, the seat of government was at Philadelphia.

An attempt was made to pass a bill taxing slaves imported into the country; and the last public act of Franklin's life was to put his name, which was already signed to the two most famous acts of the century, to the petition asking for this measure. It was eloquently supported in Congress; but it was violently attacked by two southern slave-holders, Jackson and Smith, who made up in volume of voice and recklessness of assertion and invective what they lacked in reason and justice. This debate was a type of many which were to take place afterward; most of the arguments, pro and con, which have been employed since, were used then.

The outcome was, that the bill was abandoned, and a signal opportunity to do service to posterity thereby lost. The death of Franklin took place on the 17th of April of this year. In many respects he was greater than any of his contemporaries; and his achievements in politics and in science were summed up by the Frenchman Turgot, some time before the United States achieved their independence, in the words "Eripuit Cœlo fulmen, mox sceptra tyrannis." He was also an example of what a man can make of himself in America.

The Indian problem had always been present in America, and it started up afresh during this session of Congress. The British still held, in spite of the articles of the peace, their posts in the northwest; and the Indians thereabout regarded them as their friends, and the Americans, consequently, as their enemies. The only stronghold that we held was Fort Washington on the north bank of the Ohio. In October, 1790, General Harmer with one thousand five hundred men set out to avenge a massacre perpetrated by the savages; three-fourths of his force being raw militia. At Chillicothe he fell into an ambush, and, the militia flying, the regulars, who stood their ground, were either killed on the spot, or tortured to death during the night. Colonel Hardin soon after ran into a similar trap, and his command was slaughtered at Maumee ford; it was said that one could have crossed the river dry shod on the dead bodies that lay there. Meanwhile, in the southwest, the Creeks, Cherokees and other tribes, who were supplied with arms by the Spaniards, and were somewhat expert in civilized ways, came to blows with the Carolinians and other whites, and gave at least as good as they got. Their chief, a half-breed named McGillivray, who had had an education, but had afterward reverted to the savage life, was finally invited to New York to confer with the government, with a view to concluding a treaty of peace. He arrived in due time, with his retinue, and was received with much distinc-

tion; elaborate ceremony was observed, and it is to be supposed that he was properly impressed. But what must have bound him yet more strongly to the wishes of the government was a secret subsidy which was allowed him, in consideration of his promoting American interests in the tribes under his control. Thus the immediate danger at the lower end of the country was averted; but the tribes at the north were still unsubdued and unconciliated; and Washington, as Congress adjourned, was debating how to deal with them.

Hamilton, flushed with the success of his first exploit, next brought forward proposals for an excise tax and a national bank. The first was received with favor, being moderate in its scope; only spirits distilled in the country were taxed, and at the same time, a duty on imported liquors was increased. "We'll drink the debt down" was the popular phrase relating to the bill. But the national bank scheme encountered strong opposition, and Madison declared it to be unconstitutional. This charge, the most serious of them all, was met by Hamilton with the argument that such a measure as he proposed, though not recommended by the Constitution, was implicitly permitted, together with many others; and his contention finally prevailed. The Bank was chartered with a capital of ten million dollars, eight million of which were to be contributed by the people, and the remainder by the United States. Its charter ran for twenty years. Washington kept this bill for some time before affixing his signature to it, and summoned Hamilton and Jefferson in consultation upon it. Hamilton repeated his arguments in its favor; Jefferson thought that powers not delegated to the United States should be reserved, and on this ground opposed it. But Washington, after further consideration, signed the bill, leaving to Hamilton the responsibility as chief of the department.

With the advent of the second Congress, matters began to take on a slightly different aspect. The Federals were still the more powerful party, but the signs of a change

might be detected. This change was to be symbolized, as it were, in the characters and mutual attitude of two men, representing the opposing policies which were to divide the country. Hamilton and Jefferson could not long travel one road; the time must soon come when the development of their opinions would lead to a rupture. Hamilton never really accepted the American idea. He was a Federalist for the present, only because the hour had not yet struck, he thought, for declaring for something stronger than Federalism. He never had believed that the Union would succeed; that it had succeeded so far surprised him; but in the conviction that it would disappear, in its present form, with the century, he wished meanwhile to so strengthen the Federal position as to render possible, when the crisis came, its transformation into some kind of monarchy. Government, to be government, must, he thought, be vigorous; therefore it must be centralized, it must do away with all rights of states to modify its action, and it must attract to itself the wealth and "aristocracy" of the people. The Constitution had been the first step toward reaching this goal; in supporting it, he had never expected it to be other than a temporary expedient, or step to the true solution of the American question. His banking scheme, and his other plans for interesting capital in the government, were means to his controlling end. He was frank on the subject; he was no treasonable plotter; though he had no scruples about using political devices to secure his objects. He was a man of purity and honor; but if America were to remain America, he must be removed from her councils. If she were to become a limited monarchy, perhaps he might be useful. Though he had not an original mind, he possessed immense ability, and a quick power of using established principles in ways suited to the present exigency; and his energy was tireless.

Of Jefferson it will be, for the moment, enough to say that he was a man with a mind strictly of his own, who believed in the republican experiment and entertained no doubts

that America had a vast and immortal future before her as the first and greatest example of a people governing themselves without laxity and without tyranny. He trusted the people, and had no trust in arbitrary or aristocratic rule. He accepted the Constitution in good faith, fearing that the restriction of state rights was a danger, but regarding it as one which, as it could not be eliminated, must be constantly guarded against. In the heat of controversy and opposition he took too severe a view of Hamilton's personal motives in contralization; but his misgivings were in principle right; and in aiming blows at Hamilton he was attacking his policy in the way surest to disconcert it. For Hamilton was as far the superior in intelligence over most of his party, as Jefferson was over his—if not more so. For the soundest men in the country were on Jefferson's side; even John Adams, though he too seemed to lean to a stronger and more exclusive government, was at heart a democrat, even more than he was himself at that time aware. In him, sentiment and prejudice were at times unconsciously at war with principle; but as often as he discovered the discrepancy, he had the honesty and patriotism to avow his error.

The National Bank, as a nucleus of the moneyed and aristocratic power, was the chief object of attack by the "Republicans," as the opponents of Federalism began to be known. There was no large class of anti-Federalists left; all were in good humor with the Constitution; but the Republicans waged war against the interpretation placed upon some of its articles by the Federalists. They absorbed, of course, such remnants of anti-Federalists, State-rights people, and personal malcontents as existed in the country. Their campaign against the Bank was unsuccessful; for the pecuniary prosperity of that institution was great, and its influence (apart from the aspect particularly criticised) beneficial. But some new schemes of Hamilton, looking to the protective policy, were abandoned owing to Jefferson's activity; and both men were betrayed into a betrayal of personal animosity

which was unworthy of their genuine zeal for the public good as each understood it. Hamilton emerges with least credit from these encounters; he condescended to malign Jefferson anonymously in a newspaper, "Fenno's Gazette"; and he bought support by favors to individuals who could be of use to him. When we have admitted that it was for what he deemed good ends that he employed bad means, we have said the best we can for him. Moreover, his private life was not chaste; and illicit intrigue was allowed to mix itself too closely with political matters. It was a weakness in him that he underestimated Jefferson as an opponent, and, in his eagerness to vindicate his course, he had not the patience to examine dispassionately views that differed from his own. In restoring the credit of his country, he had done it a great service; but his usefulness was almost confined to that.

Nor was this restored credit without its evil side. It encouraged speculation, and bubble companies were formed, and came down with a crash. The western lands were purchased by speculators, who held them for high prices, and thus brewed trouble with the settlers and "squatters," and finally collapsed themselves. In truth, the mass of the population were not as yet acquainted with their own country; they did not understand its nature and its tendencies; and having but lately arisen from darkest despondency and pessimism, they were now, by reaction, verging as far toward groundless and foolish optimism. The pendulum must swing too far each way before it could attain its normal limit. The first sunshine of prosperity was more disconcerting and bewildering to a patriotic people than had been the long winter darkness of adversity and struggle. We had not learned the stops of this mighty continental instrument of ours.

Washington was disturbed by the quarrels of his officers, and remonstrated with them. They would not be reconciled; oil and water do not mix; but when Washington, taking to himself the public criticisms of his administration, and feeling the approach of age, spoke of his wish not to

stand for a second term, both Hamilton and Jefferson were at one in entreating him to remain. With the affairs of the country in their present transition state, with nothing settled one way or the other in its policy, neither party dared to risk the chances of a change of the Executive. Washington was above party, and he was also wise and firm. There was not another citizen of the republic who could, at that juncture, have commanded the trust that was reposed by the people in him. And since he sincerely placed the welfare of the people above all other considerations, he consented to accept a second nomination—which in his case was the equivalent of election. There had been some changes in the House, the most significant of which was the election of the brilliant and conscienceless Aaron Burr, who might be described as in many respects a Hamilton, with Hamilton's nobility and honor left out. But though our public life contains no record of a man of anything like Burr's intellectual and personal gifts who was dedicated so unreservedly to evil; yet there is a touch of the sinister-heroic even in him. He acted his dark role trenchantly, with a certain largeness. His selfishness was diabolic, but he was not paltry. Perhaps he was not unworthy to kill Hamilton.

The most untoward incident of the closing year of Washington's first term was the defeat of St. Clair and his army in the northwest by the Indians. This general was a soldier of fair abilities, but of uniform ill-success; and at this time he was somewhat in years, with white hair and a gouty foot. It is probably a good rule never to employ in public affairs men who have failed; but Washington employed St. Clair to take charge of this campaign. He gave him three thousand men, part militia and part regulars, but none of them expert in discipline and drill. The object of the expedition was to establish an array of forts between Fort Washington and the Wabash, to make roads, and in general to open the country; and incidentally to dispose of any Indians who might interfere. But Washington, in giving instructions to

poor St. Clair, was emphatic in warning him to beware of ambush. The little army set forth, and slowly pursued its road-making way from Fort Washington; but on the fourth of November, about dawn, and while the men were about to make their coffee, that Indian warwhoop which has been the last sound that many thousand American ears have heard, came shrilling out of the surrounding forest, and the fight was on. It did not last long, and the issue was never in doubt. The Indians were led by Little Turtle, who, despite his inoffensive name, was a tried warrior; and they outnumbered the whites, who had been reduced to fourteen hundred by various causes. More than half of the fourteen hundred were shot or tortured to death; St. Clair, who had been lifted to the back of successive horses, and had fought his men as best he could, finally got off the remnant of them to Fort Washington. It was a most thorough disaster.

When the news of it first reached Washington, other persons were present, and he swallowed down his wrath and grief. But as soon as he could reach the solitude of his chamber, where only his secretary was a witness, his emotion broke forth with terrific energy. His words are worth quoting. "Here, yes, here, on this very spot, I took leave of him," he said. "I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise! I repeat it—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that, as my last solemn warning, thrown in his ears. And yet! to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! O God! O God! he is worse than a murderer! How can he answer to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him — the curse of widows and orphans — the curse of Heaven!"

"It was awful: more than once he threw up his hands as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair," adds our inform-

ant. One can only rejoice that St. Clair was not present to listen to his denunciation. But before many minutes Washington had regained his self-control, and his sense of justice. A court-martial acquitted St. Clair; but he was compelled to retire from the army. The massacre caused vast dismay on the frontier, and was not soon forgotten.

A more agreeable subject is the founding of the city which was to be the seat of government, to which the name Washington was given. The site was owned by a few honest farmers, who were willing to dispose of it on the terms of retaining alternate lots, which were expected greatly to appreciate in value. David Burns was the most conspicuous of these venders, and his daughter was afterward an heiress of renown. The plans were prepared by a French architect with the smiling name of "L'Enfant," who kept his eye on a glorious future, and made the streets of unexampled width. All manner of magnificence and beauty was contemplated; and though, were the work to do to-day, we might do it a little differently, still Washington is the most beautiful of American cities as a whole, and will become more nearly ideal as time goes on. It does credit to the faith and foresight of our ancestors.

There now ensued an episode which was to have far-reaching consequences. The French Revolution, ostensibly in behalf of the rights of man, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, had proceeded from ordinary to extraordinary riotous excesses, and was culminating in wholesale murders of persons, aristocratic or other, suspected of being out of harmony with the demagogues and conspirators of the moment. The final touch was given by the beheading of the king and queen, well-meaning persons, who could not have been put to a worse use. All this had been heard of in the United States, where it was commented upon diversely, but upon the whole with disapproval and mistrust; it seeming evident that the French notions of a revolution were widely alien from our own. But in the midst of the discussion, France

declared war on England, and thereby struck a new note on our national heartstrings. For it could not be forgotten that England had recently been our own enemy, and had ever since acted toward us in an arrogant and unconciliating manner: declining to fulfill the treaty stipulations to which she had pledged her faith, and committing various overt acts, chiefly in the way of interfering with our commerce, or favoring the plots against us of Indian tribes. Consequently, a large part of the population was disposed to favor France in the conflict; the rather since that country had stood by us in our hour of need, and had treated us well subsequently.

About the same time, Washington had undergone his second inaugural, and both Hamilton and Jefferson had requested to be relieved of their duties. Their resignations were however postponed for the moment; and Washington consulted his Cabinet as to the course to be pursued by the country toward the belligerents. The decision was, to issue a proclamation of neutrality; but while Jefferson inclined to interpret its provisions rather in favor of France than of England, Hamilton was strongly disposed toward the opposite course. But he and his party were confronted with the terms of already existing treaties with France, promising shelter to French privateers and guaranteeing French possessions, and withholding comfort from the enemies of France. It was true that the treaties had been made while the French government was still monarchical; but that was hardly a fair ground for ignoring them. On the other hand, no one wished to embroil our country in European complications. The best plan seemed to be, to observe discretion and practice tact, making the best instead of the worst of whatever contingencies might arise.

The French, meanwhile, lost no time in sending a representative to this country, a grotesque, theatrical little punchinello by the name of Genest or Genet, quick-witted, of monstrous vanity, impudent, sly, and unscrupulous. Before he had presented his credentials or effected his official arrival

in this country, he had begun to fit out privateers to prey on British commerce, and seemed prepared, if he could, to run America to suit himself, with but small regard to the accredited rulers of it. His assurance was at first so astonishing that the majority of our citizens supposed it must needs indicate merit and warrant of corresponding soundness; and for a while Genet's career was a wild carnival of absurdity, in which his entertainers and himself vied with one another in extravagance and folly. The people became French-mad; they wore liberty caps, quoted phrases, insulted the memory of Louis, and regarded with complacency actual or contemplated fractures of neutrality obligations. Genet seemed to be, and imagined he was, the most popular personage in America. But the whole flurry was purely superficial; there was, in reality, no party in the country which was not opposed to his pretensions; and as soon as they recovered their breath, they would find it out.

Washington never had any doubts in the matter; his reception of Genet was polite but cool, and he declined to commit himself to any of the extravagances which that gentleman proposed. Genet was indignant, and threatened to "appeal from the President to the people." He had now nearly run his rig; Jefferson opposed him out of regard to America; Hamilton from inclination toward England: Washington was indignant because he had cast a slur upon the Constitution, and had defied the regulations which Congress had imposed. The refusal of the American government in any way to co-operate with the French was absolute. But before steps could be taken to demand Genet's recall, France saved us that trouble by recalling him herself, with intimations of disapproval of his conduct. He, however, was too solicitous for the safety of his own neck to trust himself within the grasp of the government he had so obstreperously assumed to represent; and his diplomatic career being at an end, he settled down in this country, and married the daughter of Governor Clinton, who thus became the

first American girl to unite herself with a foreigner, though she partly compensated for the obliquity by keeping him at home, instead of supporting him abroad.

England, so far from showing herself grateful for our observance of neutrality, made herself more than ever offensive. The Federal policy, for this and other reasons, fell into disfavor, and the House became republican, while the Senate was equally divided. Gallatin, a Swiss, who had been in the country since 1780, but had not been a legal citizen long enough to qualify himself for a seat in the Senate, was chosen to the House, where he took part against the Federalists with telling vigor. The message of the President at the end of the year (1793) revealed the grievances against England in a strong light. Not only did she claim and exercise the right to seize the cargoes of American vessels carrying grain to France, but she appropriated them to her own use; and singled out American ships from those of other nations for condemnation if they should attempt to break a blockade. Furthermore, British cruisers in the West Indies were directed to detain all ships freighted with goods of or for any French colony. Lord Dorchester, in Canada, by telling the Indians that war might soon be expected between America and England, stimulated them to begin a massacre. All this aroused the anger of the Americans, and those individuals who still ventured to speak in England's favor were made to understand sharply that such sentiments were not popular. There was, in truth, more genuine national dislike between England and America than there had been during the Revolution. It was not lessened by the news that a British consul-general at Algiers had been the means of letting out a fleet of Algerine corsairs to prey upon commerce—the Algerines at that time holding a number of our sailors in captivity, and refusing to liberate them except upon payment of a ransom so exorbitant that our government had declined to furnish it.

The desire of the country to give manifest expression to

their resentment for these injuries was so unmistakable, that Congress listened to the proposal of Dayton of New Jersey to indemnify us against the seizure of our ships by sequestrating all British debts against the United States. It was decided to pass the resolution, except as it related to British investments in the public funds. Orders were also given to begin a navy by the construction of six men-of-war, four to carry forty-four guns, the others, thirty-six each. Upon this, the British government experienced a change of heart; rescinded the order obstructing our West Indian commerce, and spoke sweetly to our minister in London, Pinckney. Congress, in return, postponed the sequestration act, and the trouble blew over for the time. But England had not learned all her lesson; and we delayed giving it to her for eighteen years yet. Just previous to her recession, a plan had been mooted by friends of Hamilton to get him dispatched to England as a special envoy, to "assist" the resident representative, Pinckney; but it had failed; in fact, it is treating the plan with excessive lenience to call it nothing worse than unwise. Hamilton was known to have been attacking France anonymously all through the late events, while he had never uttered a word that did not favor England. Besides, his personal integrity as manager of our finances was at that very time under investigation; and though the upshot of this was not conviction of dishonor, his escape was at least in part due to the unwillingness of the investigators to investigate. That his reputation was no worse than it was, Hamilton must thank fortune not less than justice.—Washington now appointed an envoy to Great Britain; but, passing over Hamilton, the man upon whom his choice fell was John Jay. Aaron Burr and James Monroe opposed the nomination; but Congress confirmed it. Washington showed at once his policy and his magnanimity by soon after appointing Monroe minister to France, vice Gouverneur Morris, whose Anglophile tendencies made him persona non grata there. And it was Washington who gave

John Quincy Adams his first show in public life by sending him to represent us at the Hague.

A matter within our own domains which cost us dear, though the result was worth the cost, was the whisky insurrection in western Pennsylvania. The excise tax there was irksome, and there were local difficulties in securing legal decisions on charges. Writs having been issued against a number of delinquent distillers, the marshal was fired upon; General Neville, the inspector, was ordered to give up his commission, and on his refusing, five hundred rioters attacked the house in which he had fortified himself, and burned it, Neville escaping narrowly with his life. Under the leadership of a scoundrel named Bradford, two thousand rioters assembled with arms, and marched through Pittsburgh streets. Washington called out fifteen thousand troops; but meanwhile sent commissioners to arrange matters quietly if possible. The rioters would have submitted but for Bradford; he contrived to prevent enough of them from signing the submission, to render the report of the commission unsatisfactory. The President's call for troops was now answered with alacrity, all classes of men turning out. Harry Lee, Mifflin and Hamilton led or accompanied the army. But before the army could arrive at the seat of war, the Bradford rabble had melted away, and Bradford himself had fled. Washington was very indulgent toward the other culprits, and they all took the oath of allegiance with enthusiasm. The equity of excise duties is one of those things which always has been questioned by persons required to pay it, and probably always will be.

This same winter it fell to Anthony Wayne to retrieve the misfortunes of poor St. Clair. He drilled his army carefully, and took no risks. He occupied the disputed country near Greenville and wintered there; in the summer of 1794 he advanced with two thousand men. Little Turtle was encamped by the Maumee rapids, more than two score miles this side of the boundary; he was willing to treat, but his

braves would not consent, so Wayne charged them, Indians, British and Canadians, and drove them up to the British fort, killing them by hundreds; and the guns of the fort had nothing to say to the contrary. Wayne ravaged the Indian country, destroyed all stores and supplies, built Fort Wayne at the head of the Maumee, and opened the whole region permanently to American settlers. Captives were exchanged, and children who had not seen their parents for years found themselves in civilization again. Mad Anthony had proved that he was as discreet and steadfast as he was always known to be brave.

On the reassembling of Congress in November, Washington took notice of the democratic Jacobin societies started by Genet; and they lost their influence in consequence. People began to comprehend that the laws were meant to be obeyed, and could be enforced. The collapse of Robespierre in France helped the cause of order here. The Republican cause lost power, and their opponents came once more to the front. There could be faults on both sides, it seemed. The charge of the public debt was transferred from the Treasury to the Sinking Fund Commissioners, impost revenue being declared permanent. The debt had fallen to $76,000,000. On January 31st, 1795, Hamilton retired, and further investigation of his conduct in office was waived. He had, however, no intention of keeping out of politics. Jefferson, in retirement at his farm, maintained a critical attitude. Jay meanwhile had been well received in London: "Well, sir, I imagine you begin to see that your mission will probably be successful," remarked King George, who was enjoying one of his lucid moments. Grenville and Jay arranged a treaty which should put England in at least as good a position as that of France; its first ten articles were meant to be permanent; the latter eighteen were temporary commercial agreements. The long-neglected promise to evacuate the British posts in the north and west was renewed, to take effect in June, 1796; the Mississippi was opened to both par-

ties; a further attempt to define our northern boundaries was made. British debts were to be paid, and American claims for injuries on the seas were to be satisfied. Upon the whole, these permanent articles favored England more than America, and the temporary ones were even less satisfactory. The West Indian concessions were valueless, and in return for them we opened all our ports to England as the "most favored nation." In short, Jay's treaty laid an excellent foundation for the war of 1812. Jay had no courage, and betrayed the fact to the English negotiators, who naturally bullied him to their heart's content. But the now Federal Senate ratified the treaty, but excepted the West Indian clause. Hitherto the matter had been kept strictly secret; but all at once, out came Bache's paper with the whole thing displayed in black and white. Great was the popular indignation. Mass meetings denounced the treaty, and Jay was burned in effigy, and was accused of selling his country for British gold. Washington was advised by both Randolph and Hamilton to delay his signature; and a remonstrance to Great Britain was ordered. At this juncture a secret dispatch from the French minister here to his government fell into our hands, the tenor of which was to cast suspicion of political dishonor upon Secretary of State Randolph, whose conduct had already occasioned some speculation among his colleagues in the Cabinet. Washington confronted him with this dispatch, and with a request for explanation; he stuttered and evaded, and finally handed in his resignation, with a denial of the imputation that he had taken or asked for money from France—which was the inference from the dispatch. In truth, he seems to have been merely a fool, so far as documentary evidence may show. But at the best his conduct as Secretary of State was indefensible; and his next act was to divert attention from his own case by publishing a pamphlet to fasten public odium on Jay and his treaty. This was the political end of Randolph; and his reputation is by no means clear from suspicion

to this day. Washington, who could no longer find conspicuous Federalists for his cabinet, was forced to instal the rigid, unconciliating and narrow Pickering in Randolph's place—a man who had no more tact and diplomacy than a shillalah, but who was honest and fearless at all events. The Jay treaty was ratified; but the Republicans resolved to defeat it by withholding appropriations. A favorable treaty with Spain, allowing navigation of the Mississippi, appeased the popular mind somewhat; but the treaty with Algiers was nothing more nor less on our part than an agreement to pay tribute to these sea scorpions. In March, 1796, upon the presentation of the English treaty, the great debate upon it began. The Federals put the query whether the House had a constitutional right to join in giving effect to a right conferred expressly on the Executive; to which the Republicans replied that if they had not, then this was not a government by the people; and Livingstone accordingly offered a resolution, which the House passed, calling for all the documents referring to the treaty. Washington denied their right to demand them; and matters stood thus until an appropriation to execute the treaty was asked for; which the House refused to grant. Madison made a speech attacking the treaty on grounds of non-reciprocity; the Federals denied the contention, and stirred up demonstrations throughout the country. The President and the Senate were arrayed against the House, with the people still to be heard from. Commerce was paralyzed. Both civil and foreign war were threatened. At that juncture, Ames made what has been called the most eloquent speech of that generation, in which he called for the grant of the appropriation on the ground that the treaty had been allowed to be ratified, and could not now with honor be repudiated; and picturing vividly the horrors of the war which would ensue upon its rejection. He was suffering under a fatal malady at the time; and remarked that, frail as was his hold in life, yet were the treaty to fail, he might live to see his country die. The

speech equally divided the House—49 to 49—and finally Muhlenburg gave his casting vote in the treaty's favor. England still tried to get out of surrendering the northwestern posts; but Washington marched troops to the frontier and they were relinquished.

All this while Monroe was getting his country into trouble in France, to which he had been sent as ambassador. He was hostile to Jay in England, and instead of keeping in touch with the latter, so as to modify his negotiations with France to suit the nature and prospects of the English treaty, he applied himself solely to making the French believe (as he himself did) that America was her bosom friend. When the terms of Jay's treaty became known, France was naturally offended; and Monroe having neglected to carry out his instructions to make it as agreeable to France as possible, he was replaced by Pinckney. Monroe, in fact, was too inexperienced and too transparent for diplomatic negotiation; and too intent, besides, upon proving himself in the right. In spite of the hysteric embraces and compliments which had been pressed upon him at his first coming, and which he had returned, his mission ended with France assuming a frowning and resentful demeanor; which was not unjustified.

Washington having refused to consider a third term, the Federals put forward Adams and Pinckney; for Jay was buried for the present, and Hamilton was unavailable for several good reasons. The Federals did not mean to elect Adams to the Presidency, because they feared he was too strong and independent for them; but designed by a little hocus-pocus to obtain the superior vote for Pinckney, as if by an unforeseen accident. This ingenious scheme did not succeed, however; Jefferson was put up by the Republicans and, with his own consent, ran second by two votes to Adams, who was elected President. Thus the strongest man of the party opposed to Adams's was placed in a posi-

tion where he could exercise great influence without responsibility. Washington retired to private life with unaffected pleasure; he had been made the object of scurrilous attacks of late, anonymously published by Randolph; and he was feeling the approach of age. His Farewell Address is familiar to all; and the clause in which he bids his countrymen beware of foreign entanglements has been too often quoted. It is only needful to reflect upon the condition of America when he gave this advice to understand why he gave it. It is safe to affirm that he would make very different suggestions to-day. With Washington disappeared the old "Republican Court," with its pretty women and courtly men. We could no longer be simple enough to be so elegant. The breeze from the coming century was already beginning to draw through the corridors of time, as the endless procession of life moved on.

Adams's inaugural address was a model document, such as any President might have been proud to father; and it was its author's intention to make a record as President which should cast that of his predecessor—whom he regarded as an overrated man—in the shade. But the condition of home and foreign affairs, the attitude of parties, and his own temper and temperament, made all hopes in this direction vain. Adams's administration was a fight almost from start to finish; and considering what a good, able and honest man he was, it is surprising how little he contrived to accomplish for the betterment of the country he loved so well and had so long and faithfully served.

To begin with, France refused to recognize Pinckney, though paying a parting compliment to Monroe, and expressing to him the hope that friendly relations might continue between the French and American peoples, in spite of the errors of the Washington administration. War being thus in sight, Adams asked Jefferson to go as a special commissioner, with Madison and Pinckney, to France, to try to accommodate matters; but Jefferson replied that the mission

did not suit his office, and Madison declined, perhaps as being unwilling to accept, as a Republican, an appointment of such a nature from a Federal executive. Adams indeed had made an initial mistake, for his own interests at least, in retaining Washington's Cabinet.

A desire to avoid extremities with France nevertheless continued. "I shall endeavor to reconcile the misunderstanding," said Adams, "provided no violation of faith, no stain upon honor, is demanded. But . . . . America is not scared." His message on the subject to Congress was in this spirit. The Senate had a safe Federal majority; the House was also Federal, but not so constantly or conscientiously. The successes of a new great genius of war, Napoleon, were resounding through the world, and America had to consider that, in case he should defeat England, her own position might become unpleasant. The English alliance did not appear inviting; and merely defensive measures were popular. Upon the whole, the two opposing parties tended to approach each other on the French question, though maintaining great mutual bitterness on home matters. The President was perceived not to be impartial, and disorder was fostered by his subordinates; while Jefferson had plenty of leisure to mature his plans. Newspaper warfare was carried to indecent lengths; and on the floor of the House, an Irishman, Lyon, and Griswold of Connecticut, had a personal affray. The Hamilton scandal chose this time to air itself; and altogether it seemed as if the spirit of mischief was in the air. Nor was the reception of the three envoys who had been finally sent to treat with France calculated to smooth the troubled waters. Talleyrand, who hated America, was in power, and pursued so strange a course toward the envoys, demanding money as an indispensable preliminary to negotiations, and putting them off with unexplained understrappers, that Messrs. Gerry, Marshall and Pinckney were both perplexed and affronted. The stand taken by Talleyrand throughout was that America, instead of France, had been

the doer of injuries; and that unless his terms were complied with, the end of America was in sight. Gerry was less resolute in repelling these insulting proposals than were his honest colleagues, and Talleyrand, quick to perceive this, suggested that the Directory would prefer to deal with him alone. This broke up the embassy, though Gerry, much to his discredit, remained in Paris. Upon the communication of this news to the President, he was inclined to war, and gave orders to strengthen the navy; and when, in the spring of 1798, the French correspondence was made public, the country was with him. The idea of "adding this nation to those terror-stricken tributaries of the old world who felt compelled to purchase favors of the French government and its corrupt ministers apart, was intolerable. The war-spirit of Congress acted upon the country, and that of the country stimulated Congress in return. 'Millions for defense,' became the cry, 'but not one cent for tribute!' " The black cockade of the Revolution was worn again; Hopkinson wrote his "Hail Columbia"; Talleyrand was burned in effigy, a fast day was kept, and the Republicans were nowhere. Adams said to Congress, "I will never send another minister to France without assurances that he will be received, respected, and honored as the representative of a great, free, powerful and independent nation." Gerry was ordered home summarily. Never had the country been in such a fever of warlike and patriotic excitement.

This was Adams's apogee. His star now began to decline; for it was in this session of Congress that the Naturalization, Alien and Sedition laws were passed. They were designed to meet a certain crisis; but they were in principle unconstitutional and despotic. Emigrants must reside fourteen years in the country before they could become citizens, and still longer before they could be eligible to Congress. The large and uncomfortable class of inhabitants thus established were called aliens; and they could be summarily arrested or banished at the President's discretion. If they were, or were

suspected of being, hostile, the President could imprison or force them out of the country. The Sedition bill was in effect a denial of the right of free speech, and could be enforced in a manner which would disgrace a despotism.—All this, in order to rid America of French intrigues and domestic sympathizers with France! Of course, these Acts furnished valuable material for the use of the Republican opposition. They were passed by the Federalists in Congress, without communication with their constituencies.

The Federalists were now contemplating an alliance with England and a foreign war; the frigates "Constitution," "Constellation" and "United States" were in commission, with lesser vessels; an army was organized, and the popular wish was that Washington should command it. Washington accepted the appointment when tendered by Adams, and Hamilton, after much intrigue, was made second in command, with Pinckney third. Knox declined to serve in the fourth place. The plan of campaign embraced an attack on the Spanish American possessions, in alliance with England, and a division of the spoils. Hamilton was to lead the invasion of the Spanish American provinces, and his ambition saw here an unbounded opportunity. But when Adams realized what was in the wind, he allowed his dislike of the project to appear; he was for no war of conquest or aggression. "There is no more prospect of seeing a French army here, than in heaven," said he. The remark hit the nail on the head. France would not invade us. More than this, she released American prisoners, and raised the embargo on American ships. Adams also received news that Talleyrand had made pacific overtures; and the general aspect of things was so altered that the President wished to recommend further negotiations to Congress; but the ambition of Hamilton and the intrigues of others modified his message so far that its meaning was ambiguous. During this uncertainty, Madison and Jefferson caused resolutions to be adopted in the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia declaring the

Alien and Sedition laws to be illegal and unconstitutional. This was pushing the doctrine of state rights rather far; but it compelled the Federalists, in opposing the resolutions, to become advocates of tyranny. The Nullification heresy of later times found its historic basis in these resolutions, to which undue weight was no doubt given.

But Adams had become aware of a faction in his own party which aimed to hurry him into extreme measures against France; and he had the courage and the patriotism, at this time, to recommend the appointment of a new envoy to France. This dumfounded the faction, who could not take the responsibility of resisting the recommendation, and could only criticise the unexpected manner in which it had been sprung upon them. Criticism of his fixed custom of spending the entire summer away from the helm of state in his remote farm at Quincy, leaving important affairs to be mismanaged and muddled by interested or disloyal subordinates, would always be in order. But the preparations for war still went on, at great expense; and our frigate "Constellation" fought and defeated the French "L'Insurgente" in the West Indies. The country, unaware of Cabinet intrigues and dissensions, knew not what to expect; the final dispatch of the envoys was the first decided symptom of the intent to resume friendly relations with France. Their efforts resulted in a convention, which was brought home by Davie some time later. The envoys had been well received, Napoleon being now at the head of the French government. The convention established friendship between the two nations, on the basis of mutual restorations and concessions; though some trouble was caused by the old treaties. France and America have ever since remained on good terms, and the war scare subsided as rapidly as it had arisen.

Hamilton was perhaps the only man of consequence who was sincerely disappointed by this result; he had taken great interest in the plots of a Spanish adventurer, Miranda, and

had hoped to lead an army of conquest into South America, with the possibility of becoming dictator of that country, or indeed of the whole continent. He printed a pamphlet, intended to discredit Adams and vindicate himself; but it failed in both purposes. The new election was now at hand, and party feeling was keen. Adams stood for re-election, opposed by Jefferson, and by the Hamilton wing of his own party. But Burr was on the Republican ticket with Jefferson; and as the rule that each elector should vote for two candidates was in force, it happened that Burr got the same number of votes as Jefferson, though it had been intended that he should be Vice-President only. The decision as to which of the two should hold the first place now devolved by the Constitution on the House; but here also there was a tie; and the peril of having no President at all was averted only by the casting of some blank votes by Federalists, giving Jefferson the preponderance. But the recurrence of such a deadlock must be guarded against, and a change in the mode of voting was the consequence. Instead of voting for two candidates, either of whom might be President, the electors were in future instructed to vote for but one presidential and one vice-presidential candidate. This method still continues; but is itself open to abuses.

The count showed only sixty-five votes for Adams. He had no talent for political intrigue, and the Alien and Sedition laws, which had been put in force during the campaign, made him unpopular. These laws had been temporary only, and were now about to expire, the special cause for which they had been enacted having ceased to exist. But Adams was much out of temper at his collapse, and his behavior during the closing hours of his administration was petulant and undignified. In order to deprive Jefferson of as much of the political patronage as possible, he signed appointments up to midnight of his last day in office; and set out for his home in Quincy without having offered the usual courtesies to his successor. Adams suffered from the overshadowing

greatness of his predecessor, and from the testy temper which he could not control; the Presidency was not the right place for such a man. The Alien and Sedition laws on the one hand, and his extrication of the country from the war with France on the other, indicate the good and evil tendencies of his incumbency. The welfare of his country was always his first object, for which he would encounter any danger or odium; but he did not know how to govern, or how to keep order among those beneath him. His immense forces were pent in a room too narrow for their proper exercise. He was constantly exploding in one direction or another, and could be neither supported nor opposed with comfort. His virtues were vastly in excess of his faults, and yet these faults prevented his virtues from doing a tithe of the benefit they should have accomplished. He had none of the personal humility and selflessness of Washington, and was never able to understand the causes of his failures, or to believe that he was not the victim of injustice and ingratitude—as, no doubt, he often was.

Washington had died on the 14th of December, 1799. Some intriguers had been revolving the expediency of bringing him forward for a third term; but his day was passed, and he left the world in the fullness of love and honor. It was Henry Lee who said of him, in his funeral oration, that he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens; and there is no exaggeration in this estimate. He never fell below the level of his uniform greatness; and we might believe that his death was the indication, given by Providence, that the pressing dangers of his country, incident to its awakening and establishment among nations, were passed. Each country has had its popular hero; but Washington well stands comparison with them all; and the facts of his career are not mythical, but are open to the world in the pages of sober history. He was purer and loftier than his contemporaries; and when the time came for the intrigues and passions of party, there

was no longer a place in the world for him, and he departed to occupy his immortal place in our memory and reverence.

The final session of Congress under Adams was held in the new capital of Washington. It was a strange place to be the central point of a nation; hidden in deep woods, and almost uninhabited. The population, such as it was, was composed chiefly of negroes and laborers, living in shanties; on Capitol Hill rose the north wing of the great freestone building, whose cornerstone Washington himself had laid with Masonic ceremonies in 1793. The house to be occupied by the President was also standing, but hardly yet fit for habitation. The rest of the government had to find quarters in Georgetown; and there was some doubt whether the headquarters of the nation would finally be fixed in this wilderness after all. Many persons had been ruined by their speculations in real estate.

One of the final appointments of Adams was that of John Marshall to the Chief-Justiceship. He has retained his place as among the greatest and wisest of our jurists. Born in Virginia, he was at this time about forty-five years old; he had served in the Revolution, had helped to ratify the Constitution, had been envoy to France, and had latterly been acting as Secretary of State. He lived to be eighty years of age, and was the author of one of the first Lives of Washington.

Adams was the last of the Federal Presidents. The party had made America a nation, and had established its financial credit; but the great men who made Federalism honored had left or were leaving it; it had no longer a genuine policy to offer the people; and gratitude for favors past is never a characteristic of politics. It opposed the peace on which the country was determined, and it fostered abuses and un-American ideas in disregard or ignorance of propriety and prudence. Aristocracy could not win the confidence of the growing de-

mocracy, still less the snobbery into which it tended to degenerate. The first truly American government began with Jefferson, for it was under him that the authority of the people was first fully and practically recognized.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH

JEFFERSONIAN SUN AND SHADE

IF the history of the Revolution might almost be regarded as Washington's biography, so might the history of the United States since 1801 be described as the development of Jefferson's political ideas. Washington was the man of action, Jefferson the philosophic politician; Washington was a Federalist, Jefferson a Republican; but both had solely the welfare of their country in view, and each adopted toward that end the means most fitting at the time. At the outset the Union needed to emphasize the policy of centralization; but after the Union had thus been established, it must either depend upon the people, or be metamorphosed into a monarchy, or go to pieces. Washington died before the people were fully recognized as the fountain of power and honor; but Jefferson had accepted this dogma in advance of his contemporaries, and based his life and faith upon its truth. He believed sincerely in the people; he announced that government by them was "the strongest on earth"; he laid all his political plans with that conclusion in view; and the main principles which he advocated and carried out are the reigning principles of our belief and practice to-day. The mistakes which he made are mainly the same mistakes which we have since repeated.

The difficulties which most embarrassed him perplex us still. The inconsistencies which are chargeable against him have characterized us since he died. But after the varied experience of nearly a hundred years, we find that the acts which have made us great are generally those which he would have countenanced; and that the follies which have disgraced us are such as would have aroused his opposition. We remember that he wrote our Declaration, and presided over the birth of our Constitution. That Constitution was so wisely flexible as to render possible the existence of an intelligent opposition, whichever theory of its interpretation was uppermost; therefore it had in it a soul of indestructible life. But Jefferson declared that difference of opinion did not necessitate difference of principle, and that where reason is free, error may be tolerated. Peace rather than pride was his aim; and he thought that the less of government we could get on with, the better for the commonweal. His inaugural address was the triple essence of political sagacity; and in the practical conduct of public affairs he was uniformly faithful to his maxims as laid down beforehand. He encountered obstacles, which would have wrecked almost any other man, with wonderful intelligence, foresight, and success; and left America so much greater and sounder and more self-comprehensive than he found her, that we might say he was the builder with the materials which his predecessors had done little more than accumulate. His embargo act was a mistake; and yet even that was a choice of evils, the alternative being to encounter outrages and provocations which could not have failed to bring on war. Had circumstances not been modified at the time it was repealed, we might have found ourselves leaving the frying-pan to enter the fire.

Peace was Jefferson's ardent desire; could peace be assured, his theory of politics would be beyond criticism. But war is sometimes inevitable; and war must always put pure Jeffersonian democracy to its severest test. There must

always be the risk that the country will be found unprepared when the critical moment arrives. On the other hand, the alternative is to maintain an army and navy on the European scale in time of peace, and with the object of making peace perpetual, which seems an absurdity in terms, and which also must involve obvious risks, and constant heavy expenditure. Here is a dilemma which can never be fully solved, until war ceases out of the world—a contingency not to be regarded by practical men. It is conceivable that science may so refine its methods that at the smallest cost of men, money or preparation, destructive effects can be produced which will render resistance vain; and in that case, the nation can pursue its peaceful avocations up to the very threshhold of battle, without risk of disadvantage. But speculations are not argument; and so long as we are governed on the Jeffersonian basis, we shall always be liable to surprise and perhaps temporary disaster in our foreign relations. Doubtless, no lasting success could ever attend an attack upon us; our only vital danger is to be feared from our own selves. But so long as European monarchies, with all that they imply, exist, we cannot deem ourselves beyond the reach of loss and annoyance. It was of course on this ground that Jefferson advised against entangling alliances, and suggested the policy which has become so prominent of late under the name of the Monroe Doctrine. But we have proved that these devices do not suffice to protect us against danger, and it is still a question to what extent the American Idea should be pushed, and what means we should adopt to push it. Peace without honor is intolerable; and we are, beneath our commercial exterior, as warlike as any nation of history. If a great world-struggle be at hand, or should it ever come, we cannot hope to hold wholly aloof from it; and the good of the human race requires that when we do take our part in it, it shall be decisive of the objects involved.

But the fact that Jeffersonianism is open to certain criticisms in the present state of the world and of civilization,

does not detract from its essential merit; it is the policy of the Golden Age, and that policy must not wait until the Golden Age comes before announcing itself and setting about its work. Its practice, even under imperfect conditions, is the surest if not the only way to bring the Age to birth. It is right in itself, and right in action is the best of proselytizers. The world already accepts the principle, and only awaits opportunity to embrace its concrete realization. Meanwhile, the century has added nothing to Jefferson's analysis; it has only more or less lucidly interpreted it.

Jefferson by birth belonged to the patrician class, and was therefore the readier to observe the forms of democracy. Accident having placed within his reach all that birth could give, he could slight it and carry out the theory of equality by his example as well as by his precept. For this gift of station and fortune he entertained no respect, either as illustrated in himself or in others. There was perhaps some humorous amusement for him in drawing incumbents of office from the ranks, and witnessing the discomfiture of old-school Federalists, who had never conceived that government could be intrusted to one who could not speak grammatically and act correctly in a drawing-room. It is certainly mortifying to be "ordered about" by our social inferiors; and we of this age witness this situation quite as often as did the people of the early century. That it is open to vast abuses and inconveniences none can deny; but they are not dangerous ones. Power in office may make a patrician evil; but it tends to make a plebeian better-behaved, if not better in spirit. Public opinion is a check upon his baser propensities, and, in a democracy, the punishment that public opinion is always liable to visit upon offenders. The scum rises; but the safest place for scum is on the top, because there it can best be observed and either rejected or purified. As a matter of fact, the great crimes that have stained our political annals have not been committed by the scum, but by the cultivated members of the community. The scum steals money and

condones vice in our municipalities; but that we are robbed and that we are disposed to vice is the fault not of the scum but of ourselves. If we exercise civic circumspection, and control our appetites, the scum is powerless; meanwhile it may serve a useful purpose in demonstrating to us how far we are from perfection.

Jefferson, then, may have hitched his horse to the paling of the Capitol, when he came to be inaugurated; or he may have walked from his lodgings two hundred yards away, as the other party to the controversy insists; and have worn a pair of trousers instead of knee-breeches, and used strings instead of buckles for his shoes. At all events he chose to be democratic in his manners as well as in his ideas; and if he chose to yield to a histrionic whim in regard to some externals, it could do no harm and might do some good. He was great enough to do as he pleased. We must also observe that he was greater as President than he had been before; success improved him; he had spoken sometimes as a pessimist while out of office; and the stealthy persistence with which he built up his party and arranged his campaign in advance of his election might be construed as slyness and cunning. But it is in vain that we try to pick flaws in Jefferson; that we say he played for popularity; that he was pusillanimous in his foreign policy; that he was indirect; that he was heartless. These and other accusations turn out to be untrue; because the man was on a larger scale than can be comprehended at a glance; and when we think we have spied a fault, we are apt to find that it is but a virtue partially seen. We have never had a politician so great as or more sincere than he; and if we never have another, we are still more fortunate than other nations. His was an exquisitely organized and broad-based intellect disposed to good; one of the rarest things in the world. Bacon, perhaps, had a mightier mind; but his moral nature was less admirable than Jefferson's; and Jefferson had the saving sense of humor which the Englishman

lacked. The charge of heartlessness is absurd; the heart gives constancy and energy; and who surpassed Jefferson in these respects? Those keen, quizzical blue eyes of his could no doubt be cold upon occasion; he could not help seeing all round and beyond the scope of his chance interlocutor. But his kindliness was deeper than his coldness, and it became more manifest as he grew older. He valued his friendships, and took more pains than do most men of his caliber to maintain them. Who but Jefferson would have held to the stubborn and contrary Adams with such persistence and success?—so that they two, who would have been mortal enemies had both been of Adams's temper, went down the hill of life arm in arm, in cordial and noble communion. On the other hand, evil could not win him, come it in never so plausible and winning a guise; he kept himself clear of Aaron Burr; and every year he lived found him more and more on the side of the angels, as Disraeli would have said, and arrayed against the powers of darkness under whatever form.

For the romantic background of a great American work of the imagination, the administration of Jefferson offers advantages superior to those of any other of our Presidents; for that of Lincoln is too much of one tone to suit the requirements of art. Surprising events occurred, and picturesque incidents; and at least one achievement of a magnitude and importance unsurpassed in our annals. Great characters move across the stage, and vast schemes succeed or fail. There is fighting, and there is negotiation; and there are panoramic glimpses of the past, and foreshadowings of the future. And in the center, originating and controlling the action, we see always the slender figure of a foxy-haired man, six feet two inches in height, plainly clad, careless in bearing, courteous and composed, observant and contemplative. He is the foremost man of his day in America, and yet—such is the singularity of those early times—he is the President of the Republic!

Among the other notable figures of this period are Burr the Vice-President; Hamilton; Monroe; Gallatin; Randolph of Roanoke, that "ghost of a monkey" as he was termed in the critical amenities of the time; Madison, Secretary of State; Clinton, the Vice-President of the second term. Abroad there are, not to mention others, Talleyrand again, and the great Napoleon. For the interludes we have the Dey of Algiers and him of Tripoli, and Toussaint L'Ouverture, the French West Indian negro, who did his black fellow-countrymen the service of establishing them in a republic of their own; and the disservice, perhaps outweighing the benefit, of arousing hopes of a successor of his greatness destined never to be fulfilled. The minor characters of the egregious comedy, not less interesting in their degree, are numberless. The play continues eight years, and after many vicissitudes, the end is happy.

Jefferson had been called all manner of names by his opponents previous to his inauguration, which were meant to indicate that he was a maniacal innovator, who would, as the phrase is, put his foot in it whenever he opened his mouth. They were much disappointed, therefore, at what actually happened; the address was conciliatory to all; and Jefferson's policy showed not only a political sagacity which left other policies looking foolish, but a knowledge of human nature in the broad, especially as instanced in his fellow-countrymen, which was Shakespearian. He perceived that the great Federal leaders were too closely wedded to their ideas to be withdrawn from them; but he knew that this would not be the case with the people whom they had led; and therefore he opened the way for these to unite themselves with the Republicans without seeming to abandon their essential convictions. Everybody likes to feel that he has a share in the government; and Jefferson showed the Federalist rank and file that their party aimed to gradually secure the ruling power to a few superior individuals, and to leave them with the privilege only of being well-managed.

No stronger or gentler lure could have been held out than the assurance that he who joined the Republicans became his own king. So far as this argument was concerned, Jefferson had it all his own way; but there were divergent ideas as to local politics which had nothing to do with Federals or Republicans as such; and these remained to disturb the peace in their measure. In foreign affairs there was little difference of opinion, as soon as the designs of Jefferson could be known; though, while they were still in the secret stage, they aroused criticism enough, which the critics had leisure to repent of. The Louisiana Purchase was the largest and most complicated of these transactions. The vast wedge of territory which borders on the Mississippi and ranges indefinitely westward till it reaches the Pacific in the neighborhood of Oregon, had been ceded to Spain by France in 1762. In 1802, it became known to Jefferson that it had been ceded back to France by a secret treaty. Napoleon, for whom half the world was not space enough, meant to establish France firmly in the west, and thus complete the discomfiture of England. While the transfer was accomplishing, the port of New Orleans was closed to American commerce, much to the inconvenience and indignation of the American settlers in the valley, who had hitherto used it. Knowing nothing of the inside of what was going forward, they could see only that Spain was obstructing them, in defiance of treaty rights; and they were for war forthwith. Now Jefferson, who was all for peace whenever possible, had conceived the idea of getting New Orleans by purchase, and was sending Monroe as special envoy to France to assist the aged Livingstone, our resident minister in Paris, in arranging for the sale. Pending the result, he was careful to offend neither Spain nor France, popular clamor notwithstanding. Spain made proper apologies in due time; and Napoleon, having made up his mind that he would need all his strength to settle England in Europe, and that her control of the sea would disable him from occupy-

ing America, abruptly resolved to rid himself of the latter by selling it to the United States: thus, at one stroke, putting that government under an obligation, and enormously strengthening her against his enemy England. Nor was the money which he would get for the sale an unimportant consideration. He demanded one hundred million francs; fifty were offered by the surprised Americans (who had never expected to get more than the island of New Orleans with some little adjoining territory), and eighty million were accepted. Here Monroe showed to advantage, and proved that he had advanced in diplomacy since his former French experience. A weaker man would have feared to take the responsibility of so large a transaction without further instructions from home; and Napoleon was a man who would be on to-day and off to-morrow; one had to settle with him while one was in the way with him, or not at all. Monroe acted with as much promptness as did the First Consul, and moreover had the self-possession to beat him down in his price. The region thus added to our domain contained the material for twelve large states; and though it was still almost unsettled, except by Indians, it entirely altered our position as a nation before the world. Jefferson himself was at first a little embarrassed by the size of the acquisition, and wished that a part of it should for the present be reserved for Indian occupation. The territory was surveyed, by his direction, by Lewis and Clarke, who thus furnished the first authentic news of the nature and resources of the country. It fell to Congress to decide whether the states to be formed from it should admit slavery; and it was unfortunately resolved not to refuse this privilege. Jefferson believed that the country would finally divide on the Mississippi, instead of north and south. The pro-slavery men in Congress were, for the time being, less aggressive than formerly; and New Jersey and New York abolished slavery within their borders. The influence of Wilberforce in England, in favor of totally abolishing slavery, was felt

in this country; the provision of the Constitution to forbid the importation of slaves after 1808 was to be carried out; and altogether, Jefferson's Mississippi boundary was plausible.

The most depressed man in America at this juncture was Hamilton, who found no work for his hand to do, and who could not find personal happiness in the prosperity of his country. He had, however, showed true patriotism, or at least political foresight, in declining to be a party to a scheme which was being broached, to make a separate commonwealth of New England, with the addition, if possible, of New York and New Jersey; these states being the seat of what remained of the Federalists. Aaron Burr was not so particular; but the plan fell through, and Burr was left for another destiny. Hamilton had favored winning Louisiana by war, and had been mortified by the success of the superior policy of Jefferson. He had no influence with the government, and could not even get his pamphlet attacks upon it noticed. He was the most successful practitioner at the bar, and could make a fortune every year; but he had never cared for money. He was annoyed by being classed with the supporters of Aaron Burr, whose sole political policy was his own advancement by whatever means might offer. "What can I do better than withdraw from the scene?" he asked his friends. "Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me." His discontent was to meet with an answer such as he little anticipated. Aaron Burr was his mortal enemy; Hamilton had thwarted him in his New England scheme, and was his successful rival at the bar. Hamilton, at the time when Burr was trying for the governorship of New York, had opposed him, and incidentally given expression to his opinion of him within such bounds as were considered legitimate in political controversy. Burr was now a political ruin, but his hatreds were only the more animated. He loved a shining mark, and fixed upon Hamilton as the scapegoat of

his revenge. He took exception to remarks made by Hamilton during the canvass, and demanded that they be withdrawn. This Hamilton could not do; and Burr was thus enabled to challenge him to a duel. Burr meant to kill his man; he was a good shot, and he practiced for this encounter; upon his steadiness of nerve on the field he knew he could rely. Hamilton was averse to the encounter from the beginning; but in that age a challenge could not be refused without the charge of cowardice, which Hamilton lacked the "higher courage" to endure. Indeed, one can hardly blame him for this: he was a soldier; he had acted a high part in the world; he lived in his ambitions; had he declined the challenge, his career would have ended in disgrace, however little merited. He accepted, therefore; though he seems to have underrated Burr's deadly purpose, and did not look forward to a fatal termination. The men met in the early morning of the 11th of July, 1804. On the word being given, Burr took good aim and fired; his bullet struck Hamilton in the right breast, and he fell on his face—his own pistol going off in the air, whether designedly or by accident. This duel has been called a murder, and an assassination; but it was not more so than are other duels. It was an irrationality for which society was responsible. It is true that Burr goaded Hamilton into fighting, and that he was perhaps a better shot than he; but when they stood facing each other that morning, Burr was risking his life; and the duel asks no more. There is no cure for the duel except the improvement of society; for the device of hanging the surviving principal, though it has never been tried, would probably turn out ineffectual as a deterrent to others. Burr was indeed threatened with the gallows in New Jersey, and was disfranchised in New York, and he had to disappear for a while. His larger historic crime was still a short distance in the future.

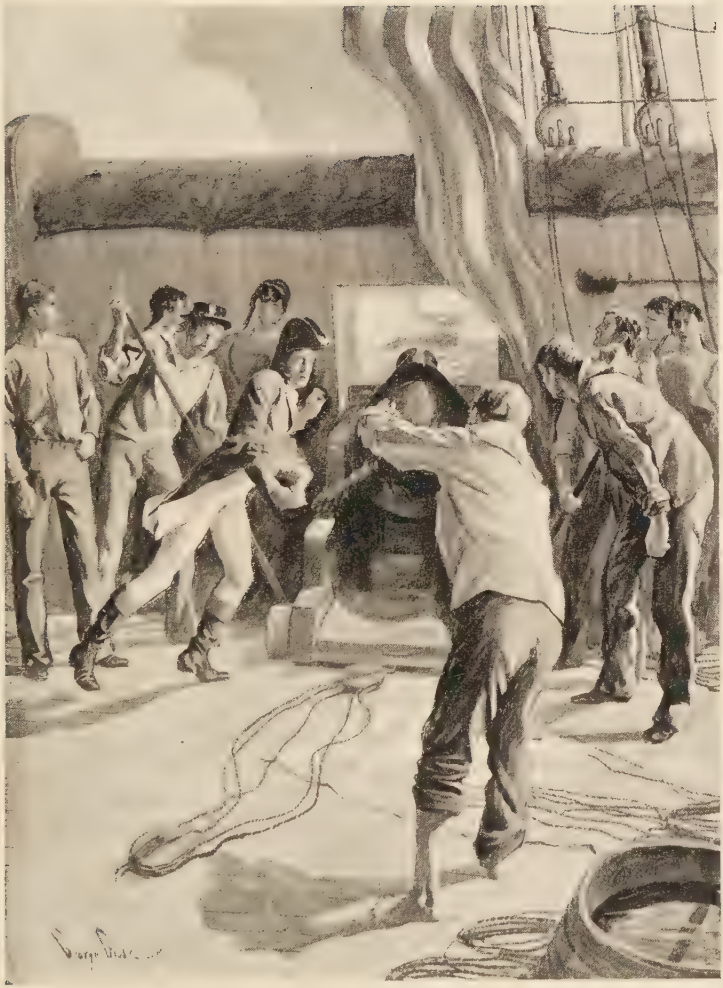
Meanwhile Jefferson, peaceful man though he was, was to show fight in a cause which had strangely found all the

powers of Europe wanting—perhaps because they fancied that by making terms with robbers themselves, they would thereby subject their neighbors to the inconvenience of robbery. We ourselves, under the belligerent Adams, had stooped to pay tribute to the Dey of Algiers; and Commodore Bainbridge had not dared to resent the snuff-colored ruffian's assertion that Americans were his slaves, who must run his errands in their men-of-war when he so ordered. But this potentate, and his brethren of the coast, standing upon what they had gained, demanded so much more, that the quiet Jefferson, who after all had red hair, became annoyed, and decided that such impertinence must cease. Accordingly he dispatched Commodore Dale with three frigates and a smaller vessel, to parade up and down the Barbary coast with a chip on his shoulder, as it were; and, should any pirate attempt to knock the chip off, to sink, burn and destroy him. Dale found at Gibraltar a couple of Algerine cruisers on the watch for American prey; he blockaded them while the American merchantmen were convoyed out of danger, and then, with a frigate and a schooner, cruised off Tripoli; and the schooner thrashed a Tripolitan fourteen-gun cruiser, much to the amazement and dismay of Barbary. The main difficulty was, to get the pirates to fight; like the Spanish in our day, they kept inside their harbors, where the shallow water prevented us from getting at them. In 1802, Dale was succeeded by Morris, who did nothing, and more ships were ordered. Several of the corsair ships were captured or blown up, and in 1803 Preble was put in command of the entire American fleet in the Mediterranean.

He found Bainbridge, who had taken the Dey's message to Constantinople years before, with the latter's flag flying from our frigate's masthead, and his own tail between his legs—he found this unfortunate person a prisoner of Tripoli, he having run his ship, the "Philadelphia," on a rock, while pursuing a frigate of the enemy. He and his men were now slaves in good earnest. But Decatur was a young lieuten-

ant whose ideas of what befitted an American differed from those of Bainbridge; and Decatur, with a picked crew, in a small ketch, ran into the harbor of Tripoli, and burned the Philadelphia where she lay at anchor; although all the guns of Tripoli were throwing shells at him and his men meanwhile. The Dey might get ransom for Bainbridge, but he would never be able to show an American frigate as a prize. The breed of Decaturs appears periodically in our navy; sometimes they disguise themselves as a Cushing, or again as a Hobson. But whatever name they go by, they announce themselves by always attempting some deed of desperate daring, and always succeeding in it. Congress gave Decatur a sword and a captaincy, and he waited for another chance. Preble, relieved in the autumn by Barron, with the "President" and the "Constellation," continued the blockade, and captured or sunk more vessels. The American navy was becoming a national favorite, and a special "Mediterranean Fund" tax was levied to keep it in condition. But though Jefferson was our first High Admiral, he had misgivings as to whether the game was worth the candle; and tried to save expense by the device of small gunboats for coast protection. A gunboat without steam-power, however, was not found to be of much avail; and Fulton had not yet earned his first steamboat fare. The war came to an end in 1805 on a basis of "mutual friendship," and, one regrets to note, on the promise of the payment by the United States of $60,000 as ransom for American prisoners held by Barbary, in excess of those that could be exchanged for prisoners captured by us. For all that, the peace was looked upon as a victory for the United States, and the other Barbary powers wished to make similar arrangements. The sting of the corsairs was taken out.

War or no war, the Republic flourished. Gallatin's balance-sheet was pleasant and interesting; the cold-mannered, conservative Swiss was just the man for Treasurer, without Hamilton's originative genius, but safer for econ-



ONLY SHOT OF THE "CHESAPEAKE," 1807

omy. Congress began the division of Louisiana. The inhabitants of New Orleans, and the southern portion of the domain, were alien in ideas as well as in race, and somewhat disposed to be troublesome; but the irruption of good Americans would soon set them in order. General Wilkinson, afterward connected with the Burr conspiracy, was placed in charge of the northern portion, with St. Louis as a center. The Indiana region was put under Harrison, and the Michigan territory under Hull; and finally, the district east of the Mississippi, with Spanish Florida as its southern boundary, was intrusted to the governorship of Robert Williams. This part became involved with the Yazoo land grants made by Georgia in the last century to speculators, under a law afterward declared illegal; the discussions and negotiations over the assignees' title led to the adoption of the system of selling government lands in 160-acre lots, which still prevails. The close of the session, and of Jefferson's first term, was marked by the impeachment trial of Judge Chase, the American Jeffreys in the Alien and Sedition Acts prosecutions. This man's name was on the Declaration of Independence, and his war record was good; but he was probably saved from conviction in this trial less because he deserved acquittal, then because Randolph of Roanoke had been injudiciously engaged to conduct the prosecution. The apelike rantings and eccentricities of this odd creature, and his rank inability to make a solid and coherent argument, were sufficient to arouse the sympathy of the Senate for the object of his attack. Moreover, Chase had a bad case of gout. A picturesque feature of the closing day of this Congress was the grave and dignified attitude of Aaron Burr, who, though he was a fugitive from justice, and stood convicted of crimes which withheld men from associating with him, yet was unassailable as Vice-President of the United States, and had discharged his office throughout in an unexceptionable style. If his heart was seething with evil passions, his face was cold and cynical, and his voice steady and unimpassioned.

When the Senate gave him the customary vote of thanks on his retirement, he treated them to a singular prediction, more in accord with Federal than with Republican ideas. "This body is growing in importance. It is here, if anywhere, that our country must ultimately find the anchor of her safety; and if the Constitution is to perish, which may God avert, and which I do not believe, its dying agonies will be seen on this floor." This little speech, frigidly uttered, contains more of the nature and character of Aaron Burr than could be easily expressed in so few words. It contained a lie, a pose, an ominous hint, as empty as it was ominous, and an inadvertent impiety. Withal, it had a certain masculine grace and impressiveness about it. Burr was a prince of adventurers, and one half likes him for being wicked in such capital style. He was a ruiner of young men, and of women, a political Iscariot, a duelist, a mocker at all things sacred, and a traitor to his country; but he dressed in good taste, his manners were unexceptionable; his voice agreeable, his face handsome, his conversation fascinating; and he lacked but one vote of being President of the United States, and thereby plunging them into that destruction which we have seen him pray God to avert. It was a dramatic freak of destiny, in this most dramatic period of history, that placed this man and Jefferson side by side in the forefront of the Republic. They have both of them left descendants.

Jefferson and Clinton were elected by an overwhelming majority for the next term; Pinckney and King being the Federal nominees. This was Jefferson's most popular hour, and there is no doubt that he liked popularity; not merely because it was personally agreeable, but because it seemed to indicate that his theories of government were just. But it is dangerous for a doctrinaire to be too fortunate; he is led to overestimate his doctrines. Jefferson was now confirmed in the notion that a nation could be conducted on a peace basis, and the expense of an armament saved for productive pur-

poses. Other statesmen of ours have thought the same thing, but they have never proved their point. As if to admonish the author of the Declaration that he was but mortal, England began to be particularly exasperating. Naval men are perhaps apt to be a little arbitrary; but the navy officers of England passed all limits of moderation, and Pitt the Younger supported them. Their ostensible argument was, that a man who had once been a British subject, always must remain one; and that wherever found, he could be required to act as such. The British navy was in need of seamen; and it was affirmed that British men-of-war's-men had deserted to American merchant ships. Consequently, British naval officers arrogated the right of searching American merchantmen for deserters. At first, they were content to conduct the search only in English waters; then they claimed the right on the high seas; at last, nothing would satisfy them but overhauling our ships in our own harbors; and not only that, but they would compel the captains to send their papers to them, instead of taking the trouble to go after them themselves. They would order the whole ship's company, passengers and all, to line up before them, that they might decide who were deserters and who were not. It always happened that the deserters turned out to be the ablest men in sight; and that their number exactly corresponded with the number of men the Englishman was in need of. Protestations, citizenship papers, oaths and threats were alike vain; the men were impressed, and forced to serve the king during his majesty's pleasure. If the man happened to be a Swede or a Hindu, it was all one, provided he were also a good upstanding man; having been found on an American vessel, he must be an English-born deserter. One should really be thankful that the English captains did not come ashore at Boston and New York, or even at Washington, and carry off any likely individual on the streets, or in the Senate Chamber, who might chance to strike their fancy.

Jefferson had a sense of humor, and he was a man of peace; but he failed to enter into the spirit of this kind of fun; and besides, it was only a question of time when we would have no sailors left. Nor could it be expected that such doings would increase the prosperity of our commerce; if a sailor, on signing the ship's articles, rendered himself liable to spend his concluding years between an English frigate's decks, helping to kill people with whom neither he nor his country had any quarrel, he would be apt to seek some other avenue of activity. To make matters worse, we were not allowed by England to engage in commercial relations with the French, or with any French possessions; and the French retaliated by forbidding us to traffic with any English ports, and the end of it promised to be, that we must not have any commerce whatever. Yet a large part of our wealth, at this time, was derived from commerce. What was to be done? Were we prepared to fight England and France at once, in support of our rights?

Not, thought Jefferson, until all negotiations had failed; and he sent over Monroe and Pinckney to make a new treaty with England, in place of the Jay treaty, which had expired. But Monroe and Pinckney could not obtain the sine qua non of a cessation of the impressment outrage. England was willing to give assurances; but one could not help feeling that she would respect our rights just so far as she thought we had power and will to enforce them; and it was also to be borne in mind that one ministry might be less accommodating than the succeeding one. In fact, when Pitt's death, by bringing the more liberal Fox-Grenville ministry into power, had seemed to offer us a chance of justice, the death of Fox upset the situation, and we were handed over to Canning and Castlereagh. The prospect was squally enough, when it was made more sinister yet by the conduct of a British sloop-of-war which, in defiance of a standing order of ours forbidding British men-of-war to lie in our ports, entered Charleston for water and would not leave when

ordered to do so; and by the Chesapeake affair, which occurred soon after. Three seamen, two of whom had been impressed by the British, and were American citizens, deserted from the British man-of-war "Melampus," and took service on the American "Chesapeake." They were received in good faith, not knowing them to be deserters, and there being at any rate no treaty requiring us to deliver them up. The "Chesapeake" put to sea, and ran into a British squadron, one vessel of which, the "Leopard," sent a boat aboard her, and demanded the surrender of the men. Commodore Barron, of the "Chesapeake," of course declined to comply with this preposterous demand; but he made the mistake of not preparing for the consequences; his decks were littered, and his ship quite unprepared for action. The "Leopard," upon receiving Barron's reply, fired a broadside into her, and kept on firing for twelve minutes, without the "Chesapeake" being able to fire a gun in reply. Twenty-two round shot struck the American, and twenty-one of her crew, including Barron, were wounded or killed. Down came the Stars and Stripes; the crew were paraded, and the three men, together with another one, were taken off by the British captain, and one of them was hanged.

This was a little too much. If this were borne, then we were a subjugated nation and the Declaration of Independence was worse than waste paper. Reparation or War was the universal cry. "This country has never been in such a state of excitement since the battle of Lexington," wrote Jefferson. Our ships in foreign ports were warned; our coast was put in a state of defense; a call was made for a hundred thousand men. British cruisers were ordered out of our ports—which order they contemptuously disregarded. Monroe was directed to suspend all negotiations. Here was a good opportunity for England to demonstrate her sense of justice and love of fair play. Would she support her navy in this proceeding?

Canning, on receiving the news, at first expressed a formal

regret; but declined to consider reparation unless the United States should supplicate the king as for a favor, and await his will, as in the good old colonial times. English public opinion, however, showed itself restive under this behavior, and Canning finally consented to the dispatch of a special envoy to treat on the matter; but he was not empowered to offer reparation, nor to promise any relief against the British impressment policy. He protracted the discussion for six months, without result, and then returned home.

Certainly, Jefferson could not be accused of lack of moderation; for we were not at war with England even yet. There was only one way to secure England's favor, and that was to fight on her side against France and the rest of Europe. It has to be recorded that there was a party in this country—the opposition—which favored this line of action; England was secretly dealing with it, and had some hopes of inducing the adoption of the policy; and it was this hope alone which kept her from pushing her insolence to the verge of acts of open war. Napoleon, on the other hand, upon discovering that we would not side with him either, put in active operation his own decrees of confiscation and seizure against us, and added a final artistic touch by declaring any American vessel which had submitted to British outrages to be thereby denationalized, and the prey of Frenchmen. We were become the football of the two players, England and Napoleon. And still the tall, red-haired man kept his temper.

It is hard to forgive him; yet he was right. Europe was war mad; it did not mean to insult us, and did but give us a kick when we got in its way, or by way of intimating to us that we had better take sides. We had nothing to gain by taking sides, and could not have made our blows felt by anybody. We had only one thing that was of value to Europe, and that was our commerce; they did not fear us, but they needed our goods. Congress was Republican; the Federalists had good debaters in Quincy and Randolph (who had broken with Jefferson because the latter had refused to give

him the English mission), but no numerical strength. Jefferson had a policy, and he now secretly imparted it to Congress: it was Embargo. It passed after a debate of three days in the House, and of four hours in the Senate. What was it?

It has been called an amputation; but the comparison is not good; for arms and legs cut off can never grow again; it might better be likened to a pruning process. At all events, it forbid the sailing of all foreign-bound vessels except by special permission of the Executive; and coasters must give bonds that they would never leave the coasts. It was a drastic measure; but it was a Hobson's choice. We had not the power to protect our commerce; and if we submitted to one belligerent we should run foul of the other; we could not maintain an active neutrality, and the only thing left us was to render it impossible for other nations to profit by our misfortunes. By giving up the benefits of our commerce for ourselves, we could deprive them of its benefits, and might thus hope to induce them to reconsider their ways, and let our commerce alone. It might ruin us; but it is more agreeable to be ruined by one's self than by outsiders.

The embargo was accepted by the greater part of the country, though the Eastern ultra-Federalists opposed it, and accused Jefferson of various crimes, among them of being an enemy of commerce and a creature of Napoleon. It had to be maintained by force, because our merchants were, in too many cases, willing to sacrifice the honor of their country for the sake of their cargoes. It was not expected, of course, to be more than a temporary measure; and Jefferson believed that the European war must soon cease, and with it the need of an embargo. He did not anticipate war for us, and not more than a million dollars was appropriated to the fortification of our harbors. Three million more were spent on gunboats and the organization of land forces. Wade Hampton and Peter Gansevoort were made brigadiers, and

a captain and a lieutenant who were afterward heard of bore the names, respectively, of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor.

New England suffered terribly from the embargo; great quantities of perishable food-stuffs were heaped on the wharfs, which would be a total loss if not exported, and which would command a high price abroad. All manner of devices were put in practice to get them off, and governors of states were besieged with applications for permits which were often granted. New York had a similar experience. States which needed supplies from other states could not get them, because vessels cleared for their ports would carry their cargoes to Europe or to Canada. Presently mercantile failures began to be announced by wholesale; and there was no good bankruptcy law to relieve them. Europe needed our supplies; but it seemed that we needed even more to supply them. The hope of Jefferson that the European war would cease was being deferred until the hearts of Americans were sick. On the other hand, England began to gain the trade that we had relinquished, and professed indifference as to whether the embargo were raised or not. By the time the President's second term was closing, the revolt against the embargo had become violent. It was declared to be unconstitutional; lampoons were circulated; petitions, remonstrances and threats were rife. Secession was openly talked of. The administration was menaced with the desertion of those who had upheld it. At the last session of Congress a resolution for the repeal of the act was introduced, but was lost; the government pointing out that the choice lay between war, submission to England, and the embargo. Then Madison, the incoming President, offered, through Campbell of Tennessee, three resolutions: That the English and French edicts were dishonorable to this country: that our commerce and products should be excluded from their ports: and that immediate measures be taken to put us in a better state of defense. They were passed after some debate

as to the second resolution. A bill for the strict enforcement of the embargo was then put to the House. The southern and central states urged the east to submit, as they had done; but the east replied that tobacco and cotton were not perishable like their goods; besides, the capital of New England was embarked in commerce, and could not be diverted. Jefferson himself thought that the agricultural and industrial interests of the country should not be sacrificed to the commercial; but he was confronted not by a theory but by a condition. Josiah Quincy, the voluble leader of the Massachusetts Federalists, affirmed that we ought to fight by force, not manifestoes; and that though embargo might be less expensive than war, it was more intolerable; besides, said he, "the administration could not be kicked into war." But we were wholly unprepared for war; and Jefferson cannot be excused from responsibility for this; his desire for peaceful development of the country had led him too far. The enforcement bill finally passed the House by 71 to 32, with discretion to the Executive. It was not a national but a sectional measure, and could not but breed discontent. Faneuil Hall thundered with protests. The Massachusetts legislature demanded in effect that we side with England against France. Connecticut followed suit. The singular spectacle was presented of Federalism supporting state rights, and Republicanism standing for a strong central authority. The East threatened secession upon grounds similar to those which actuated the South in 1861—mutatis mutandis. Finally, Congress agreed to raise the embargo in March, 1809, except as to England and France—a policy of neutral retaliation not amounting to war, but practically giving up the embargo experiment. It was hoped that the other European nations would help us out. And if our merchants were willing to risk capture and insult, let them be indulged. But still Congress hesitated to give orders for the adequate strengthening of the navy; without which we must remain abject to the mercy of chance. They hated to spoil their

record for economy. Our net receipts for 1808 were $17,000,000; our debt, under Jefferson, had been cut down by $33,580,000, and there was a large surplus in the Treasury. At this rate, could war have been avoided, we should soon have been on the high wave of prosperity. But war had to come. As to the embargo, its effect upon the whole had been good, in so far as either a more or a less aggressive policy would probably have been worse. Time was of value to us in our growing state; we were stronger when war did break out than we were when Jefferson avoided it. And the disturbances in our own household which the embargo aroused, served to show the danger-points of our Constitution, and might admonish us to avoid them in future. The most regrettable feature of the episode, from the point of view of the retiring President, was that it occurred during his last year of office, and thus sent him into private life under a cloud. He was an Owen Glendower who had called spirits from the vasty deep once too often, and they had finally declined to respond. He was depressed and weary, and glad to go home to Monticello; but time soon restored his philosophic cheerfulness, and his countrymen, when they had time to think him over, easily gave him back their favor and affection. He had given them seven years of success for one of failure.

In following the course of the embargo, we have passed over the highly colored incident of Burr's conspiracy, which came to a head in 1806. It had no root in the general scheme of things here, and its effect, so far as any could be predicated of it, was to prove that we did not want imperialism, and that our territory on the Mississippi was loyal to the Union.

Burr, in desperate social and political straits, thought he could be an American Napoleon; but Napoleon himself could not have done in the western hemisphere what he accomplished in the eastern. Traveling down the Ohio and Mississippi in 1805, Burr noted the vast resources of the

country, and the bold and independent character of its inhabitants. He thought he could seduce the western country from its allegiance, and establish a dynasty; he would oust Congress at Washington with a few troops, and assassinate Jefferson; and he sought to win influential men to his scheme by talking mysteriously about making a diversion in the interests of America against Spain—which the apparently impending Spanish war favored. Daniel Clark, a wealthy New Orleans man, and General Wilkinson, his old comrade in arms, were interested in his plans, though probably without comprehending their full scope; but Burr relied upon taking advantage of circumstance and accident, and hurrying his companions beyond their depth before they thought of retreat. The Spanish war was averted; but he modified his designs accordingly. He was not, however, able to survive the betrayal of Wilkinson, who was essential to his scheme, and whom he thought he held fast by promises of glory. But Wilkinson drew back at the last moment; perhaps not till then realizing that actual treason was meditated; perhaps deciding, upon a balance of probabilities, that loyalty was the safer course. He was not an honorable man, but he was either too timid or too prudent to hazard his position and life upon the die. He fortified New Orleans and put the neighborhood under martial law. Meanwhile Burr, ignorant of his defection, was arranging to assemble his expedition at Blennerhasset Island on the Ohio. This was a Paradisaical retreat owned by an Irishman of literary and esthetic proclivities, with a beautiful wife and a lovely family. Burr talked him into a hypnotic condition, and he put himself and his fortune at his disposal. A government spy sent to the Island, in consequence of some words let fall by Burr, reported his suspicions, and the governor of Ohio sent troops to the place, who destroyed the house. Blennerhasset escaped in a boat down the river, met Burr, who was pursuing his recruiting operations, and told him the news. Burr still was unaware that

Wilkinson had failed him; but on nearing New Orleans, the fact was discovered, and he plunged into the wilderness, after destroying the arms he had collected, and other evidences of the conspiracy. But he was recognized and arrested for treason. His trial failed to convict him, owing to lack of technical evidence; he went to Europe, where he lived on charity for a time; but in 1812 returned to New York secretly, and supported himself there by a pettifogging practice, and by taking advantage of the kindness and infatuation of women, over whom he retained his hold till the last. His only child, a girl, to whom he had promised the rank of princess, was drowned at sea. A rich widow whom he, at the age of seventy-eight, married, left him soon after; and he died in poverty and obscurity two years later. Blennerhasset wandered about the world, trying to repair his fortunes, and dying at last in Ireland. Congress passed an act authorizing the President to call out troops to suppress insurrection and resistance to laws, and to employ the navy and army of the United States. The only other result of the conspiracy was to create or confirm an estrangement between Chief-Justice Marshall, who presided at Burr's trial, and perhaps stretched a point in his favor, and Jefferson. Jefferson's action in defeating the conspiracy had been well timed and effective; but he had never been alarmed by it, believing that the American people themselves would render all such things futile.

As the period for the abolition of the slave trade drew near, Congress passed the necessary act, the date fixed being January 1st, 1808. But, in anticipation of this, the importation of slaves had greatly increased, nearly thirty thousand having been brought in during the last two years; and North Carolina continuing it up to the last moment allowed by the law. The penalties for violation were very heavy fines, and imprisonment up to ten years. The slaves which might be captured from slave ships by the government were to be left free to follow their own devices, subject to local

laws; though a colonization society was started to dispose of them in some suitable locality. No new conversions of states to abolition of slavery were made; the public interest in the matter died out, and the Philadelphia Society sunk into inanition. Virginia accepted, with more or less resignation, the compulsion of circumstances, which forced her to retain slavery. The weightiest men declared that there could be no equality between whites and blacks. To this Jefferson replied, "Their degree of talent is no measure of their rights. Because Sir Isaac Newton was superior to others in understanding, he was not therefore lord of the persons and property of others." The most important aspect of the slavery question respected its spread in the new western regions, which had been opened by Lewis and Clarke as far as to remote Oregon. But it did not seem pressing enough for immediate attention.

Such was the condition of salubrity and public health which the black pestilence of European war invaded and destroyed. The history of the preliminaries which led up to the struggle demonstrates that the best way is the bold way, and that the sooner it is taken the better. The threat of the mailed fist is wiser than the caress of the deprecating palm. But then it is indispensable to have a mailed fist to threaten with.

Jefferson declined to stand for a third term, believing that the precedent would be an evil one, leading first to appointments for life and then to hereditary succession. Moreover, he was tired and wanted rest; and Madison, his successor, was his friend both personally and politically. The latter, accordingly, was elected, with Clinton remaining as Vice-President. Clinton, and also Monroe, had been candidates for the higher office. The prospect of war was strong, and it was thought by many that Madison was not strong enough to carry the country through it; the objection to Clinton was, that he was too old. This pointed to Monroe as a logical candidate; but no caucus or ring could agree

upon him. The Federal ticket was defeated without trouble upon Clinton's consent to be content with the subordinate position. The time for Monroe was to come at a later day, when the storm now threatening had been weathered, and a long period of peaceful development was beginning. But in fact the era of controlling individualities in the Presidential chair was for the present past; the Executive was to do little more than carry out the will of the people as interpreted by Congress; and Congress for a time gained in the weight and personal distinction of its members. The way was opening for the Clays, the Calhouns and the Websters. Madison's extreme integrity in a measure balanced his lack of personal force; and he was a man of great intelligence, and thoroughly conversant with public business. He proved, indeed, an agreeable surprise even to his friends; his mind and disposition were symmetrical and unprejudiced, and it is quite possible that he was as good a pilot through the coming crisis as we could have picked out from our repertoire of political talent. What he did not know, he was soon to learn in the school of a lively experience.

SPILLING THE GROG ON THE "CONSTITUTION" BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH

THE WAR OF 1812

THE name of one of our most peace-loving Presidents is connected with one of our most extraordinary wars. The thing that we seemingly needed most in 1812 was peace; we had been fighting seven years for our existence, and then had created a regimen by which to live; we had no money to speak of, no army, and no navy; the machinery of civil life had not got down to smooth work, and we were by no means assured, as yet, that it would stand the tests to which it must be submitted. The interests of different parts of the country were different one from another; the south and west were dependent on agricultural products, while the north and east had embarked their capital and energy in commerce. Manufactures had not become an important feature of our existence; we got what we wanted from Europe, and had not conceived the idea of becoming self-supporting. We were independent of course, because we had a Declaration to that effect; but we were nevertheless a sort of appanage of Europe; the marks of our colonial infancy were still upon us. We had a big continent behind us, but we as yet were but imperfectly acquainted with its resources, and were even somewhat shy of exploring it, believing that we had as much as we could comfortably manage in the already settled or partially settled regions; besides, the Indians were scarcely quiescent, and there were

the Spaniards as well as the Canadians to think of. Time to think it all over quietly, and to let things settle down into their places, was what we needed most of all. To fight anybody was as far from our wishes as it would be for a new-born infant, or for an invalid just convalescent from a critical illness.

So thought Madison, the new President; and most of his countrymen no doubt agreed with him. He was the leader of the Republican party, whose watchword was peace. The Federalists were also for peace, because, since most of them lived in the states which throve on commerce, they deprecated anything which would restrict their commercial activity. The whole country, then, was at one on this question; we were too weak to fight; we had too much to lose, and nothing to gain by fighting; and we were not fond of fighting at any rate. Therefore, there seemed to be no possible inducement that could urge America to go to war.

There was war in Europe: they were all fighting there. This new firebrand, Napoleon, was setting them all by the ears, and there was no telling how it would end. But their quarrels did not concern us, and we would be careful not to get entangled in them. Neutrality was our policy; strict abstinence from French, English, or any other complications; and meanwhile, by engaging in commerce, and supplying the contestants with cotton, tobacco, and other produce, we could earn an honest livelihood even more quickly, perhaps, than if these foolish nations were less belligerent. Such was the reasonable and inoffensive attitude which we mapped out for ourselves.

But we had not calculated on the original sin inherent in Europe. In spite of our experience, we had not fathomed the preposterous arrogance of England; nor did we know anything of the bottomless guile of our friend Napoleon, who had just made us that welcome present of Louisiana. We had not estimated the virulence of the British Orders in Council, or of the Berlin and Milan decrees of France. Such

things were not to be believed until they came to pass. We supposed that if we did no one any harm, no one would be at the pains to harm us.

We were grievously mistaken; but it took us a long time to find it out. In these days of quickly-diffused intelligence, and of rapidly-formed public opinion, it seems strange that it should have taken so long. But the incredulity of a man who does not wish to believe is not easily extirpated. A thing that is violently undesirable is not readily regarded as probable. There are a great many maxims to the general effect that people can always keep out of trouble if they wish to; that it takes two to make a quarrel; and so on. They are true—up to a certain point. After that, they become injurious, and lead into more mischief than does an aggressive principle. The course of the New England Federalist leaders in this war is a flagrant example of this and other evils. Massachusetts, New York, and other Eastern states were thereby brought into an attitude which seems incredible, when we consider the part New England and New York had played in the Revolution. We shall have more to say on this head presently. Another venerable maxim applies here: Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

In the war of 1812, our antagonists were many. First we had to fight this New England Federalism; then, our financial inadequacy; next, the riotous or imbecile incompetence of our raw militia levies and of our antiquated Revolutionary officers and "political" generals; then, Napoleon; then, Great Britain; and the last not only in open fight, but in the not less embarrassing shape of secret and treasonable correspondence with our own self-seeking and disloyal merchants and politicians. And what had we with which to fight all these foes? A fleet of twenty little ships, against the thousand vessels of war of England; and to oppose her Wellington veterans, an uncertain and untried force of countrymen, many of whom had never fired a gun in anger, who could be enlisted for short terms only, who objected, often

(indeed generally) at the critical moment, to go into a foreign country to fight; and who were as likely as not to declare that they were subject to the orders, not of the national government, but only of their several states. The competent leaders of these troops could be counted on the fingers of one hand, with perhaps a finger or two to spare; while as for naval officers, we must rely chiefly on dashing youngsters who might or might not turn out well; and on the captains of merchant ships, who knew how to sail certainly, but had learned no more about a cannon than that it must be touched off at one end in order to be discharged at the other. With this outfit we were to encounter mighty England, and perhaps France as well, not to mention the other antagonists above enumerated. It was not a question of courage, or of willingness to resent outrages, or of a proper national spirit; it was a question of sheer possibility. What could we accomplish? A nation thus deficient in warlike strength would ordinarily be considered wanting in brain as well, if it should declare battle at such odds.

Let us once more see what our provocations were. In the first place, England, by her "Orders in Council," had forbidden us, on pain of seizure of our ships, to traffic with her enemy, France, or with any French possessions, as in the West Indies. She not only forbade us, but she took stringent measures to enforce our obedience. She arrogated the right to stop any of our ships on the high seas or elsewhere, and to overhaul them with a view to finding out what cargoes they carried, and whither they were bound. If it could be made to appear that they were, or might be, engaged in the prohibited traffic, then they were the property of the inquisitors, and were condemned with their cargoes forthwith. And since the English commanders were by no means scrupulous about interpreting evidence, and were practically free of any control from the Board of Admiralty at home (whose rules were broad enough to include almost anything), it followed that no ship flying the Ameri-

can flag was safe from the hour she left port. Besides, a cargo landed at a neutral port might from there be conveyed to France; so that practically this law of England's would keep us from commerce with any part of Europe. The only way to insure our safety was to stay at home.

This was bad enough. But Napoleon made it much worse by his retaliatory measures. His Berlin Decree, promulgated in 1806, declared all England in a state of blockade, and prohibited commerce and correspondence with her; and in 1807 he followed this up with his Milan Decree, which declared forfeit all vessels bound to or from any British ports, and all, likewise, which had paid licenses or duties to Great Britain, or had submitted to search by British cruisers. Thus our merchant marine had their choice of being destroyed either by the French or the English; they could hardly expect to escape them both; but the chances rather favored England, because she had more ships than France. No one can tell exactly how many of our ships and cargoes England appropriated during her wars with Napoleon; but we know that the latter, with his modest means, seized no less than three hundred and eighty-four of our ships with their cargoes; and that he turned the cargoes into cash and used them for his expenses, though he paid us the compliment of assuring us, meanwhile, that they were being detained only until the questions relative to them should have been decided. That was his courteous French way. England was not courteous, and never gave us any reason to hope that the wrongs she inflicted on us would ever be righted; and, as a matter of fact, most of them never were.

We have seen how Jefferson tried the embargo as a remedy for this trouble, and how it did us more harm than it did either France or England. When it was given up we had remaining the expedient of illicit traffic with one or the other belligerent. We would say to England, Suspend your Orders in Council so far as we are concerned, and we in return will

run the risk of France, and give you all the benefits of our commerce: or we could say to Napoleon, Forbear to apply those Decrees to us, and we will turn our backs on England, and give you all the profit. Or, again, our merchants might (and they did) establish private understandings with one or the other belligerent, according to which this or that particular ship should be free to go where she would. None of these devices was dignified, and the last at least was quite irregular and dishonorable; but it was either that or fight. The Orders and the Decrees of course tended deliberately to force us into the arms of either France or England, little as we might sympathize with the cause of one or the other. But we supinely accepted so many humiliations that it did seem, at last, as if the remark that we "could not be kicked into a fight" was more literally than figuratively true. We did not wish to fight on the side of France against England, nor did we wish to fight with England against France; and least of all did we wish to fight for our own hand. We made all manner of representations, and proved up to the hilt that it was unjust to inflict such injuries on a nation that had done no harm to any one, and asked only to be let alone. We invariably had the best of the logic, but that did not bring us any nearer relief from the injuries. How long could we endure the injuries and continue to enjoy any national existence at all?

At length it occurred to that wonderful engine of mischief, which we call Napoleon's brain, that he might gain a point on England by seeming to accept our commercial offer. He had already appropriated six million dollars' worth of our goods, and he had no intention of giving any of it back—which was the stipulation we made in case our offer were accepted. But there was nothing to prevent his saying that he would give it back; nor could we refuse to go on with the arrangement until the restitution had been made—for that would be an international discourtesy. He explained that his Decrees had been necessitated by England's Orders; that

he loved America, and would willingly accord her any favor in his power; and that he would be happy to suspend his Berlin and Milan Decrees so far as they affected us, on condition that England would do likewise with her Orders in Council: or that, in case she should refuse to do this, we should revive against her alone the non-intercourse act which had been repealed at the time the embargo was removed. Upon this statement, known as the Cadore Letter, we asked England to repeal her Orders; but she declined to do so until Napoleon should have proved by concrete evidence that his revocation of his Decrees was genuine; and should also have relieved British shipping from its present disabilities. In other words, we must fight and win England's battle for her, before she would make any concessions. This was a manifest absurdity, and its operation would be, logically, to throw us directly into the arms of France. The difficulty was, that we were none too sure, ourselves, of the genuineness of France's attitude; and besides, our merchants had been prostituting our flag by allowing it to cover British commerce. Thus our negotiation with England, awkward enough at any rate, was rendered more so; and the Federalists were also raising the cry that the Republicans were secretly departing from neutrality in France's favor. And in truth the country, except for this Eastern clique, was more irritated against England than against France. The French, at least, were not impressing our citizens on the plea that they were French subjects; but there were six thousand men held under restraint in British ships or prisons on such grounds; and the indignities and pains they suffered were such as one's blood boiled to hear.

Spain, meanwhile, was quite as hostile to us as either England or France; but it was her weakness rather than her strength that caused us inconvenience; for her possessions in Florida, East and West, were liable to be seized by the belligerents. To guard against this danger, we occupied some of the posts ourselves; France acquiesced, but England

remonstrated. England's refusal to repeal her Orders would soon cause our non-intercourse law to revive, and that would place us in a position hostile to her. The erection into a state of the region round New Orleans, under the name of Louisiana, occasioned an outbreak from Massachusetts, who, Quincy declared, would secede sooner than agree to it. But Quincy was only some forty years of age at this time, and he said a great many things, before and during the war, which he afterward regretted, and which would richly have entitled him to the penalties of treason. Certainly we could not consistently have hanged Jefferson Davis in 1865 for heading the Rebellion, without first suspending from the gallows the honored remains of this gentleman, who died in 1864, at the age of ninety-two. There was never a southern secessionist more virulent than this eminent New Englander; and when he read the reports of the Secession proceedings, his conscience must often have given him a twinge, to note how accurately they were quoting his own utterances of forty or fifty years before. He did his utmost to destroy our country; and he never had the excuse which the Southerners could plead. The only visible grounds of his action, and that of his fellow Federalists, were base, treacherous, and selfish. They were the result of disappointed personal ambition, of treasonable sympathy with England, his country's enemy, in open war with her; and of an un-American sentiment of aristocratic opposition to the will of the people. He was, in short, one of the naughtiest of the naughty boys of our politics; much more reprehensible than the mountebank, Randolph of Roanoke, because he had more brains than the latter, who never had a worse purpose than to make himself conspicuous at any cost.—But wonderful is the virtue of ninety years! "If Louisiana be admitted, New England will separate from the union, amicably, if she can, forcibly, if she must," was his saying just before the war of 1812. Had his life terminated with that utterance, what would have been his reputation to-day?

Our financial condition will not bear looking into; Gallatin had been in favor of starting a new National Bank; but we were not ripe for it quite yet, and the proposal was voted down, on the plea that we should be strangled by a moneyed oligarchy. Gallatin resigned, and there was no obvious way of getting money for our common expenses, without considering the extra liabilities of the on-coming war. Gallatin, however, presently resumed his position; but the best change of this period was that which made Monroe Secretary of State. He was a man who had been growing, and in the right direction, ever since his entry into public life. As war visibly drew near, the New England party tried their utmost to discredit the administration, and the so-called "Boston Resolutions" embodied their views. They maintained that Congress and the President had no right to alter our relations with France or England; that every citizen had the right to adopt his independent course in the matter; that the action of Congress in refusing the bank-charter was unjust, oppressive and tyrannical, and was calculated to ruin and impoverish good citizens; and that the only means to prevent such a calamity as an appeal to force was to elect men to office who would peaceably oppose the execution of laws which, if persisted in, must and would be resisted. Gerry being at this time governor of Massachusetts, the legislature, in order to retain its Federalist majority, caused the senatorial districts to be rearranged in an arbitrary manner. To this device, then first practiced, the name Gerrymandering was given; owing to the accident that one of the new districts, on the map, had the form of a salamander. It has been tried in the political furnace ever since; but as a legitimate measure, it cannot be denied that it has been found wanting. Whether or not Gerry was the original suggester of it is a question which time has not definitely answered.

But these internal troubles were less pressing than the external ones. Our commerce was destroyed by England

and France combined; but England was, of the two, the more reprehensible, since she had not, as had France, nominally at least desisted from her iniquitous restrictions; and she still forbade American ships to traffic with France, though France allowed us to deal with the English. The incident of the English ship "Little Belt" firing upon our frigate "President," with its sequel of the riddling of the former, was not disagreeable to us; but it was felt that the inevitable end was thereby brought nearer. As a war preliminary, Madison was forced by Clay and other "war-hawks," as they were called, to declare another temporary embargo, to last two months, after which the final step should be taken, unless England meanwhile modified her attitude. Madison's first term was now approaching its close, and he was constrained to yield to the war party under penalty, should he refuse, of being dropped as a candidate for re-election. But, pacific though he was, his excellent good sense probably admonished him that war was our only recourse. The south and west were decidedly warlike, and only the commercial element, and the aristocratic set, in Boston and New York, were in favor of England and peace. Their leaders were men well educated and wealthy, who could not be moved by England's insults, because they considered themselves to be like Englishmen of the upper classes, and desired a government similar to that of England. They had lost touch with the people, who were, as they are and ever will be, the true America; and therefore, like all who have since then imitated their attitude, they were in the wrong, and had to suffer for it. They either could not or would not see that in supporting England they were opposing the welfare of that commerce upon which New England and New York relied; and that England's secret dealings with them were solely in her own interests, and would cease as soon as these had been secured. If they could not rule the country they were willing, if not even anxious, to ruin it. Fortunately, they were very nearly as impotent as they were malicious;

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ENGAGEMENT OF THE FRIGATES "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN"
CHRISTMAS, 1812

and the baselessness of their charge that the Republicans were conspiring with France is shown by the grotesque fact that we were very near declaring war upon England and France both, because it seemed to Congress that both were alike to blame. It was finally decided that we would better take them one after the other, instead of simultaneously; but there is something amusingly characteristic of American impartiality in this Jack-the-Giant-Killer attitude of our small self toward the two bullies of the world.

Madison got the whole Presidential vote; Clinton, his former Vice-President, being dead, Gerry was chosen to fill the second place; the Federalist nominees, De Witt Clinton and Ingersoll, were crushingly defeated. Randolph tried to start a debate in the House against war, but was stopped by Clay and Calhoun. The President having intimated to Congress that they were at liberty to declare war when they thought we were ready for it, they declared it forthwith, though we were as far from being ready for it as ever a nation was. New England was not so much unready for it as set against it; no considerations of patriotism or honor had any effect upon her leaders in inducing them to co-operate with the majority. They stood out for state rights; they foretold all manner of calamity to the nation in its chosen course; and they would sooner have seen these prophecies fulfilled than themselves proved in error. An act of temerity the declaration of war no doubt was; but it was the duty of honest citizens to move with the mass of their countrymen, instead of diminishing our slender chance of success by the amount of their own support. But Quincy and Pickering and their fellows impeded recruiting, hindered subscriptions to the national loan, circulated addresses denouncing the war, and demanding the dismissal of its advocates; refused the President's requisitions for militia; and Connecticut went so far as to raise a separate army for the defense of her own domain —whether against England or America might be left to circumstances to decide. How different was this New England

from that of the Stamp Act and of the Revolution—and of the Civil War! We are all but mortal, and liable to our seasons of obscuration. Baltimore had a sin of her own to answer for on the other side; for her mob sacked a newspaper office and killed some of its owners, because the paper printed violent articles against the national policy. The people had not yet become so conscious of its inviolable strength as to forbear from such ignoble demonstrations of passion. This very war would teach both the eastern aristocrats and the southern and western populace a valuable lesson.

War was declared on the 18th of June, 1812; but there had been fighting in the field more than six months before. Out in Indiana, in November, 1811, there was a young man named William Henry Harrison, of an energetic and capable character, who made a treaty with the local Indian tribes, whereby three million acres of land were transferred to American ownership. This was in accordance with the Jeffersonian policy, that the Indians should be paid honestly for their lands, instead of being cheated or kicked out of them; and all would have been well, but for the opposition of one Tecumseh and his brother; the former a Shawnee warrior and statesman, the other a magician with a loud and convincing voice, and but one eye, in which were concentrated the expression and powers of several ordinary ones. Tecumseh planned political and warlike moves, and the Prophet helped him to execute them by marshaling to his aid the unseen powers of enchantment; to the warriors he gave invulnerability. It was a strong firm, and had immense prestige among the red men in all parts of the country.

Tecumseh denied that the Indians from whom Harrison had received the land had any right to dispose of it; his theory being that all land belonged to all Indians in common. It was a good theory to fight on. Harrison was ready to fight, and, gathering a small force, he set out in

quest of the foe. Near the Tippecanoe River he was met by envoys with a pacific message; in consequence of which he camped where he was, instead of advancing against the village where the Prophet had established himself. But having had experience of Indian diplomacy, he gave his men a hint to sleep with one eye open, and with their rifles handy. Therefore, when, at a fitting hour of darkness, the wily followers of the Prophet leaped with their familiar cry upon the slumbering host, expecting the delights of massacre, they were promptly met with cold lead; and after a sharp fight, in which the Prophet's voice, from a neighboring coign of vantage, loudly but unavailingly encouraged his warriors, they were driven back on their village, and, despite their alleged magical invulnerability, were shot down in great numbers. The Prophet's one eye, however, proved adequate to his own personal protection; and he and his brother escaped to Canada, whence, indeed, they had procured their arms and other sinews of war, in defiance of existing treaties. Thus the British, through their Indian tools, were worsted in the first action of the war, which they themselves had provoked. And Harrison's success lent volume to the cry of "On to Canada!" which was heard immediately upon the beginning of hostilities.

Did we want Canada?—Certainly not; nor has it ever happened that the desires of the nation, in time of peace, have turned in that direction. But when war with England has been waged, or in contemplation, Canada has always been an objective point; because, though we had no use for the place ourselves, we were persuaded that England valued it, or at any rate would rather not be forcibly deprived of it. We have seen, in the course of this narrative, how we have more than once invaded Canada; and also how we have always been discomfited in the enterprise; but now it seemed that the feat could be accomplished easily; for the British forces available there were small. A rapid campaign, under good leaders, with able troops, would place

Montreal and Quebec in our possession with little trouble. With these as counters, we could play the game of diplomacy with England to advantage, when it came to settling terms of peace. The New England Federalists, with Quincy and Pickering at their head, denounced the plan as an iniquitous scheme of wanton conquest; and arguments (since become familiar by repetition whenever a prospect of enlarging our domains either within or without the geographical boundaries of the continent has been under consideration) were forthcoming in abundance, to the effect that if we must fight, we should confine ourselves to a war of defense exclusively. The reply of the government was to appoint a Revolutionary veteran, General Hull, to command the expedition which was to enter Canada by way of Detroit and Malden; while another force should attack along the Niagara route, and a third by Lake Champlain. It was a good plan on paper, but for good reasons it failed miserably in the field.

Governor Hull, of Michigan, was no doubt a Revolutionary veteran; but he was none the better on that account. Like many another, he had been through the war, but had never made himself conspicuous in it; and he had been living and growing fat since then on the reputation of men better than himself. He was, in reality, that rare phenomenon, a physical coward; and mentally he was incompetent to carry on the simplest martial operations. His age was about fifty-nine; so that his collapse cannot be attributed to senile decay. Blazing his way with proclamations of terrific and bloodthirsty import, this fraudulent champion led a force of twenty-two hundred men, most of them militia, to the Canadian village of Sandwich, which he captured without bloodshed, because there were no troops of the enemy there. Thence he dispatched news of victory which electrified the country; but when it came to marching against Malden, where some British soldiers were really intrenched, General Hull's confidence forsook him, and he found pre-

texts for delay. As if in answer to his prayer, came news that Mackinac had been captured by the enemy, the garrison being ignorant at the time that war had broken out. Instantly Hull gave orders to retreat to Detroit; for there was a possibility, unless he did so, that his force might come into actual contact with the murderous soldiers of the foe. It was General Hull's fixed conviction, apparently, that wars should be conducted by proclamation, but never by sword or bullet. Back in Detroit, accordingly, his surprised men and dejected officers presently found themselves, while their commander secretly besought Providence not to let the British come anywhere near him.

But the British general, Brock, was a soldier who thought that, in war, one ought to fight; and he had made good use of the material for fighting that was at his disposal. On learning that the hero of proclamations had fallen back, he marched after him, and marshaled his men before the defenses of Detroit. The garrison innocently prepared for resistance; the cannon were loaded, and there stood the gunners, with matches in their hands, ready to let fly, when forth from his retreat stumbled the Revolutionary veteran, waving in his trembling hand a large white tablecloth, snatched in reckless haste from his dinner table. This oriflamme of peace he flaunted appealingly over the battlements; and while his officers fairly cried with mortification, he surrendered the fort, and the whole of Michigan, to the astonished Brock. For this exploit, Hull was afterward tried by court-martial, convicted of cowardice in face of the enemy, and dishonorably dismissed the service; and so ended our first attempt in this war to capture Canada. Harrison was chosen to succeed him; but the difficulties were now such that active operations from this direction had to be delayed.

Meanwhile Dearborn, another undesirable relic of the Revolution, was in chief command on the lower St. Lawrence, with headquarters at Plattsburgh, on Lake Cham-

plain. He sent Stephen Van Rensselaer, with six thousand men, half of them regulars, to invade the enemy's country by way of the Niagara River. Van Rensselaer crossed with his regulars, leaving the militia temporarily on the American side, and defeated the enemy in some hard-fought engagements; but when he called upon the militia to come to his assistance, they refused, not relishing the aspect of bloodshed at close quarters; and they actually stood inactive by, on the pretext that they were not legally compelled to make war outside their own boundaries, while their companions were killed and taken captive. This affair afforded an opportunity to young Winfield Scott to distinguish himself, though he was taken prisoner, no one being able to hit him with a bullet; but Van Rensselaer had had enough of fighting under Dearborn, and with non-combative militia, and he resigned in disgust. A remarkable windbag by the name of Alexander Smyth took his place, whose genius for sanguinary proclamations left Hull himself in the shade; if phrases could kill, there would not be a redcoat left alive by the beginning of winter. But the test of an actual advance punctured his distended proportions; and one of his own subordinates, Porter, accused him of cowardice before the army. Smyth challenged Porter to fight a duel; but when the combatants reached the ground, he concluded that there were really no grounds for the hostility of distinguished men like themselves, and he offered his adversary his hand instead of a pistol shot. Dearborn, all this while, did nothing at Plattsburgh; and so the winter land campaign against Canada came to an end.

Hereupon up got Quincy in Congress and denounced the invasion (or the pretense of one) as a wicked and wanton act upon innocent and unoffending persons; said that the government was a despotism, served by "mangy hounds of recent importation"—meaning Gallatin and others—and concluded his speech with this apostrophe: "If the people of the Northern and Eastern states are destined to be hewers of wood

and drawers of water to men who know nothing about their interests, and care nothing about them, I am clear of the great transgression. If, in common with their countrymen, my children are destined to be slaves, and to yoke in with negroes, chained to the car of a Southern master, they, at least, shall have this sweet consciousness as the consolation of their condition—they shall be able to say, 'Our father was guiltless of these chains.' '' Possibly this consciousness might have been sweet to the respectable descendants of this moderate and reasonable statesman; but as a matter of fact, though the war went on, the incident of the slave-drawn car of the Southern master never took place. But what was even worse for Quincy, Clay rose to reply to him, and Clay's speech relegated the Northern aristocrat to permanent political retirement on the larger stage of affairs. He showed how the Eastern Federalists had been first for war, when the administration was for peace; then for peace, when the administration was for war; how, being parasites of England, they had accused Republicans of being henchmen of France —a charge which, said Clay, "ought to be met in one manner only, namely, by the lie direct." As for the invasion of Canada, she had first incited the Indians to massacre our people. The orator ended by drawing a vivid picture of the sufferings and wrongs of our impressed seamen, and he declared that he had always considered the impressment as the most serious ground of our quarrel with England. This speech greatly strengthened the government and heartened the country; especially as the progress of the struggle at sea was a very different story from that of the land campaign.

The odds against us at sea in this war were fifty to one. This fact had two effects; first, it prevented Congress from making any serious attempt to bring our navy into better condition; what was the use of wasting money in an effort so obviously hopeless? On the other hand, England had no fear of us on the sea, and was quite content to oppose us

there with only two or three times our number of effective ships. Her officers were almost ashamed to engage with "pine-built frigates, manned by bastards and outlaws." They had entirely recovered from this embarrassment before the war was over, and were ravished with joy if by chance, with vastly superior numbers, they were able to stay the monotonous tide of victory which marked our conflicts with them. The officers and sailors who had conquered the rest of the world with Nelson, were beaten without limit or excuse by our merchant captains and fishermen; in vain they tried to explain to themselves their constant defeats; the only explanation was that our ships were built on better lines than theirs, were better sailed, by better seamen, and were fought by braver and more intelligent men, in a better cause. In 1812, as in 1898, our gunners aimed their guns to hit, while the enemy shot wild, because they had not the cool courage which sees straight in the moment of danger. Once more was the bubble of English superiority pricked. The English have many merits, and they have proved themselves stout fighters on sea and land; but in fighting, as in all other respects, they are inferior to Americans. There is a reason for all things, and the explanation of this fact is to be sought in the independent spirit which is the first inheritance of the American. He owns himself; he thinks his own thoughts; he relies upon himself in the emergencies of life; and thus is developed in him a quality lacking in the constitution of other men. In battle, other soldiers are loyal to the king, to the general, to the flag; but the American is loyal first of all to his Americanism; and that is planted in his soul deeper than the roots of any other loyalty. It will bring him through when all else fails. It makes him master of his Anglo-Saxon brethren, and creates a new race out of the amalgamation of all races: a new character in the world, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. It has not worked out into its pure and final state as yet; indeed, it is only in its beginning; but even now it is

showing the way to the rest of humanity; and the future belongs to it.

At sea, then, we had, during the year 1812, an uninterrupted series of victories. Four times we met the enemy; and four times they were ours, before Perry had invented the phrase which still inspires the ambition of every American navy man. On the 19th of August, half a week after the depressing exhibition which Hull made of himself and his command at Detroit, a nephew of his, bearing his name, captain of the 44-gun frigate "Constitution," met the English "Guerriere" off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after a fight of two hours had her at his mercy. This was the first time an English man-of-war had been beaten in fair fight by the ship of any other nation; but we hastened to relieve the "Guerriere" of that unenviable singularity. On the 18th of October, about a thousand miles further south, the sloop-of-war "Wasp," Captain Jones, with eighteen guns, fought and captured the English sloop "Frolic," which was acting as convoy of a fleet of merchantmen. There was a heavy sea running; but the "Wasp" needed but three-quarters of an hour to reduce her foe to helplessness. She was proceeding to port with her prizes, when they were overtaken by the British seventy-four "Poictiers," and captured in their turn; but the glory of the sloop's victory was not to be taken away. Seven days later, off the coast of far Madeira, the frigate "United States," commanded by the brave Decatur, who thus made his second appearance in the annals of honor, fought and whipped the "Macedonian," and brought her into Newport. There is a picturesque sequel to this exploit; for a naval ball was being given, a few days later, to Hull, in compliment for his capture of the "Guerriere"; and all the beauty and distinction of America were present; when there was a flurry at the doors, and in walked young Hamilton with the ensign of the captured "Macedonian" in his hand. The famous Dolly Madison, the first lady of the land, rose receive to him; and he laid the flag at her

feet. What man would not envy Hamilton his mission? —or what woman would not gladly have stood in pretty, clever Dolly's shoes?

Finally (for this year) on the 29th of December, the "Constitution" once more distinguished herself, and earned the name of "Old Ironsides," by her destruction of the English frigate "Java" near the coast of Brazil. The "Constitution" was commanded at this time by Commodore Bainbridge, whom we have met before. He it was who had run errands for the Dey of Algiers; it was he who surrendered the "Philadelphia" to the Tripolitans; and it was high time he did something to redeem himself. He had been given this command because there were more officers than ships in the United States navy at this period, and when one had won a victory, he politely made room for another to take his ship and do likewise. Bainbridge succeeded in rescuing his tottering reputation; but he had a lucky ship, and one of the best crews that was ever afloat. He afterward was put in charge of the navy yard; but his name does not figure in any other deeds of war.

While the microscopic American navy was making this remarkable record, our privateers went far and wide, and captured over three hundred British merchantmen; and the moral effect of their depredations was even more disastrous to English commerce than the captures themselves. All things considered, England was amazed as well as alarmed at the naval record of the year; and her opinion of our seamen was vitally changed, and has remained so ever since. Surprises and mortifications still greater were in store for her; nor could they be relieved by the reflection that the cause in which she fought was just and honorable. She was acting the part of an irrational and despotic bully, who takes what is not his, and inflicts injury which is not deserved, because he has or thinks he has the physical power to do so. She was now checked in her proudest and most sensitive point, and could invent no explanation to comfort her

wounded self-esteem. But she lacked the finer courage to admit that this was the just punishment of her error, and summoned all her energies to redeem the past. During the year that was to come, she met with some unimportant successes; but the war was to close with the severest disaster of all to her arms, and with the explicit or tacit relinquishment of all for which she had contended.

Great as was the rejoicing on account of our victories at sea, the minds of the country's leaders were by no means free from anxiety regarding the final outcome. Gallatin both feared the expenses of the war, and feared to explain to the people the grounds of his fear. Bills were introduced in Congress to enlarge the army and navy, but how should the enlargement be paid for? A loan was started, which would have failed but for the useful assistance of Jacob Astor, a fur trader who had grown rich in business and was large-minded enough to wish to help the country which had given him his wealth. Meanwhile Russia had intimated a willingness to mediate between the belligerents, and Gallatin was sent to St. Petersburg with Bayard to join John Quincy Adams, our minister there, in a conference. The New England men continued their opposition to the war, and the revelations of an Irish adventurer, Henry, showed that two of the Federalist leaders, of whom Quincy was probably one, had been in communication with the governor of Canada, with a view to ending the war in England's favor, with special terms to New England. In fact, exclusive rights in the West Indian trade were offered by England to the Federalists of the East; but our government denounced heavy penalties against any who should avail themselves of them. The new Congress supported the war; Clay was again Speaker of the House, and John Randolph and Quincy were unseated. The President issued his address in optimistic terms; but at heart he was far from easy. He would have been willing to exchange some of our glory for a little more of substantial success.

There had been another affair on the Canadian frontier, on Lake Ontario, for the control of which both sides were contending. Five British vessels had attacked Sackett's Harbor, at the lower end of that body of water, where the sloop "Oneida" was building. They were driven off; and, the "Oneida" being completed, she pursued them, and with the help of six small ships, crippled the English flagship. But the victory could not be followed up; Dearborn was old and inefficient, as was also Wilkinson; Wade Hampton muddled the operations intrusted to him, and an army of several thousand men accomplished nothing. Winchester engaged a British force, with Indians, at the River Raisin, west of Lake Erie, and surrendered under the promise of the British commander, Proctor, that the prisoners should be protected. But no sooner had they given up their arms than Proctor marched away with his white soldiers, leaving the prisoners, with the wounded and the women, to the mercy of the savages, who had none. They were massacred and scalped, as Proctor had intended they should be; for he had offered a prize for every scalp brought to him. The village was set on fire, and those who remained alive in it were burned; such as struggled out from the flames were scalped and thrown back. Proctor attempted to excuse himself for his atrocious conduct by declaring that he had no control over the Indians; but Tecumseh, who upbraided him for his treachery and inhumanity, told him that such a man as he was no man, and should wear a petticoat. "Remember the River Raisin" became one of the watchwords of the war.

This disaster to Winchester hampered the operations of Harrison; but he was the only commander in the west who deserved the commission of major-general which was bestowed upon him. The men of Kentucky and Ohio believed in him, and would follow him anywhere. Armstrong, the Secretary of War, who was more than unfit for his position, hampered many of Harrison's plans; and many of the troops under him, their term expiring, left for their homes. But

he fortified Fort Meigs on the Maumee; and when Perry won his great victory, he co-operated effectively, and succeeded where all others had failed.

It was in August, 1813, that this young fellow, Perry, who had never seen a naval battle, and had been born in Rhode Island only twenty-seven years before, built a squadron on Lake Erie to fight the British. The work of building the ships was long and tedious; and all the while the fleet of the enemy was waiting outside the bar to demolish it. This fleet was commanded by a veteran who had conquered under Nelson; Barclay had probably smelled powder before Perry was born. He had had his headquarters on the northern side of the lake, at Malden; but on the 10th of September, finding himself running short of provisions, he sailed over to dispose of the young American. Perry was just ready for him; he had received a small re-enforcement of marines from Harrison, and had succeeded in floating his ships over the bar. At sunrise he saw his enemy approaching; and they engaged in Put-in Bay, a little to the northward of the Sandusky Islands. Barclay's ships were drawn up in close order; Perry, who understood sailing, kept to the windward, and maneuvered to advance at an acute angle. But the range of Barclay's guns was so much superior to that of Perry's that the latter could not get within effective distance, and his flagship, the "Lawrence," was knocked to pieces, and most of her crew killed or wounded. When she was no longer serviceable, Perry, instead of striking his flag, took it with him into a small rowboat, in which he himself embarked, and ordered the rowers to put him over to the "Niagara," the ship of his fleet next in size to the "Lawrence." In the stern of this little cockleshell he stood erect during the passage, with his flag floating above him, while every English ship aimed its guns at him. But Perry, it appeared, could not be hit by English gunners; and after a trip which lasted fifteen minutes by the watch, but which may well have seemed longer to those on board, and which

will never be forgotten in naval annals, he arrived safely at the "Niagara," up whose side he climbed, flag in hand. Then he changed his fighting tactics; instead of keeping off to be shot at, he steered straight for the enemy's line, pierced it, and firing right and left at short range, was master of the day after a terrific struggle of eight minutes. Barclay, on the "Detroit," was the first to haul down his flag; three others did the same; and two more, which were trying to sneak away, were pursued and captured. There was nothing left of the British fleet and its Trafalgar prestige except a dismal array of battered hulks, covered with the blood of the slain and the melancholy figures of the survivors. The "Lawrence" being still afloat, Perry returned to her, and there received the surrender of Barclay; after which he pulled an old letter out of his pocket, and using the flat top of his navy cap as a desk, wrote these words: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." He addressed it to Harrison, and went about his business, never suspecting that the nine words in which he compressed the report of one of the most gallant actions ever fought would enter into the history and the hearts of his countrymen, and would be repeated for generations all over the world as a model of what the dispatch of a hero should be.

Proctor, the dastard of the River Raisin, had been waiting at Malden for news of Barclay's victory; but when he heard that all was lost, he made haste to save himself. Perry, however, with the addition of the ships he had captured, got Harrison's troops over to the Canadian side. They found Fort Malden dismantled and the barracks burned; but Harrison started in pursuit of the flying enemy, and came up with him, on ground chosen by Proctor, on the little River Thames. Tecumseh and his braves were also drawn up in battle array. Harrison charged; and the British broke and fled, Proctor being the first and the swiftest in flight. Tecumseh and his warriors stood their ground.

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PERRY'S VICTORY—THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1813

Colonel Johnson, a conspicuous figure in the battle, rode at the great Shawnee chief and shot him down with his pistol.

"Rumpsey, Dumpsey, Hickory Crumpsey,
Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh"

ran the doggerel of the day. This Indian was one of the most admirable figures among all American red men; and though probably he, too, was better dead than alive, we may give him the credit of being an honorable and worthy foeman. Proctor, on the contrary, never drew rein until sixty miles lay between him and danger; and he lived to be reprimanded for cowardice and inhumanity. Indeed, he survived till the year 1859, dying at last in Liverpool at the age of ninety-four. Doubtless the massacre of the River Raisin was avenged, so far as he was concerned, many times over during that long, dishonorable lingering-out of his existence. It is somewhat remarkable, how many of the men who were concerned, for good or evil, in our history, lived beyond the ordinary span of human life.

Perry and Harrison recovered what Hull had given away, and broke up the sinister combination of the British with the Indians in the northwest. But there were other Indians, in the south, who had also come under the influence of Tecumseh, and who, after a long period of peace, yielded once more to their inextinguishable thirst for white men's blood. On the Alabama River, just above the northern boundary of West Florida, there was a little stronghold called Fort Mims, not far from the town of Mobile. The surrounding region was occupied by the Creek tribe; and in August of 1813, they went upon the war-path. The settlers fled to the fort; the Creeks captured it, and slaughtered four hundred of the five hundred and fifty fugitives, men, women and children. It was a terrible calamity; but it had the effect of bringing into the foreground one of the strongest and most striking men of the age, without whose aid and influence America would have had a different destiny. He

was an uneducated man, with rough manners and original ideas; strong and wiry of frame, uncouth and rude of aspect. The soul of independence and self-reliance was in him; he had always his own way of meeting emergencies and solving difficulties; narrow and harsh you might call him, for he was bred in the backwoods of Carolina and Tennessee; but his mind was singularly penetrating, and able to grasp and control the essential features of a given situation. He had homely humor, and that masculine tenderness which sometimes seems to surpass the tenderness of woman. Altogether, he was a racy, native product, who might have passed his life as the autocrat of a village inn, but who was called by circumstances to be the head of the new western nation. Andrew Jackson feared nothing, and believed himself, not without reason, capable of anything. He was no Boston aristocrat, with one eye on England and the other on his own respectability; but a man of the common people, shrewd, tough, bold, uncompromising, ingenious. As a soldier, he was always victorious in the field; as a man of public affairs, he had his policy and enforced it, and the marks thereof are still visible upon the face of our institutions. He had served in the House and in the Senate before he was thirty years of age, and was judge of the supreme court of Tennessee before he was forty. When he was present, the world moved, and men appeared each at his true value and on his own bottom. His narrow, rugged face, with its long bony chin and deepset eyes, which could glow with a terrible wrath; his high, narrow forehead, crowned with bristly, upstanding hair; his ungainly but unconquerable figure, all steel and whalebone, gave outward notice of the man within. He was a match for any man or anything; and when the Mims massacre brought him flaming from his Tennessee mountains, he was far enough from the theorizers and hesitators in Washington to have his own way, and to disobey orders as seemed to him best. The red tape was never made that could bind those lean, muscular limbs of

his; and he was a man who was not afraid to grow, or slow to apply the lessons which experience taught him.

Jackson had already marched a body of troops to the south from Tennessee, and when it turned out that they were not required, he had marched them five hundred miles back again, instead of leaving them where they were, to be gobbled up by the national recruiting sergeants. This was, of course, an act of military insubordination; but it was condoned, very wisely, by the authorities, and made Jackson immensely popular with his people. When therefore the cry of the Mims massacre was heard, Jackson and his men were the first to respond to it. They met the savages in northern Alabama, and in several battles routed them with slaughter. At the battle of the Horseshoe, in the spring of 1814, the Creek nation was annihilated, and their surviving chief, Weathersford, a half-breed, after making a characteristically Indian speech, such as the novelist Cooper might have written for him, to Jackson, formally surrendered to him the nothing he had left. It might repay a curious scholar to make a study of these Indian utterances, and draw from them a deduction as to the nature of the Indian mind. There is uniformly an artless, impudent imbecility about them which leaves one in doubt whether the orator is bluffing, or merely in love with the noise of his own voice.

Another man of marked character, whose fame blazed suddenly up in this war, and then became an ever-honored memory, was James Lawrence, captain of the "Hornet" and of the "Chesapeake." Commodore Bainbridge had left him, in February, 1813, to cruise along the American coast in the former vessel, a sloop of eighteen guns; he fell in with the British brig "Peacock," and after delivering and receiving broadsides at a distance of a few yards, Lawrence turned and raked his enemy with such appalling effect as to bring down her mainmast and sink her; but not before she had struck her colors—an act which custom had now rendered familiar to English seamen. So quickly did she go down,

that three Americans who had boarded her accompanied her to the bottom; the whole action had lasted but a quarter of an hour. Lawrence returned to Brooklyn, and was put in command of the larger "Chesapeake," which however had the name of being as unlucky a ship as the "Constitution" was the reverse. In June he was lying in Boston Harbor with this vessel; he had returned from a cruise; some of his men had not been paid and were mutinous, and few of the remainder knew their duties. But Captain Broke, of the British blockading squadron, appeared off the harbor, and sent a challenge to Lawrence to come out and fight. Lawrence accepted the challenge as a matter of course, though no doubt he ought to have refused it on the basis of reasonable probabilities. Late on that sunny afternoon he sailed forth, with his disaffected crew, under the eyes of anxious spectators along the shore; the action began with thunderous broadsides. Fortune was against Lawrence from the start; a few minutes after the fight opened, his rudder was disabled, and his vessel, swinging round, was exposed to the full fire of the enemy without being able to make any effective reply. Lawrence, mortally wounded, was carried below, with "Don't give up the ship" on his dying lips. The resistance of the Americans after this was ineffective; the British boarded, and hauled down with their own hands the Stars and Stripes. A prize crew was put aboard of the "Chesapeake," and she and her captor set sail for Halifax, while the watchers returned mournfully from the shore. This, the only noteworthy success of the British at sea during the war, was celebrated with extravagant joy in England, who had begun to doubt whether she would ever again be victorious over the lately despised American sailors. It is a mistake to say that Englishmen do not know when they are beaten; no people are more keenly and promptly aware of it than they. The survival of the legend shows the power of a phrase; as may be seen also in the case of that other often exploded fallacy, that they love fair play. They love it only

when it means that they shall be left free to take advantage of their superior strength.

The other sea-fights of the war were not of first-class importance. In August, 1814, the British "Argus" captured the American "Pelican" off the English coast; later, the British "Boxer," with her flag nailed incautiously to the mast, surrendered to the American "Enterprise," both captains being killed. Then, in the neutral harbor of Valparaiso, where hostilities were against the law of nations, British fair play was illustrated by the attack of two British men-of-war on the American "Essex," Captain David Porter, on his way home after a cruise of unmixed success in the Pacific. Though outmatched two to one, Porter made the most desperate fight of the war; but his ship was finally captured. The "President," Captain Rodgers, destroyed English commerce in the Newfoundland seas during the year 1814. Congress showed a fitting appreciation of the splendid record of our navy during the war, and the commanders of our ships were rewarded with medals and swords of honor. But the temper of Mr. Quincy and his fellows may be judged from their refusal to join in such demonstrations; as, for example, at the time the "Hornet" whipped the "Peacock," this characteristic resolution was moved by Quincy in the Massachusetts Senate Chamber: "Resolved, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that, in a war like the present, waged without a justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner that indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits which are not immediately connected with the defense of our sea-coast and soil." The self-righteous spirit of the Pharisee never spoke in more unmistakable tones than in that utterance of the notorious Bostonian. Fortunately for the credit of New England and of human nature, it did not express the sentiments of our people, either West, South, or East.

But though the Bostonian clique thus tried to curry favor with the enemies of their country, the latter showed their contempt of them by a strict blockade of the New England coast; and concurrently, Sir George Cockburn was sent to ravage the southern coast. His expedition became a scandal even in England; he inflicted no serious injury upon us, from the military point of view; but he disgraced the name of civilized manhood. His war was made chiefly upon non-combatants; he burned private houses, ravished women, stirred up slave insurrections, stole poultry and cattle, and enacted all the cowardly and brutal atrocities of savage depredators. The war, at the beginning of 1814, seemed likely to degenerate into a chronic system of mutual harassment, without decisive result. The government had endeavored to raise a national army; but had been hampered by the popular preference for state volunteering. Nor can it be denied that state volunteers did most of the effective fighting of the war; although while the war was in its earlier stages, they were a source of weakness. "The volunteers of a free people," observes Schouler, "may be the worst material in the world for taking the initiative against an enemy's country, but they are the very best for a long and enduring resistance to invaders." Their improvement became manifest in this year in the north under the leadership of Jacob Brown and Winfield Scott; though, owing to the arrival at Quebec of strong British re-enforcements, set free by the overthrow of Napoleon, the character of the war changed, on our part, from offensive to defensive. At Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, our soldiers under Brown gained some brilliant though indecisive victories; but a new sea-fighter, Macdonough, defeated the British fleet on Lake Champlain off Plattsburgh, thus scattering Prevost's army which had collected for the invasion of New York; and Chauncey, co-operating with Brown, dominated Lake Ontario and blockaded Kingston, in its northeast corner. On the other hand, a British force was landed on the Maine coast and raised the Brit-

ish flag at Eastport—a cruel blow to the feelings of poor Quincy. Cockburn meanwhile advanced up the Chesapeake to attack Washington, though there was little to attack there except a name. General Winder was assigned to the defense, but he was so obstructed by the orders of the civilians that he could do little. Armstrong, the Secretary of War, must be charitably supposed to have been merely incompetent; but some of his acts might have borne a far more sinister construction. At Bladensburg the raw and undisciplined troops under Winder met the enemy, and were immediately defeated, while the President and his suite looked on. The English general Ross entered Washington on the same evening, August 24th. At the instigation of Cockburn and Ross, the British soldiers burned and destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on, including the wing of the unfinished Capitol, and the Congressional Library. There is something almost comical in this English rage against inanimate and inoffensive objects; but the books, like the Southern poultry yards, were defenseless, and the valor of Cockburn and Ross had not the quality of mercy. Having made a waste of Washington, which they found just emerging from a wilderness, they set forth for Baltimore; but here they discovered something like resistance. Ross, on the march thither, was shot by one of two countrymen, who had taken refuge in a tree, and could not resist the opportunity to try their aim upon him. Fort McHenry, protecting Baltimore, was bombarded all night, but without effect; and when, in the morning, young Mr. Francis Scott Key, who had visited the British fleet under a flag of truce to arrange for an exchange of prisoners, saw the Stars and Stripes still floating over the ramparts, he was inspired to write the poem which, under the name of the "Star Spangled Banner," was destined to become almost as popular among his countrymen as "Yankee Doodle" itself. In literary merit the two productions are not far apart. Yet there is something in those words—"Our flag was still there"—which touches a patriotic chord in all hearts,

and has perhaps done almost as much as the musical setting to keep Mr. Key's trifle alive.

The Washington affair caused the extinction of Armstrong, to whose criminal indifference and inopportune meddling it had largely been due; and Monroe took his place, without relinquishing the temporarily nominal duties of Secretary of State. The seat of war was now transferred from the Canadian frontier and the northern Atlantic coast to the Gulf of Mexico; for the enemy had developed a fine scheme for the capture of New Orleans. The preparations were on a large scale; and fifteen thousand troops, the veterans of Wellington's armies, were to sail from Ireland for the final conquest of America. Not one of them had ever heard the name of Andrew Jackson; nor is it likely they would have treated it with respect if they had. Their opinion of him would undergo an improvement after the 8th of January, 1815. But for the moment the outlook was gloomy, and the disaffected portion of the community, small though it was, took advantage of the situation to make its final effort. A majority of Federalists was elected to both Houses of the Massachusetts legislature. The New England banks, having refused to lend money to the government, were in a far better financial condition than those of the other states; they were on a hard money basis, and their specie had increased over fourfold in four years. The southern and western banks suspended specie payments, while those of New England paid on the nail. Dallas succeeded Campbell at the Treasury, and showed intelligence in the methods he introduced; but he was not able to create anything like prosperity. Governor Chittenden of Vermont chose this juncture to recall a garrison from Burlington, an act which would have left the country unprotected in that quarter; but the troops, more patriotic than he, refused to obey his order. A Massachusetts Remonstrance, as it was called, blamed the conduct and causes of the war, and closed with a nauseating piece of Pecksniffism. The hero Lawrence was refused State

honors. A separate peace with England was advocated. Courts were tampered with. Decatur, contemplating a sally from the blockaded port of New London, was prevented by the blue-light signaling to the British fleet of traitors on shore—the "Blue-Light Federalists"—who thus secured a place of infamy in our annals. Terms of peace suggested by England—that there should be a permanent Indian Reservation to serve as a buffer between the states and the English possessions; that we should forever withdraw all armed vessels from the Lakes; and that we should give up to England a part of Maine—these terms were advocated by New England. Monroe very justly declined to pay their troops from the National exchequer; whereupon Massachusetts appropriated a million dollars for the expenses of ten thousand men, and on the 15th of December, 1814, the famous and infamous Hartford Convention was called. Twenty-six delegates assembled; all respectable, cultivated gentlemen, whose names deserve to be written on the same page with that of Arnold. "If the British succeed in their expedition against New Orleans—and if they have tolerable leaders I see no reason to doubt of their success"—wrote Pickering, "I shall consider the Union as severed. This consequence I deem inevitable. I do not expect to see a single representative in the next Congress from the western States." George Cabot was president of this Convention; Theodore Dwight was its secretary. Its proceedings were so secret that up to the present day no full report of them has been obtained. It is known only that the aim of the Convention was to secure disunion, and that armed resistance to the government was contemplated. The report given out after the adjournment of the body in January made various demands, and recommended several amendments of the Constitution. The solicitude of the members to save themselves from inconvenience produced something in the nature of a straddle, so far as the wording of the report was concerned; but the doctrine of State Rights in its

most virulent form was visible between the lines. Fortunately, no doubt, before the effect of the Report could make itself felt, it was annulled by an unexpected event. Peace had been declared between England and America by the British and American commissioners meeting at Ghent; the articles had been signed on the 24th of December; and the news was published in this country on the 11th of February, 1815. The Hartford Conventionists had nothing but their infamy for their pains. But the action of this small group of disloyal citizens must not be taken as representative of the attitude of New England at this crisis. It was denounced by the best and ablest of the Federalists themselves, beginning with stout and honest John Adams. The people never were its supporters. It was the final effort of an un-American oligarchy, and served in the end only to demonstrate the impotence of all un-American policies in this nation.

The American peace commissioners compared favorably with those sent by England; they were Gallatin, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Bayard, and Jonathan Russell. The negotiations were often in a critical state; but the coolness of Gallatin, and the eloquence of Clay, with the brilliant parts of Adams, and the equable mind of Bayard, rescued them from disaster. Lord Wellington himself stood our friend; for when appealed to by Lord Castlereagh to support the English contention for surrender of territory, he refused, saying that England had gained no such successes as would justify her in such a demand: and he declined to come to America to "make peace or fight." The terms finally accepted were on the whole just; but the chief bone of contention—the impressment outrage—was not specified in the articles; but it was tacitly understood that England would never again attempt to impress our seamen; nor has she ever done so. Certain minor points were also held over for future discussion. At this time, the battle of New Orleans had not yet been fought; it took place fifteen days

after the signatures of the commissioners had been appended to the document. Whether the terms would have otherwise been agreed to, is a question; we might have obtained more; or, on the other hand, England's pride might have induced her to postpone all deliberations whatever. The battle was beyond comparison the largest and the most decisive of the war.

On the American side, Jackson had got together about four thousand raw levies, and under a thousand regulars; the British brought into action ten thousand of the best of Wellington's Peninsular veterans, men who had never known defeat, commanded by some of his ablest generals. The British had a fleet of fifty ships; Jackson had two, one of which was destroyed early in the proceedings. Upon arriving, the British army got ashore on low land west of Lake Borgne and east of the river; the American lines were between them and the town of New Orleans on the east bank of the river; a series of three intrenchments one in the rear of the other. There was also a redoubt on the west bank of the river; and the two American vessels, the "Carolina" and the "Louisiana," were so disposed as to be able to fire on the British advance.

Jackson had begun to fight long before the enemy arrived: he had dominated the town, and enlisted all its able citizens in preparing the defense. His fortifications were as strong as they could be made with the means at hand; and the men caught the contagion of his courage and confidence. Both armies received re-enforcements before the battle began; General Pakenham getting three thousand troops, and Jackson eight hundred, which he placed under Morgan as a garrison for the fort on the west shore of the river. Pakenham's plan was to attack on both sides of the river at once, his main advance being of course against Jackson. But before he had left his camp on the shore of Lake Borgne, Jackson attacked him, and the guns of the "Carolina" galled his men severely. The "Carolina," however, was

presently disabled; but the "Louisiana" continued to be troublesome. Pakenham got some guns in position, but the gunners were picked off by the Kentucky riflemen, and the guns were dismounted. On the 8th of January he attacked along the whole line. Pakenham and Lambert in person led ten thousand men against the Americans. The west end of Jackson's line was on the river, strengthened by a redoubt; the east extremity was on a swamp. There was a ditch in front, and eight batteries. The redoubt was taken, but could not be held, owing to the deadly marksmanship of the sharpshooters. When the main British advance was within two hundred yards, the Americans opened fire, and in a short time two thousand and thirty-six of the enemy had fallen. The English veterans had never met such a fire from Napoleon's Grand Army; they were dismayed; they wavered; Pakenham, and every other English leader except Lambert, fell; the men turned and fled. The English Thornton, on the other side of the river, had meantime driven out the small garrison of the fort; but when he heard of the rout of the main army, he too fell back in consternation. The Americans did not pursue; it was not necessary; the campaign against New Orleans, on which such pains and expense had been lavished, was over; the defeat was absolute. Jackson, on the 21st of January, marched into New Orleans in triumph. "Volunteers and backwoodsmen, hastily mustered, showed themselves more than a match for the best disciplined troops of the world. The gradual seasoning of a democratic soldiery partly explains this; the heroic prowess to which men become accustomed in our pioneer life; but still more the inspiration, elsewhere in this war so much lacking, of great leadership. For rude and illiterate though he was, Jackson at New Orleans showed the five prime attributes of military genius: decision, energy, forethought, dispatch, skill in employing resources. In him, democracy at war was fully justified of her children; and to quote Monroe's dispatch, 'history records no example of so glorious a victory

obtained with so little bloodshed on the part of the victors.' " The total American loss had been thirteen men.

The news of peace created joy all over the country, and the battle of New Orleans inspired in Europe a respect for our fighting ability on land, equal to that which had long since been accorded to our naval exploits. We were now finally free of Europe; there could be no more transatlantic political affiliations or intrigues. America had come of age; and a great gulf seemed already to extend between what we had been when the Revolution ended, and what we now were. And in the enthusiasm of this emancipation we forgot to take note of the Valley of Shadow which still lay before us, dark with the calamity of slavery. For nearly fifty years we must struggle through it, and emerge only after a convulsion more terrible and dangerous than were all which had preceded it combined.

In 1816, a new National Bank was founded, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars, Jacob Astor and Girard being the chief directors. It had branches in all parts of the Union. Two years after the war closed, American credit was again sound; though the management of the bank became chargeable with serious irregularities. The customs duties increased fivefold in a year. Domestic manufactures had an enormous impetus, and took the lead of commerce and agriculture. The public debt of one hundred and twenty-seven million dollars was paid off during the next twenty years. A final ray of warlike glory was cast upon Madison's administration by Decatur, who put an end to the aggression of the Barbary powers by an expedition undertaken in the summer of 1815. He captured their best ships, and they were glad to sign a treaty surrendering all we demanded, and withdrawing themselves henceforth and forever from any interference with the affairs of the civilized world.— Washington was rebuilt on a larger scale, and the library was re-established from its ashes.

The men who emerged from the Madison period with the

most solid increase to their public reputations were Jackson and Monroe. The great reward of the former was yet in the future; but Monroe was already the successful candidate for the Presidency; and well did he deserve the honor. The ticket of Monroe and Tompkins swept the country, and was even carried in New England, where, under the glimmer of the Blue-Lights, and in the shadow of the Hartford Convention, the Federalists had disappeared irrevocably as an element of the national life.

HAWTHORNE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH

COMPROMISES AND THE DOCTRINE

WAR gives rapid development to the stronger traits of a nation, but leaves the subtler qualities in the shade. It is in domestic affairs that these appear. Monroe's administration was the beginning of that long period of peace for which Jefferson and Madison had hoped, but which they could not obtain. The eyes of the nation now ceased to look outward, defiantly, against a foreign enemy, and were turned upon itself. The interior points of difference or of incompatibility were revealed; they were tested one against the other, and possibilities of reconciliation or compromise were canvassed. Fighting is an exhausting, but comparatively a simple matter; to fashion symmetrically the complicated proportions of a vast body-corporate is a far more arduous undertaking, so far as human ingenuity and the resources of political intelligence are concerned. Here was the opportunity for the highest wisdom of statesmanship: for temper, patience and mutual concession. The inherent, brute prosperity—so to say—of the country could not be destroyed by any ordinary folly of the government; it was a matter of natural resources, which avouched themselves no matter who sat in the national leg-

islature. The sun would shine, the rain would fall, and the crops would grow, in spite of parties and caucuses; the mills would grind and the looms hum, let Southerner and Northerner bicker never so bitterly; and the beautiful clippers and broad-sailed merchant ships would sweep across the seas, without reference to the selfish ambitions of rival office-holders. One is disposed to say that the country would have been free from broils and perils but for the disputes of its rulers; but this is less than justice. There must be a brain to govern the members, be they never so vigorous and active. The brain may direct amiss, owing either to inexperience or to disease; but a brainless body is unable to coordinate its powers, and is bound to decay. The government of the United States was designed as sagaciously as that of any nation in history; but it could not be without some flaws, and conditions might arise that human prudence could not foresee, which would create difficulties only to be overcome by many trials, and after many mistakes. The conditions of life on our continent were such that, in order to secure harmony, one part must yield its will and even its temporary prosperity to the other. Which should yield was the question. The predilections of different regions are hard to abate; a man's own welfare and that of his immediate neighbors seem to him of paramount importance. The cultivator of rice fields or tobacco cannot easily enter into the interests of the shipping merchant or the manufacturer; and if they clash with his own, he can hardly be expected to think that it is he that must give way. If the latter points out that moral as well as material considerations are involved, he is apt to be answered with a sneer or a denial; and defiances are exchanged. Degrees of latitude are at the bottom of the quarrel; and in our case, they were supplemented by the division of the country into states, each having lively ideas of its own separate rights. The exact point at which state rights ought to give way to national rights was difficult to fix; and, as the world knows, it cost us hun-

dreds of thousands of lives and millions of treasure to decide it. But there was to be a great deal of walking about with the chip on the shoulder; a great deal of arguing and compromising, before the limit of peaceable negotiation was reached.

Monroe's election was well received by every one; it bade fair to heal all animosities. This was due partly to his personal popularity. His record was conspicuous and clear. He was honorable, intelligent, firm and just; he was the last of the great Revolutionary figures, and he showed a purpose to conduct the affairs of the nation on Washingtonian lines. He was a simple, sincere, shy man, slow but wise in thought, direct in speech and dealings, looking you square in the eye, appealing to your honesty and good will, and inspiring your confidence. He had had an immense experience, and he had constantly educated himself by it; he had reached the summit of human political ambition in this country, and was genuinely desirous to leave his country greater and happier than he had found it. He wished to soften partisan animosities; yet he was a believer in the duties of party; he would not surrender important posts to the keeping of those whose policy was subversive of his own. He was a worshiper of Washington, who had been the personal friend of his youth, and he sought so far as might be to carry out Washington's ideas and observe his methods; but he could not be above party in the degree that Washington was, because he was not so great a man, and because the times were different. On the other hand, Federalism had now no special function to perform; the temperament and ideas which had expressed themselves through it—though, being inherent in human nature, they could not be extirpated—would now find other objects and means. What these should be had not yet become clear; it was probable that there might be a readjustment all round, and that former opponents would find themselves side by side, and former friends be arrayed against one another. There

were no longer in America any French or English sympathizers; there were no longer any reasons why New England should form a separate community. The wish of all alike was to create wealth and comfort; and it did not yet seem impossible that the various parts of the country should cooperate to this common end; each doing its part, and helping out the deficiencies of one another. All were heartily tired of the waste and miseries of war; and exaggerated, perhaps, the capabilities of peace. "Here we are, at last, free of the rest of the world; let us turn to and see what we can make of ourselves," was the general feeling. The opportunity had never before offered itself; the sky was cloudless; it was worth while making our hay while the sun shone so warmly.

We are to picture the new President, after his simple and yet rather formal inauguration, bethinking himself that he would journey over the country, as Washington had done, and see the people and let them see him; and judge for himself what this great land was capable of producing and becoming. He would wear his undress military uniform—the old blue and buff and the cocked hat—and look into the eyes of friend and foe alike, and exchange words with them, and prove whether we were not after all very much one at bottom. Men are honest and well-meaning, on the whole, and will listen to reason, when their susceptibilities and prejudices are not aroused; and a President is always a President. So it was to the north and east that Monroe turned his steps, intent to show his fellow-citizens who had been Federalists that a Republican President was a creature of like qualities and passions as theirs. He would even spend a quiet afternoon with the famous Josiah Quincy, and chat amicably with the Hartford Conventionists, and even with some of the Blue-Light Federalists, if one could identify those shy wild-fowl; let us all be good Americans together!

There might be some who mistrusted the results of this journey; but they were mistaken; it was a success, and the

cordiality of Monroe's reception increased as he proceeded. Austere New England turned out to welcome him and do him honor; and the cordiality which he met with in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York found a cordial echo in Hartford and Boston, and as far east as Portland, which was the limit of his tour. He made friends everywhere, and made all feel that he wished to be their friend. He saw a country stirring with industry, and producing good results. It was an era of good feeling:—the phrase became proverbial. The lamb was not afraid of being eaten, and the lion turned out to be fond of vegetables. This first summer was the herald, it seemed, of many happy years. Monroe was delighted to perceive that the desire for a new national brotherhood was strong in the people's hearts. He came home by way of the Lakes, and down through Ohio, finding the same feeling on all sides. It was of good augury both at home and abroad.

Taking up the duties of his office, Monroe found good timber for his Cabinet, and failed not to take advantage of it. The intention to divide the four chief offices among the four sections of the Union could not be fully carried out, because the persons to whom he offered the places were not always, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, willing to accept them. Clay, for example, would not be Secretary of War, because he had wished to be Secretary of State—a position which had been given to John Quincy Adams. Crawford of Georgia consented to be Secretary of the Treasury; but he was consumed with a desire to be the next President, and spent his time in intriguing against the man who had too much honored him in asking him to accept any office. Calhoun took the War Secretaryship. William Wirt was a good selection for Attorney-General, and Crowinshield of Massachusetts, after holding over for a year from the Madison administration, retired from the navy office in favor of Smith Thompson, a lawyer of New York. The lesser public offices were distributed according to probable merit quite as

much as in recognition of political services; the spoils system had not yet been created. Nepotism, which John Adams had inclined to practice, found no countenance from Monroe. But the new appointees were mostly Republicans.

Crawford was a chief center of trouble in the administration, owing to his selfish and unscrupulous ambition; he was a man of contemptible character and very moderate intellect; but his appearance and manner were suave and imposing, and he had the smooth, insinuating cunning, without the brains, of a Fosco. He lost no opportunity of secretly discrediting the President, for whom he ostensibly manifested the highest regard; and he sought means of setting possible rivals at odds with one another, in order that while their efforts annulled each other, he could come between, and, like the fox in the fable, steal away the prey for which the bear and the lion had fought. He was the only treacherous man in the Cabinet. Clay was angry with Monroe for having passed him over for the position he coveted, but he was honorable and loyal. He could find in his private grievance ground for discovering errors in the administration; but he fell into opposition sincerely, and not only in order to make political capital. He was a man of genius, passion, discernment, and resource; but he had the imagination of a poet and the ambition of a politician—an incongruous combination. His eloquence was irresistible in his day, though perhaps it would be less convincing to modern taste; and the delight of exercising this power may have sometimes misled him as to the objects for which it was exercised. There was something wanting in Clay; he was like a scimiter—there was more edge and flash than weight and substance in him. He could not stand foursquare to all the winds that blew; his convictions were rather feminine than masculine. He sometimes showed wonderful political foresight and insight —though, as boxers say, he was not a good judge of distance; he could foretell the outcome of events by a sort of intuition, but could not gauge the rate of progress. He

fancied the march of events would keep pace with his own impatience; so that, although he might not be mistaken in principle, his plans would fall short. A singular, fascinating, persuasive man he was, who seemed certain of the presidency, and yet missed it, not so much by accident, perhaps, as owing to a feeling in the country that he would not be a safe helmsman of the Republic. If he had had less genius, or if he had had more massiveness, his story would have been different. Allowing for many differences, he might be compared in some respects with a smaller man—James G. Blaine. It is hard to say why Blaine did not reach the White House; and yet few will be found to declare that they regret his failure. Clay always had the good of the country at heart, however; and was never guilty, as was Crawford, of subordinating the general welfare to his private ends. He wanted to conquer; but it must be with the aid of the angels, not against them; and America will always love his memory.

Congress was full of men of ability, such as Holmes of Maine, Rufus King, William Henry Harrison, Lowndes of South Carolina; but Webster, destined for so great a career, was at this time practicing law in the East. Europe recognized our increase of power; but Spain alone was disingenuous and hostile in her attitude. Ferdinand inherited the Spanish hatred of all that was free and civilized in human institutions, and of America as their foremost representative. But he was secretly conscious of his impotence to carry out by overt acts the enmity which consumed him; and since he could not drive us from the continent, or even maintain there his own crumbling and ill-managed possessions, he was willing to engage in negotiations to sell them to us for money. Spain was indeed in sore straits; all her South American states were in revolt on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts; and those would-be republics, inspired by our example in declaring their independence, looked hopefully to us for recognition and even for substantial aid. But though

Monroe favored their political emancipation, he was far too conservative to run the risk of embroiling this country in a war with Spain, which would really mean a war with European States which could do something more effective than hate and plot; and he contented himself with acknowledging their belligerency, and admitting them to equal commercial privileges. In this he followed the policy of his predecessor, Madison, under whose administration, indeed, these questions had come up for consideration. But the great region now called Texas, and the two Floridas, were geographically so situated with respect to the United States, and were the field for such troublesome schemes and enterprises on the part of English, Scotch and other adventurers and freebooters, that it was difficult to maintain a clear course regarding them. The outlaws were suppressed, and Monroe was careful to observe entire propriety of conduct toward the pretensions of Spain, no matter how absurd they might be; feeling assured that the districts in question would sooner or later come under our jurisdiction by peaceful means. Spain had no real hold on the Floridas, as was proved by her inability to keep order in those provinces; and Galveston and Amelia Island were finally occupied as a measure of security. Clay was strongly in favor of taking a bolder stand regarding these matters; but other things were to modify the situation.

On the Appalachicola River there was a fort, which had been built and armed by an Englishman at the end of the late war, and then left, with its munitions, to the local Indians and the negroes; it was known as the Negro Fort, and was an element of danger to the border population. This was ordered to be reduced; and its bombardment resulted in the blowing up of the magazine, by which two hundred and seventy negroes and Indians out of a garrison of three hundred, including women and children, were killed. An expedition under Colonel Twigg against some so-called Seminole Indians, who were in fact chiefly Creeks,